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Guide to the opera

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A GUIDE TO THE OPERA

MARCELLA SEMBRICH.

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A GUIDE TO THE OPERA

DESCRIPTION & INTERPRETATION OF THE WORDS & MUSIC OF THE MOST CELEBRATED OPERAS

By ESTHER SINGLETON

Translator of "Lavignac's Music Dramas of Richard Wagner," & author of "Turrets, Towers, and Temples," & "Great Pictures"

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Preface

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N the following pages I have endeavoured to present a clear and comprehensive view of some of the principal operas. So far as I know, there is no work that exactly covers this field. At the best, librettos, even when worthily translated and complete, elucidate only one side of a composition, and the majority of librettos arbitrarily omit whole scenes (sometimes, indeed, whole Acts) that are often important connecting links in the action. The average libretto is untrustworthy as a full presentment of the composer's meaning. It is merely a given manager's version of a certain opera. Of course, if we know the whole work, we can understand any version; but if we only know mutilated versions, our ideas of the work are apt to be very confused. Moreover, it is hard for some people to construct the course of the action exclusively from the dialogue and bare stage-directions. Furthermore, the Argument is usually misleading, for it always tells some of the incidents out of the order in which they occur on the stage, and sometimes mentions occurrences as part of the action, whereas they are really only referred to in the dialogue. Frequently, also, the Argument relates and describes matter that is not to be found in the opera at all, but only in the story

upon which the opera is founded. Thus the Faust legend has inspired many operas, and in studying any one of these we only care about the special incidents and situations that are represented on the stage in that special work. To consider anything beyond that only leaves the mind in hopeless confusion.

For complete enjoyment, it is as necessary to understand the music as the words and action, for it is incontestable that every great composer considered his part in the work at least of equal importance with the dramatist's, and that he never wrote a meaningless musical phrase. The function of the orchestra thus merits the most careful attention in the old as well as the modern operas. While describing everything in order as it occurs on the stage, I have included the most striking orchestral effects. In many cases the action, or the emotion, is so inseparable from the music that the same words describe both. In other cases, of course, we have to consider the orchestra as an independent actor. In many instances I have thought it interesting to note the particular instruments by which the effect was produced. In the Wagnerian operas especially, I have given the instruments on which each *motiv* is first heard.

In addition to the words and music, I have incorporated the stage-directions and everything necessary to a complete comprehension of the scene

at any moment. I have tried to make it easy for any one to take up my book and then go to the Opera and never be in doubt throughout the evening as to why any character is on the stage, or what he is doing there.

There is a very strong tendency at the present day to represent great works without "cuts" and entirely in accordance with the composer's intentions. The reverence of the Wagnerites for their idol is responsible for this movement, which has now spread to the works of Mozart. There is therefore no necessity for me to apologize for treating each work as fully as limited space would allow.

I have abstained as much as possible from mere criticism, though in some cases I have thought the opinions of great musicians and critics of sufficient interest to be admitted. Besides consulting the full score whenever possible, I have drawn freely on all the recognized authorities on operatic works. Their general considerations I have disregarded, but anything that I could find dealing with specific passages I have woven into the story. Works on instrumentation, critiques, technical works, and histories have all contributed to my descriptions of the various operas. *The Flying Dutchman* is an exception to this method of contribution from all sources. That analysis is a translation of Liszt's exhaustive study, but considerably abridged. Even now, its length is out of proportion to other operas, but any

further pruning would have done Liszt an injustice. The prodigious scores account for the length of Meyerbeer's works.

Of course I must expect criticism regarding my choice of operas for treatment. I shall be asked why I left out so many of Verdi's. I can only plead the limitations of space. My purpose in so fully representing Weber and Meyerbeer was to enable those interested to trace the progress of the lyrical drama from Gluck to Wagner. The foreshadowing of modern methods is plainly visible.

Among other authorities, I am indebted to Marx, Oulibicheff, Jahn, Macfarren, Rochlitz, Schmid, Berlioz, Escudier, Scudo, Fétis, Reissmann, Castil-Blaze, Ella, Hanslick, Schumann, Bellaïgue, Liszt, Wagner, Corder, Heintz, Gevaërt, and Lavignac. I have used the latter's nomenclature for the Wagnerian *leit-motive*, with the exception of a few added from other sources.

If this book helps to stimulate more interest in the opera as an educational factor, my labour will be well repaid.

E. S.

New York, October, 1899.

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The Form and Structure of the Opera

THE opera was a development of the masque and the court ballets and entertainments of the Middle Ages. The first work that received the name of *Dramma in Musica* was *Dafne*, an outgrowth of those meetings held in Florence in the house of the accomplished scholar, Giovanni Bardi, Conte de Vernio. The poet Rinuccini wrote the words and Jacopo Peri, the music. *Dafne* was performed in the Palazzo Corsi in 1597 before a private audience, and it was so successful that Peri was commissioned to write another music drama for the festivities in honour of the marriage of Henri IV and Marie de' Medici. *Eurydice* was therefore the first music drama to receive a public representation (1600). The Florentines were delighted with it. In his preface, Peri says that some of the music was composed by Caccini, and explains that his works were written "in order to test the effect of the particular kind of melody which they imagined to be identical with that used by the antient Greeks and Romans throughout their dramas." A harpsichord, a large guitar, a great lyre (or Viol di Gamba), a large lute, or therbo, and three flutes used in the *ritornella* where the shepherd is supposed to play on his triple pipe, comprised the orchestra. Here we have the earliest use of the *ritornella*, afterwards called also *Zinfonia*, — an instrumental interpolation.

In 1607 Francesco di Gonzaga married Marguerita, Infanta of Savoy, and in imitation of Peri's part in the festivities for Henri IV and Marie de' Medici, Monte-

verde was ordered to produce a music drama. This was *Arianna*.

The following year this original composer produced *Orfeo* (Mantua, 1608), a more remarkable work. As Monteverde was a violist and loved instruments, it was natural that he should have increased the orchestra. He had a band of thirty-six instruments, including trombones, strings, brass, and wood-wind, — every variety of tone. Some historians say that separate instruments announced the entrance of each character, — for instance, the bass violas accompanied Orpheus; the violas, Eurydice; the trombones, Pluto; the small organ (regal), Apollo; and the guitar, Charon. Two particular features must be noticed with regard to *Orfeo*, — *mezzo recitativo* is used in preference to either melody or *recitativo secco*, and the prelude or "*toccata*" is constructed on a single chord, with a sustained bass note, — a very similar opening to *Das Rheingold*.

Nineteen years before Peri's *Eurydice* was represented, a great ballet-opera was performed in France, which certainly furnished the germ for the Grand Opera.

Circe, the famous *Ballet comique de la Royne* was given at the Louvre in 1581, at the marriage festivities of the Duc de Joyeuse and Marguerite de Lorraine. Its composer, Baltazarini, the best violinist of his day, was brought to France by Catharine de' Medici, and became known there as Beaujoyeulx. At ten o'clock in the evening an orchestra hidden behind Circe's castle played the overture, — a harmony of oboes, horns, and trombones. It seems that the different characters and *entrées* had their special instruments. Violins introduced the naiads; flutes and cymbals the satyrs, fauns, and nymphs; the Virtues carried lutes, and when the animals, Circe's transformed human victims,

passed before her, flutes, cornets, and trombones accompanied them. When Circe entered from her palace, and again when she went out of her garden, an air was played on the violins, called *Son de la Clochette* (known to-day as the *Gavotte de Louis XIII*) — which was therefore a distinct *motiv* for the enchantress. The orchestra was hidden in a vault of azure enveloped in clouds that were pierced with luminous openings to allow the tone to escape. These early masques and ballet-operas were so magnificent, both with regard to dresses and scenery, that it is easy to see why they were a luxury for the aristocratic class.

Arias. — In the course of time the framework of the opera consisted of a series of arias, or airs, connected by recitative. The story and action were carried on by means of the latter, while the vocal beauties and achievements were exhibited in the arias. A certain method was observed in the construction of the opera. There were generally six characters, — three of each sex, and preferably these were lovers. The work was divided into three Acts, each scene had to end with an air, and each character was allowed one of the five kinds of airs; but no character was permitted two airs in succession, and no two airs of the same class could follow. The principal airs had to end the first and second Acts, and in the second and third Acts there was a scena of accompanied recitative, one difficult air, and a duet by the hero and heroine. Occasionally there were choruses and trios.

These arias were as follows:

I. *Aria cantabile*, a slow, quiet movement, allowing the singer great scope. It expressed sentiments of tender pathos. The notes in the unembellished part of the melody were few and long and simple in their progression.

The simple accompaniment supported the voice, but attracted no attention to itself. Sometimes it was only a Thorough Bass. Frequently opportunities were allowed the singer to introduce extempore ornaments. As the sentiment of the *cantabile* aria must always affect the mind with pleasure, the subject never approached great distress or violent agitation.

II. *Aria di portamento*, carrying or sustaining the voice, a slow movement rather more symmetrical than the *Aria cantabile* and flowing and graceful, although sedate. Its long notes afforded the singer a chance to display all the beauties of the voice in the sustained notes. Passion never disturbed the calm dignity of this aria. Its accompaniment was simple, consisting of Thorough Bass with one or two violins used in the *ritornella*.

III. *Aria di mezzo carattere* stood between the aria of sentiment and pathos and the aria of dignity and grandeur. This was adapted to a variety of sentiments not sufficiently important or deep to belong to either of the above classes.

The *Aria di mezzo carattere* could be "soothing but not sad, pleasing but not elevated, lively but not gay." In this the composer was freer to indulge his fancy; the orchestra was also allowed more latitude, and oboes and wind instrument enriched the harmonies of the strings.

IV. *Aria parlante*, a declamatory air in which strong emotions and passion were expressed. It admitted little embellishment. Rousseau observed that "as violent passion has a tendency to choke the voice, so in the expression of it by musical sounds, a *roulade*, which is a succession of notes rapidly uttered upon one vowel, has often a more powerful effect then distinct articulation." The *roulade* is therefore not always a silly ornament but a means of dramatic utterance, and consequently *roulades* are plentiful in arias of this

nature. The boundaries between the most excited *Aria di mezzo carattere* and the least excited *Aria parlante* are slender. The accompaniment to the *Aria parlante* employs all the resources of instrumentation.

V. *Aria di bravura* or *Aria d'agilità* existed to exhibit the singer's execution. Generally it was an *Allegro* embellished with passages of *fioritura*, vocal ornamentation. All other arias, called variously *Aria d' imitazione*, *Aria all' unisono*, *aria concertate*, etc., place themselves under these five classes. However, we may say that in the airs of imitation the accompaniment is rich. It was appreciated at an early period that the mimicry of natural sounds by the voice was inartistic, and to the orchestra was given the task of painting the scenery and reproducing the voices of nature. As a rule, the airs of imitation are *Arie di mezzo carattere*. As an example, we may cite, "Hush, ye pretty warbling choir," in Handel's *Acis and Galatea* in which, as an old critic says, "while the vocal part must feelingly speak the passion, a little flageolet from the orchestra carries on, throughout, the delightful warbling of the choir." The cavatina is an abbreviated form of the *cantabile portamento* or *mezzo carattere*.

In the course of time, this model was not followed so slavishly. The dramatic structure became changed by the acquisition of new forms, — concerted pieces and finales. The talented Jomelli, after twenty years' residence in Germany, carried new ideas back to Italy. He brought into the opera resources of harmony, a variety of modulations, and a rich orchestral accompaniment. Piccini originated the idea in his arias and duets of having a slow movement followed by a quick one, an effect which Mozart, Beethoven, and Weber employed with brilliant results.

Piccini's innovations consisted in banishing the *da capo* from his arias, and using the concerted pieces and finales which were novelties in his day. They gave the opera a variety and animation that it had not before possessed. Gluck's aims were to bring the words and music into more intimate union than had been customary; and Mozart continued this work and made the orchestra a means of annotating the drama. With regard to the latter's development and use of the orchestra let us quote Wagner:[1]

"When Mozart had to compose the Zauberflöte, he was worried by a doubt if he would do it right, as he 'had composed no magic operas before.' With what aplomb, on the contrary, he treated *Le Nozze di Figaro:* on the set foundation of Italian *opera buffa* he reared a building of such perfect symmetry that he well might decline to sacrifice a single note to his cut-demanding Kaiser. What the Italian threw in as banal links and interludes between the 'numbers' proper, Mozart here drastically employed to animate the situation, in striking harmony with just this exceptionally finished comedy-text that lay before him. As in the Symphony of Beethoven the very pause grows eloquent, so here the noisy half-closes and cadences which might well have held aloof from the Mozartean Symphony give a quite irreplaceable life to the scenic action, where craft and presence of mind fight — lovelessly! — with passion and brutality. Here the dialogue becomes all music, whilst the music converses; a thing that certainly was only possible through the master's developing the orchestra to such a pitch as never before, and perhaps to this day, had been dreamt of. On the other hand the earlier isolated pieces became thereby fused into what appeared so complete a work of music's that the admirable comedy on which it

[1] Wagner, Prose Works (Ellis), vol. vi.

stood might finally be altogether overlooked, and nothing heard but music."

Wagner's reforms are too familiar to need discussion. We may recall, however, his symphonic use of the orchestra; his neglect of the aria and the concerted finale; his banishment of ensemble pieces (the quintette in the *Meistersinger*, the opening of Act III of *Die Walküre*, and choruses being exceptions), and his employment of the *leit-motiv* as the foundation of his musical framework. Yet it must not be imagined that Wagner is formless, for if his scores are examined, it will be found that his enormous canvas is frequently occupied with scholastic fugues and that the themes receive symphonic development: Wagner's dramas have no separate numbers as in the conventional opera; his Acts are divided into scenes, and the action and music are continuous.

To explain this more fully, let us take the skeleton of *Don Pasquale:* Overture. Act I. — No. 1, Introduction; No. 2, Romance; No. 3, Cavatine; No. 4, Duetto; No. 5, Cavatine; No. 6, Duo. Act II. — No. 7, Air; No. 8, Trio; No. 9, Grand Quatuor; No. 10, Adagio du Quatuor; No. 11, Stretta du Quatuor. Act III. — No. 12, Introduction; No. 13, Duo; No. 14, Choeur; No. 15, Duetto; Nos. 16 and 17, Serenata and chorus (within); No. 18, Nocturne; No. 19, Rondo.

Now compare this with *Tannhäuser:* Overture. Act I. — Scene 1, Der Venusberg; Scene 2, Venus and Tannhäuser; Scene 3, Tannhäuser, Ein junger Hirt, Pilger; Scene 4, Tannhäuser, Der Landgraf und die Sänger. Act II. — Introduction und Scene 1, Elizabeth; Scene 2, Elizabeth, Tannhäuser, Wolfram; Scene 3, Elizabeth, Der Landgraf; Scene 4, Der Sängerkrieg. Act III. — Introduction. Tannhäuser's Pilgerfahrt. Scene 1, Elizabeth,

Wolfram, Die älterin Pilger; Scene 2, Wolfram; Scene 3, Wolfram, Tannhäuser (und später) Venus; Die Sänger, Die alteren und die jüngeren Pilger.

RECITATIVE. — Turning to recitative, we find that the earliest examples are contained in Peri's opera *Eurydice*, already mentioned. The simple or unaccompanied *Recitativo secco* was supported by Thorough Bass, *i. e.* figured chords to be filled in by the harpsichord or organ without any other accompaniment. The vocal periods were arranged with regard to the rhetorical effect of the words. Recitative rarely ended in the same key in which it began. There are many stereotyped forms, in which the dotted notes and the *appoggiatura* are freely used. We find conservative and very typical examples in *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and, of course, Mozart abounds in them. The piano fills in the chords; and two chords generally lead into a change of key.

In *Recitativo stromentato*, or accompanied recitative, elaborate orchestral passages are introduced between the vocal pauses. Scarlatti is thought to have introduced this effect. The *recitativo secco* is still used for the ordinary stage business, and the second variety occurs for producing effects when the aria would be out of place.

Gluck greatly developed the recitative, as was natural with one who used the orchestra as a ground-work, requiring no melody from the singer to add to its interest. A fine example of his recitative is the cry of Orpheus for Eurydice in *Orfeo*. Among other choice examples of recitative we may mention *Abscheulicher! wo eilst du hin* in *Fidelio;* The Queen of Night's *O zitt're nicht, mein lieber Sohn!* Weber's in *Der Freischütz* and *Euryanthe*, and those in *Aida*.

The *mezzo recitativo*, which is less melodious than the aria and more so than declamation, is the basis of the vocal part of the Wagnerian drama. Wagner gave it the name of *Melos*. For example, Pogner's "*Das schöne Fest Johannis-Tag*," Wotan's Farewell to Brünnhilde, Lohengrin's *Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwann*," etc., are certainly neither arias nor mere declamation.

KINDS OF OPERA. — It may also be well to bear in mind the four kinds of opera: *Opera seria; Opéra-comique; Grand Opera;* and *Opera buffa*.

The formula for *opera seria* has been described on page xv. In it the artificial male soprano, or contralto, was the chief character. Handel's *Teseo* was written entirely for these voices. Of this class of opera we have one example in this book,— *Orfeo*, composed for the contralto Guadagni. When it was revived in Paris in this century, Madame Viardot Garcia sang Orpheus.

Opéra-comique must have a happy *dénouement*, and it always contains spoken dialogue. *Faust* was originally an *Opéra-comique*.

Grand Opera is correctly associated with the name of Meyerbeer. It was he who really raised the barrier between *Opéra-comique* and *Grand Opera*, and it was he who gave the world the brilliant spectacle of drama, ballet, arias ensemble, concerted finales, choral and orchestral masses, processions, scenery, and its wealth of instrumental effects. Its beginnings may be traced to *Circe*, described on page xiv. The law of the Grand Opera insists that voices shall always be accompanied by the full orchestra, or, at least, the strings, while spoken dialogue and *recitativo secco* are debarred. Therefore Grand Opera is quite antagonistic to the classical schools of Italy and Germany. *Der*

Freischütz, *Fidelio*, *Don Giovanni*, *Il Barbiere*, etc., are not Grand Opera; while *Le Prophète*, *Les Huguenots*, *Robert le Diable*, *Aida*, *Guillaume Tell*, *Tannhäuser*, etc., are brilliant examples.

Opera buffa consists of playful dialogue conducted in *recitativo secco*, interspersed between arias, duets, and choruses and other ensemble pieces. The *Opera buffa* obeyed a certain formula, and special prominence was given to the bass voices. There were always a pair of lovers, so that sentiment could be contrasted with humour. *Don Pasquale* and *Il Barbiere* prove how rigidly this formula was preserved even in the present century.

In *Don Giovanni* we have a mixture of *Opera buffa* and *Opera seria*. The blending of serious and the comic was one of Mozart's gifts to the opera. In this immortal work, the chief dramatic interest is centred in the bass voices of Don Giovanni, the Commandante, and Leporello. The other rôles, beautiful as they are, are foils to the Don and his dark fate.

The *Opera buffa* was a development of the Interludes spoken between the Acts of the *Opera seria*. It gradually increased in importance. The *Opera buffa* is responsible for the finale, introduced by Nicolò Logroscino, who thought of bringing his characters upon the stage at the end of the musical play and combining their voices. At first the finale consisted of but one movement, but the idea was enlarged by later composers, and in course of time extended to several movements with changes of key. Trios, quartettes, quintettes, etc., were added, and a *stretta* frequently increased the speed.

Paesiello's *Il Pirro* (Naples, 1785) appears to have been the first serious opera to contain concerted introductions and finales. It was Piccini, however, who really established

the use of the imposing introductions and massive finales, — the great portals of the Acts. The tremendous finales of *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro* (the finale to Act II of the latter contains eight movements), the finales of *Les Huguenots*, *Le Prophète*, *Robert le Diable*, *Il Barbiere di Siviglia*, and *Aïda* rank among the most remarkable in the *répertoire*.

Overture. — An opening instrumental prelude to the music drama, or opera, and even the court ballet, seems to have been always used. The early Italian works began with a meagre introduction called *Sinfonia*, or *Toccata*. Monteverde's *Orfeo* opens with a "*Toccata*," to be played three times. Lulli's model, consisting of an *Allegro* in fugue form followed by one or two dance movements, was used for nearly a century. Gluck was the first to feel the need of preparing the hearer for the musical play. "My idea was," to quote his own words, "that the overture ought to indicate the subject and prepare the spectators for the character of the piece they are about to see; and that the instruments ought to be introduced in proportion to the degree of interest and passion in the words."

No model has surpassed Mozart's, with its regular return of subject and episode, obeying the same laws of form that govern the first movement of the symphony, or sonata, without the repetition of the first section. Mozart's masterpiece is *Die Zauberflöte;* but this is almost equalled by *Don Giovanni* and *Le Nozze di Figaro*.

Beethoven changed this symmetrical form somewhat for his *Leonore, No. 3;* which is more like a dramatic prelude than an overture. *Fidelio* is more regular in its form and is composed of themes from the opera.

Weber follows Mozart's form, but introduces a romantic feeling, and not only prepares the mind of the hearer for the opera, but kindles his imagination. Rossini's overtures are, generally speaking, *pot-pourris* of themes from his works. *Guillaume Tell* is his only dramatic overture. Wagner wrote three: *Der Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Die Meistersinger;* the introductions to his other works are preludes.

From these brief notes the reader will be enabled to trace the evolution of the music drama, and to follow out the ancestry of the opera and the arias in use to-day. He will appreciate by his supplementary studies, for which a few hints are given here, how the true lover of music may hold an affection for opposing schools and art-forms, when so many years have gone to the moulding of them and so much genius has impressed them with beauty.

Orfeo

Vienna, 1762

Nothing is comparable to the magnificent tableau of the second Act of *Orfeo* . . . The perfect gradation in the sensations of the chorus of demons, the novelty of the forms, and especially the wonderful pathos that reigns all through the singing of Orpheus, render this scene a masterpiece that will resist all the caprices of fashion and will always be regarded as one of the most beautiful productions of genius — F. J. Fétis

CT I. — After the short overture in C-major, the curtain rises, showing an open plain with the tomb of Eurydice. A chorus of shepherds and shepherdesses carrying myrtle boughs and flowers are present with Orpheus (contralto) prostrate. The mourning chorus in C-minor is prefaced by a massive and broad introduction, the purpose of which is to impress both chorus and audience with a sense of largeness and a spirit of tranquillity. Distant trumpets sound throughout the movement and four cornets render the melody. The movement lifts its melody superbly and then sinks in tone, finely expressing dignity and reserve. In the same mood, the mourning chorus follows with a simple four-part movement in which all the voices are so compact that rarely does one precede or lag behind the others for more than a quarter of a bar. The orchestra also keeps in close touch with the voices, only now and then making the rhythm more palpable by syncopation, or giving the melody when the chorus cannot do so without overstepping its limitations. The general grief makes the voices march solemnly, none asserting any individuality.

Twice does the chorus, first in G-major and then in G-minor, come to a momentary pause, and each time the agonised cry of "Eurydice!" on the minor third of the dominant, is heard from the lips of Orpheus; and this cry is at once taken up by the chorus. A third time he cries "Eurydice!" this time a third higher, with accents of

hopeless agony. From this point the short pauses of the chorus are filled only by the brass instruments. The chorus and the suffering outcry of Orpheus now speak in a half suppressed manner, signifying that they are possessed exclusively with the solemnity and grief of the occasion. The chorus ceases, and, accompanied by violins, viola, and bass, Orpheus tells them that their grief only aggravates his own. Let them garland the marble tomb with purple flowers and leave him alone with his sorrow. The ceremony is completed to a solemn *ballo* of thirty-six bars and then the chorus repeats its song, the voices being softly set against each other at the words "*odi i pianti, i lamenti, i sospiri,*" for now at last personal feeling demands recognition. Then follows a broad epilogue on the lines of the introductory movement, while the chorus quietly departs. In this musical epilogue, the modulation brings us to F-minor, and finds its final utterance in the new key without returning to C-minor, there being a sort of sub-finale on C, E, G, uniting the deep gloom of the sub-dominant with the more comforting glimpse of the major chord.

Now at last, not only a voice, but Orpheus in all the strength of his personality comes before us. Left alone, in a tenderly-flowing melody he calls upon his beloved to return to him. The first violin and the clarinets double the voice, the flute plays its octave, and the second violin keeps as close as possible to the melody. "But vain is my grief!" Here the depth of his woe is reinforced by a small and tender orchestra of violins and chalumeaux behind the scenes, like a wail from the other world. He says, "The idol of my heart does not answer me!" and yet the second orchestra responds as though Eurydice heard and called from the Elysian Fields, when he calls upon her shade to appear.

In the recitative that follows, the lamentation becomes more stringent; the orchestra takes a more active part. The aria is repeated to other words ("so do I seek my love") note for note. The outcry of pain grows sharper

(recit.), the cry of "Eurydice!" is re-echoed by the second orchestra of violins and chalumeaux, and the aria is repeated. Then bursts forth the despairing cry that life will be impossible without the loved one. He recalls their love by grove and stream, and cries to the Gods to restore her. He is ready to dare all to recover his beloved. He will cross the dark Acheron and seek her in the shades. Lightning and rolling thunder answer his last outcry; the thunder of the orchestra seems to foreshadow the hero's way to the underworld. Amore (soprano) appears and announces that Jove is touched at his woe and Eurydice may be recovered if he will cross "Lethe's sluggish wave" (here pictured on the strings) and placate the furies and monsters. But if he looks upon her before he has recrossed the Styx, he will lose her again forever. Before departing, Amore sings an aria with *pizzicato* accompaniment. It is divided into alternate recurring sections in 3/4 and 3/8 time; the same musical phrase always accompanying the same words. The music is very descriptive of the words that tell of the happiness awaiting Orpheus. After Amore's departure, Orpheus in a recitative is in ecstasies at the prospect of regaining his adored one, and vows to endure any trial. The instrumentation is exceedingly sympathetic.

Act II. — The fearful underworld with its abysses and its stream of horrors of death; from the distance float dark vengeful clouds, flashing with flame, that overspread the whole scene.

The orchestral prelude in E-major gives us in severe outlines a picture of the underworld, and seems to bring its terrible forms upon the scene before us. The lyre of Orpheus with second orchestra and harp is heard in the distance in a timid sort of preluding strain, and is at once, after three bars without cadence, silenced by the chorus of the Furies. "What rash mortal dares to follow the steps of Hercules into the realms of Erebus?" cry the daughters of blood and destruction in stern and severe measures of

desolate, lonely octaves, the strings accompanying in tremolo. Their strain is in an icy, gloomy C-minor, without a complete ending cadence. Then follows the menacing dance of the shapes of night, embodied in a powerful struggle of the forces of the orchestra, seemingly at emnity with each other, wind against strings, etc., again in C-minor and again without finality of cadence. The dominating power of the minor key of C is very finely displayed throughout. The first chorus comes in again now with wider scope of expression, greater determination, and gloomy decisiveness; for, as we learn from their lamentations in Æschylus, joyless indeed is the avenging function imposed upon the Eumenides. Gluck, like that poet, has done only just enough to make them palpable to us, not unduly obtruding them. The only forcible musical vision we obtain of the shapes of terror surrounding the scene is the howling of Cerberus for twenty-five bars, admirably rendered on the strings. This restraint on the part of the composer only renders the unseen phantoms the more terrible.

At first, the chorus of Furies comes on with its dreary, deadly question, "*Chi mai dell' Erebo*," icy, and terrible, showing us the dread beings as the dead-alive slaves of their terrible duty; a point finely marked by the repetition of a single note in 3/4 time.

Then, after this bitterly hostile manifestation, the chorus repeats the question, and, as it proceeds, raises the curtain that conceals the objects and shapes of terror lurking behind it. The music of the action in dumb show that follows is the same as that which has already a little earlier informed us that we are in the underworld.

Arpeggios and strings *pizzicato* announce the lyrist. To a soft sounding of harps, which support a second small orchestra behind the stage, Orpheus implores the Furies to relent. He cries plaintively, "Alas! be friendly to me, Furies, Larvæ!" "No! no!" they cry. "Pity my grief!" "No, no!"

The No! of the Erinnyes, reinforced by the whole orchestra, falls with leaden weight into his song which

closes on E-minor. Gluck has reserved the solemn trombones until now.

This "No," which has served as an opposition *motiv* to his prayer, has rarely been equalled in all the range of dramatic history.[1] But the third movement and subject of the chorus commences in E–minor, indicating a milder and more melancholy mood. "*Misero giovane che vuoi che me diti. Altro non abita che lutto e gemito in queste orribili soglie funeste, che vuoi,*" and then the chorus falls back into its desolating octaves that seem to be always indicating unspeakable depths and abysses, the notes constantly going lower down in the scale. At this point, beginning at the pause, the orchestra seems to be suddenly agitated, saying something independently for the first time, but only for a moment. The fourth choral movement and subject, after the second appeal by Orpheus, is in F-minor and seems to struggle out of the gloom, being lifted up (*con maggior dolcezza*) by the sense of an unfamiliar compassion. The rhythm of the chorus, fixed by a kind of law, is still inexorably maintained, and has the effect of rendering almost visible the unity of purpose in all the members of the chorus, — the single purpose of Retributive Fate. After the third solo movement, this choral subject again occurs and is finely developed on the words, "*le porte stridano su' neri cardini,*" this going on for ten bars to a higher octave, when the voices seem to focus themselves, the basses holding C as organ-point throughout. The character of the Furies, as of their music, is kept up strictly through every change, and the significance never fails. Simple as are the means employed, they could not possibly be more characteristic, significant, nor picturesque. Since Hell has no terrors for the lover whose hell is within, the Furies cannot stand out against the conqueror. They retire as he presses forward in search of his beloved.

[1] J. J. Rousseau said that it was impossible to avoid a fit of trembling when this terrible "No!" was repeated.

The scene changes. Elysium appears, with its enchanting meadows garlanded with hedges and adorned with flowers, with rivers and brooks gleaming gloriously. There is delightful dancing of the happy spirits, a quiet minuet-like song-movement in three sections, in F-major, played by strings, bassoons and two flutes. The flutes accompany the violins very skilfully, now in diatonic, now in accidentals, a very excellent blending of string tone and flute tone. What is brought before us here in the music is a placid, tender, contented form of existence.

The oboe plays an important rôle in the introduction to the appearance of Orpheus. "What a pure sky! What a clear sun! What lucid atmosphere! How sweet the songs of the birds, the murmurs of the brooks and the gentle sighings of the breezes!" "All breathes peace and happiness, but not for me!"

The music colours the words with pathetic fidelity. C-major is the key of this admirable construction. The harmonic foundation is given by thirds on the violins in 4/4 time, *Andante*. The double bass takes each first and third beat with a gentle *pizzicato*. This proceeds in a complete and lively manner, flowing in a succession of triplets on the first violin, while the horn breathes gently into the movement as though sounding from a distant forest. Then the oboe intervenes with notes as truly articulate as the speech of this natural scene, this landscape that comes to life in the orchestra. It is a true melody that the oboe sings; that instrument alone has a clear and undeniable *song* given to it here, which, however, ends in a sort of arabesque, and thus modestly retires into the background and is silent in presence of the human voice about to be heard. All the tone-pictures evoked by the words are rendered by the second violin, flute and violoncello, the last *in solo*.

Now come in the voices, singing at one time an *arioso*, in the accompaniment of which we have occasional orchestral suggestions of the previous movement; at another, recitative, in which the orchestra is all but silent. The Chorus

of the Blessed, in F-major, again is heard, telling us in tranquil, easy flow, not without a touch of solemnity, of the inviolable delights that pertain to these fields of asphodel.

Nothing could possibly be simpler than the music here; this Act had to close with suggestions of peace and perfect tranquillity, and so every note speaks of rest and peace. Orpheus sees Eurydice: in a short valedictory blessing they place her hand in his, and without looking at her, he hurries her away. A *ballo* by the Happy Spirits follows.

Act III. — In a cavernous pass, Orpheus, with averted head, is leading Eurydice by the hand to the upper world. A prelude of a few bars in F-minor suggests the unhappy frame of mind that both are in as it brings them on the scene which they are not again to leave.

The conversation begins of course, as was necessary, in recitative. Some little touches in this beautiful music suggest the misery and perplexity that are to pervade all that follows. Orpheus does his best to get matters on a happier plane, for after the F-minor of the prelude he turns to C-major with a decided, "Come, follow my footsteps," and ends his first subject with a resolute F-major. But Eurydice's first words, "Is it thou? Can it be? Am I dreaming? Is this madness?" takes us back into the gloom of the minor (B), and his answer, "Beloved wife, it is I, Orpheus, and I live," which might have been so clearly comforting and strengthening, as coming from a dear and free spirit, starts on the painfully limiting chord of the diminished seventh and reaches the key of D-minor at the very words, "I am Orpheus," thus suggesting a depressed and broken spirit; a striking instance of Gluck's power of rendering the music eloquent when the words are reticent.

The long recitative, beautiful as it is, suffers for lack of action. Eurydice cannot understand his apparent coldness. "Why will he keep his head turned away?"

She is piqued, for she is surely worth looking at; and yet he cannot tell her that there is death in his glance. At

length he becomes masterful and cries: "Come! come and give thy consort peace!" She must and shall obey! But the suspicion has seized her that she is no longer loved, and that has roused extreme wilfulness in her. She tears her hand out of his, and now answers him with equal decision: "No, rather death here, than life with thee!" From these words develops a *duo* (marked *Andante* though *Resoluto* was intended). The *ritornello* shows us with what renewed courage Orpheus tries to accomplish his purpose. The matter sung by both of the characters is in keeping with what has been indicated as to their frame of mind; it is full of spirit and vivacity, it seems to put movement into the feet that have been lagging so in the long recitative. But now comes back unavoidably the fundamental tone of the situation, which is lamentation and fruitless endeavour. The dialogue of the two unfortunates is admirably conducted and full of expression; their agitation, their movement generally, are enhanced by the way in which voices and instruments help each other. But still, after all, there is no change in the situation. Dramatically speaking, there is no change, no climax, none of those changes of *tempo* which are the surest signs of heightening dramatic expression and exigency. It remains on the same level right through.

After this we have more recitative, then an aria of Eurydice, then recitative again, until the moment of the fatal glance and the death of her who has only just been brought out of the sleep of death; for her persistence breaks down his determination, and, finally, at her entreaties, his fatal glance is turned upon her. Then comes her expiring cry: "*Ah mio tesoro! Dei, che m'avenne? Io manco; Io moro! Ahimè!*"

His despairing recitative leads to the famous aria of mourning. We might have expected here an aria of sheer despair, but that would only have served to stamp deeper and deeper into our hearts the matter of the last recitative.

Gluck prefers to go back to the tenderness and softness which are the very foundation and base of the character of Orpheus. How judicious he was in this, his success

shows. The aria, *Che farò senza Eurydice*, in C-major is sweet and most lovable; it became a favourite at once, and has never lost its first fame and charm.

Then in sheer desperation, he is about to take his own life when Amore appears and stays his hand, announcing that he has afforded proof sufficient of his fortitude and faith, and Eurydice is restored to life. Ballets, including a delightful gavotte, and a chorus, *Trionfi amore*, celebrate this happy termination of the quest of Orpheus.

"One last word about the Overture," says Marx; "we speak of it in our last word, just as Gluck composed it after the rest of the opera.

"What could Gluck find to say in it? A true musical prelude or introduction to the opera was not called for. That was already given in the broad and significant music introductory of the first scene.

"Premonitory suggestion of the musical and dramatic contents of the opera, as given by Beethoven, Mozart, and Gluck himself in the *Iphigenia in Aulis*, were not needed. The material of the opera was so simple and clear that there was nothing for such premonition or prefiguration. So the composer could only deal with something purely subjective coming from his own musical self. There was his opera, this work which he had desired to have and now had accomplished, the first opera he could call really his own, the realization of his idea; there it was fully equipped, ready to start on its career. This thought it was that inspired him more than any other. So the Overture starts with brilliancy and excited movement, trumpets, horns, drums, and basses striking on the very middle of each of the bars, and then breaking out into a clear and powerful *Fortissimo*. So it begins; and such is its character throughout really, only that now and then there is a subsiding into quick chords, broad and quiet, or else, now and then, a descent into significant, low-pitched octaves, all the orchestral voices joining in; evidently a reminder and a reminiscence of the descent to Erebus."

Le Nozze di Figaro

Vienna, 1786

In *Figaro* we admire the spontaneous growth of the whole organism, the psychological truth and depth of sentiment, which make the characters so life-like, and resulting from these the striking harmony in the use of means and forms, and the mixture of dignity and grace, all founded on something higher than mere sensuous beauty. . . . We feel the throbbing of our own life-blood, recognize the language of our own hearts, and are captivated by the irresistible charm of unfading beauty — it is Art, genuine, immortal, making us free and happy — Carl Maria von Weber

HE overture shows in the most striking way what instrumental music can be made to do. The second title, *La folle journée*, given by Beaumarchais to this work, seems to have been in Mozart's mind here. After settling upon his principal themes, he changed his mind in one respect. There was a kind of intermediate or episodic measure, a kind of tender Siciliano, that he put aside, feeling that it would be a mistake to mingle any foreign element with the overflowing joyousness of this introduction. And what an outburst of unrestrained gaiety he has produced from the first moment when the violins ask each other what is about to happen to the last jubilant fanfare! One beautiful, merry melody comes on after another, driving its predecessor before it. Occasionally there is the faintest touch of apparent melancholy which only serves to bring out more strongly the dominating spirit of mad gaiety. The course of the comedy of intrigue and the ultimate victory of the conjugal cause are foretold in the contrapuntal skirmishes of the violins and basses. Then comes the peroration. The violins hurry in throngs of quavers to the orchestral *rendez-vous*, gathering together the wood, brass and percussion instruments on the way. Every moment the troop grows and rises, sounding louder and louder till it becomes a thunder of jubilation; then come scales on every voice of the orchestra disputing the production of the loudest explosion. What *brio!* what fire! what splendour!

Act I. — The scene is laid in the Castello d'Aguas-Frescas, near Seville, and opens on a half-furnished room with an armchair in the centre. Figaro (baritone) is busy measuring the floor; Susanna (soprano) is trying on a hat before the mirror. In the opening duet, *Cinque, dieci, venti*, Figaro is still occupied, while Susanna begs him to look at her becoming hat. They end by referring to their marriage soon to take place and vowing eternal fidelity. Figaro tells Susanna that the Count Almaviva (bass) his master, has given them this room for their apartment. Susanna refuses it. Figaro explains the advantage of being near the Count and Countess in case either should ring ("*Din din, don don*") for them (duet: *Se a caso Madama la notte ti chiama*). Susanna tells Figaro that she fears she has captivated the fancy of the fickle Count, who wants them both with him on his embassy to London. After she leaves, Figaro defies his master in a most beautiful cavatina, *Se vuol ballare, Signor Contino.*

Enter Bartolo (bass) and his old housekeeper, Marcellina (soprano). The latter has a contract in her hand. Susanna comes to listen in the background. She learns that Figaro once borrowed money from Marcellina, promising to pay by a certain date under forfeit of marrying the creditor. The bond matures to-day, and Marcellina's idea is to get Susanna to repulse the Count's advances so that in revenge he shall force Figaro to marry Marcellina. Dr. Bartolo has an old grudge against Figaro and promises aid. He gloats on the prospect of revenge upon his rival Figaro in an aria, *La Vendetta*, a masterpiece of revenge and chicanery. The accompaniment of the entire orchestra, including drums and trumpets, sounds like the signal to mortal combat. Afterwards the instruments lead us through dark conceptions of intrigue, dominated by the fixed idea of vengeance expressed by a sustained note on the violins and horn. At Bartolo's exit, Susanna comes forward with the Countess's gown, head-dress and ribbon. They mockingly offer to give precedence to each other — one on account of

beauty, the other for age. In this duet, in which impertinences pass into mutual bitterness, the orchestra does the actual abuse; the music puts both women on the same level. Susanna gains the victory only through her youthful grace, and the whole situation is revealed by the orchestra merely as an outbreak of that jealous sensitiveness common to the sex. As they both belong to a somewhat low rank, the impression produced by their lack of self-restraint is lively and diverting.

Susanna being left in possession of the field, Cherubino puts his head in at the door, and, seeing her alone, enters. He is in trouble. The Count caught him alone that morning with Barbarina, the gardener's daughter, and is going to dismiss him. Won't Susanna get the dear Countess to intercede for him? Susanna teases him about the latter, one of whose ribbons she has with her, and which Cherubino sentimentally appropriates, offering a song of his own composition in exchange. In this, *Non so più cosa son*, he describes his amorous pangs in lovely music accompanied by muted violins. Into the orchestral web the wind instruments are tenderly woven, but with masterly restraint. The Count comes in and the page hurriedly hides behind the chair, in which the Count then seats himself. He asks the cause of Susanna's evident confusion, tells her that he is going to take Figaro with him on his embassy to London, and begs her to meet him at dusk in the orange bower. At this moment, Basilio, the Countess's singing-master, is heard outside asking for the Count, who goes to hide behind the arm-chair. Cherubino slips around and crouches in it, while Susanna hastily throws the Countess's robe over him as Basilio (tenor) enters. The hiding Almaviva hears the malicious Basilio accuse the page of pleasing the chambermaid, and even daring to lift his eyes to the Countess. He comes out and rages; and the trio, *Cosa sento? tosto andate*, commences. Basilio, delighted with the mischief he has made, feigns fear, but as the music will not lie for him, the traitor sings his excuses gaily enough. Sus-

anna, who has every reason to fear, utters her agony in broken and failing notes that leave her half fainting on the cadence. The jealous Count is softened. His faithful servant pretends to want to calm an anger that amuses him, and pours oil upon the flames by saying to his patron, *Ah del paggio*, etc. "What I said of the page was only what I suspected," perfidious words sung in the most meaning tone, in unison with the orchestra. The Count pronounces the page's banishment, and, to justify the harsh sentence, he relates in recitative how he found him with the gardener's daughter, hidden under a table. Raising the dress over the chair, to explain how he raised the tablecloth, he uncovers Cherubino. "Amazement!" exclaims the Count; "Better and better!" chuckles Basilio; "Ah! cruel stars!" cries Susanna. Then comes an ensemble in which the three lyric characters are clearly and energetically outlined. The Count is furious, Susanna again fainting, while Basilio, that Mephistopheles of the antechamber, is in his glory. He sharply intones a theme, so caustic, and at the same time expressive of such cordial satisfaction, that the scoundrel almost seems a good fellow in his malice. "All beauties act thus!" After this "aside," he turns to the Count and repeats, a fifth higher, as though he were afraid of not being heard, "What I said of the page was only what I suspected!"—a characteristic piece of Mozart's humour. The orchestration of the whole situation is masterly. Susanna and Cherubino vainly try to explain satisfactorily the latter's presence.

At this juncture, Figaro enters with bridal chorus, *Giovanni liete*, by Barbarina and village girls. He brings a white veil, and thanks the astonished Count for abolishing seignorial rights over his vassals, and begs him to confirm his promise by crowning Susanna with a veil as an emblem of virginal purity. The Count is caught by his craft, but defers the ceremony till later in the day, and the chorus departs. Susanna and Figaro plead for the scamp, Cherubino, and the Count appoints him an ensign in his own

regiment; only he must set out at once. On the exit of the Count with Basilio, Figaro sings, *Non più andrai*, as an exhortation to the disconsolate page. In this aria is united everything that charms the connoisseur and everything that would be necessary to move the most obtuse musical sense; an agreeable and facile chant, an imitative declamation that paints the text to the life, an instrumentation full of sonority, euphony, movement, and images; a rhythm to set a hundred thousand men marching in time, and a sufficient expression to electrify the dullest yokel. Mozart's humour is exuberant here. We hear the voice of the drill-master, "*Collo dritto! Muso franco!*" The recruit is before us, upright and motionless. The chords of the orchestra, falling with quite a soldier spirit on the pauses between the officer's words, reveal the various evolutions of the automaton. He marches to right and left; he advances, retires, strikes the ground with his gun, and resumes the attitude of an Egyptian statue. This music is literally visible. At the words, "*Ed invece del fandango*" ("instead of the fandango"), the declamation becomes less imperative; a memory of the paternal hearth makes minor chords vibrate in the heart of the recruit, but the tear is quickly wiped away; the modulation turns brusquely to the tonic and the march immediately begins. While the vocal part continues to reproduce in syllabic quavers the details of service, the complete phalanx of wind instruments brings before us noble and poetic visions of war and combat. The bellicose triolets of the trumpet irresistibly call the recruit, "*Alla vittoria, alla gloria militar.*" Farewell, flowers and ribbons! farewell, light dances! farewell, youthful amours! The recruit has heard the call to glory and has forgotten them all. Such is the impression. Mozart has carried us from prose into poetry, from irony unto enthusiasm.

Act II. — A fine chamber with an alcove on the right and a door on the left; a cabinet, a window and a second door leading into an inner room. The Countess (soprano)

sings her cavatina, *Porgi amor*, praying that her husband's love may be restored to her, an aria that exhales a delicious yet melancholy tenderness. It is very short, containing only forty bars, including the *ritornello*. When Susanna enters, the Countess questions her about the Count's advances. Figaro comes in gaily singing, and suggests a plan to confound the Count, namely, that he shall send a letter from Susanna promising to meet the Count in the garden during the evening's festivities and that Cherubino in disguise shall take her place. He goes for the page, singing to *pizzicato* accompaniment his *Si vuol ballare* of Act I. On Cherubino's arrival, Susanna makes him sing, to her own accompaniment on the guitar, his song, *Voi che sapete*, to the Countess, who praises it. Susanna measures herself back to back with him to see if he can wear her clothes, and removes his mantle. The Countess is nervous, so Susanna fastens the door. The Countess sends for one of her own head-dresses, and, in Susanna's absence, sees Cherubino's commission and notices they have forgotten to seal it. Susanna sits down by her mistress, Cherubino kneels in front of her, and she adjusts the head-dress (aria: *Venite, inginocchiatevi*). When putting in pins and adjusting a head-dress, these grave occupations render singing a difficult matter. Consequently, there is little vocal melody here; the orchestra sings for Susanna, and the dialogue between the violins and the flutes and their consorts is full of charming details, graceful motives, witty speeches and provoking coquetry. The transformation makes Cherubino altogether charming and Susanna half falls in love with him. She prophecies that he will play havoc with ladies' hearts and the oboe supports her words. When she has finished, she goes off with his mantle and the Countess recognizes her ribbon on his exposed arm. She reproves his presumption. The Count knocks. The Countess is disturbed at the compromising situation. Cherubino hides in the cabinet and she admits her husband. He has heard voices and her confused explanations increase his

suspicions. He gives her the note received from Figaro. Cherubino upsets a chair in the cabinet. She explains it must be Susanna; he doesn't believe her. Susanna enters and keeps watchfully in the background. He calls to Susanna to come out of the cabinet, "*Susanna, or via sortite.*" The Countess calls to her to stay inside; and won't open the door for him. He calls for servants to break it open, but, on her protest at the indignity, he makes her accompany him to fetch a crowbar to do it himself, locking the door as they go out. Susanna runs to release Cherubino (duet: *Aprite, presto aprite*), but they are locked in, and finally he jumps out of the window, leaving a saucy kiss with Susanna for the Countess. In this duet, the orchestra is charged with the development of the main melodic phrase. Cherubino having escaped, Susanna takes his place in the cabinet. The Count and his wife return. His manner is very violent, and she fears he will kill Cherubino. In her distress, she confesses that the latter is in the cabinet, and explains how he came to be there. The Count is furious and his wife is in tears and finally gives him the key. At the threshold he is confronted by Susanna, to the amazement of both Count and Countess. Here begins the splendid finale in which the orchestra says even more than the characters in elucidating the situation. Susanna ironically asks if the Count wants to kill a harmless lady's maid. He is staggered, but enters to satisfy himself, while she explains matters to the Countess and encourages her to put a bold face on the matter. The baffled Almaviva has to endure bitter reproaches and sarcasm from the two women on his return, and is forced to apologize and make his peace, whereupon he is conditionally forgiven. Figaro enters to announce the marriage ceremony, and is about to depart when the Count stops him and shows him the letter, accusing him of having written it as the Countess had confessed. However, he unblushingly denies it; and the Count wishes Marcellina would not tarry, for something must be done to punish Figaro. Just then, Antonio, the gardener (bass)

enters, intoxicated, with a broken pot of flowers. He complains that they are always throwing rubbish out of the windows on his beds and just now they threw a man down. There is consternation at this among the conspirators. Figaro tries to silence the drunken fellow, but the Count is interested and inquires further. It must have been the page! Finally Figaro says he himself was the culprit. He was in there waiting for Susanna to be alone and heard somebody coming, and, not wishing to be caught, jumped out of the window. Antonio thinks he has grown, he was a smaller man when he jumped on his flower-pots. Figaro always makes himself small when he jumps, moreover he hurt his foot; —and the orchestra limps with him. Very well, but these papers fell from his pocket! The Count takes possession of them and wants Figaro to identify them. He takes papers out of his pocket to see what are missing; he had so many. The babbling gardener departs. The Countess looks over her husband's shoulder and tells Susanna what the papers are. Susanna prompts Figaro, who thus extricates himself from the difficulty, though the Count is still suspicious. Then Marcellina, Basilio and Bartolo enter to make the claim against Figaro. The Count promises to take the case under consideration, and the curtain falls on the dismay of the Countess, Susanna and Figaro.

Act III. — A grand saloon adorned for the nuptial ceremony. The Count is walking up and down, troubled with the idea that Susanna may have told his wife of his intriguing. If she has, Figaro shall marry Marcellina! Susanna has come for her mistress's salts for the vapours, and an explanation follows. He tells her she is likely to lose her husband before she is married. But Susanna will give Marcellina in payment of the bond the dowry the Count promised her. Yes, but the dowry will not be forthcoming except on conditions. Susanna has to temporize. Of all the seven duets in this opera in which Susanna takes part, this, *Crudel! perchè finora*, is generally the favourite. It is the

only one that has any passion in it, and then only one side. Passion breaks forth in the Count's first phrases that begin the piece in A-minor. Susanna's temporizing reply appears firmly established in the correlative major key; but notice the tricky harmony, so equivocal and full of artifice and duplicity, that accompanies the first two bars of this song, so natural in itself! The Count is moved; Susanna, not at all; he is deceived, she deceives; and this antithesis is felt from the beginning to the end of the duet. "*Verrai? non mancherai?*" (*You will not fail?*) is a breathless phrase with the accent falling upon an accidental B-flat that it seems Venus herself must have placed before the A where it is resolved. At last there is no more doubt; she will meet him; she says so and repeats it. The major of the tonic succeeds the minor and the entry of the three sharps pours a torrent of flames into the melody of the Count, "*Mi sento dal contento*," while Susanna is colder and fuller of raillery than ever. "*Sensatemi se mento*" (*Forgive me if I lie*), she says in an aside. The music, that never lends itself as an accomplice to the falsehoods in the text, told this from the very beginning. In ecstasy at the anticipated tryst in the orange bower, the Count retires, leaving her exultant at the success of her diplomacy, as Figaro enters. Before the Count is quite out of ear-shot, Susanna tells Figaro she has succeeded in hood-winking their noble master. They go out together, and then the Count returns and vows vengeance. He will thwart their desires. Marcellina is a ready weapon, and they had better beware.

In this aria, *Vedrò mentr' io sospiro*, are revealed the weaknesses of an amorous, vindictive, and jealous heart. In turn we hear an outbreak of indignation and concentrated rage that mutters on the muted strings; grief envenomed by the sufferings of pride; tenderness restrained from breaking into tears; stifled impotent anger; and love (not platonic) with its sharp burns and most corrosive poisons. But Almaviva still has hope; his voice soars on the perora-

tion, calling with all the energy of Southern passion upon the hour that shall satisfy the double need of love and vengeance.

The obsequious Alcalde, Don Curzio (tenor) arrives with Marcellina, Bartolo and the dejected Figaro. He says that the Count's decree is that Figaro must fulfil the contract, — marry or pay up. The Count approves and Bartolo acclaims the judgment. Figaro flatly refuses. He can't wed without the consent of his parents? Who are they? He does n't know; he has been seeking them for fifteen years, and he demands more time. He has a mark on his right arm by which his parents evidently intended to recognize the foundling some day. This mark of identification leads to his recognition by Marcellina and Dr. Bartolo as their son, Rafaello. This upsets the Count's schemes and leads to a noble sextet in which the orchestra depicts the varied emotions of the several characters. Nothing could be more masterly than the rendering of this scene, especially the whispered, "His mother? His father?" that leaps like wildfire from lip to lip, and the final interweaving of all the voices at the close. While the late enemies are exchanging tender embraces, Susanna comes in with a purse to pay the fine, and is outraged to see Figaro in the arms of her rival; she boxes his ears. The tender melody with which Marcellina greeted her son is transferred to the orchestra when she confesses herself his mother before Susanna. The inward peace of thankful hearts that gushes forth in full delight seems to shine in placid and radiant melody. A marvellous effect is produced by the whole passage being delivered *sotto voce*, — a means Mozart always employs with deep psychological truth. At first he gave Susanna's melody to the bassoon and flute, but afterward suppressed them in order to give the voice full scope. But there are others present whose feelings are not in unison. The Count controls himself so as not to reveal his rage and pain. The simple, stuttering Don Curzio obsequiously echoes his lord's words. The result is an

astonishing musical effect when the high tenor mingles with the Count's bass, producing an impression of cutting irony, very characteristic of Mozart's grasp of dramatic possibilities. The Count and the Alcalde disappear discomfited. The reconciliation of the others is complete. Marcellina gives the bond to Figaro as a marriage portion, and they go to find the Countess and Susanna's uncle, the gardener, to tell them the good news.

Cherubino and Barbarina next appear. The village girls are all at the gardener's cottage. Barbarina wants him to come and let her disguise him as one of them,—he will be the most beautiful of them all! Cherubino dreads the Count's discovering him, but lets himself be persuaded by the pretty peasant and accompanies her.

The Countess then enters. She has determined to change dresses with Susanna and keep the assignation, but she bemoans the unworthy tricks to which she is driven. Her *Dove sono* is an aria in the grand style and of the noblest expression. The remembered poetry of the honeymoon, after long years passed in drinking out of the absinthe-glass of marriage, reanimates Rosina's heart for a moment. She sings her melodies in a mode as splendid as the sun of that day when Lindoro plighted his faith, on a melody as pure and sweet as love's first thought in a virgin's heart. Ah! if the spring of life could only return. "*Ah! se almen*," etc. Rosina abandons herself to the flattering illusions of her sex; the *Andante* changes to *Allegro*, and reviving hope brings to the surface one of those adorable themes that nobody but a husband can resist. Graceful figures, executed in thirds and sixths by the oboe and bassoon, respond to the wife's wishes, or utter encouraging words to her; and, if any anxious doubt seems to cross the modulation that is dominated by the A-sharp descending to the G by a chromatic step, the painful thought is soon effaced in the joy of the triumph announced by the peroration. She will yet win back his ungrateful heart! She goes to seek Susanna. The Count,

and the gardener carrying Cherubino's military hat, then pass through. The former can scarcely believe what the latter says, but will go to the cottage to satisfy himself that the page is not in Seville, but has disguised himself as a peasant and left his own clothes in Barbarina's room.

The Countess and Susanna enter, the latter is telling the result of her interview with her master, and the Countess dictates a letter appointing a meeting with the maid in the garden. Figaro knows nothing of this, though originally it was his scheme. This famous *Sull' aria*, known as the *Letter Duet*, is full of beauties, both in the vocal and instrumental parts. At the close of the recitative, as heading of what is to come, and as Susanna begins to write, the oboe and bassoon start off with the *ritornello* and undertake to inform us on their own account what it is that Susanna is writing, but they do not utter a sound while the Countess is dictating; — another brilliant flash of Mozart's inexhaustible genius. "The evening zephyr — in the pine-grove; — the rest he will comprehend!" Now fasten it with a pin, which he must return as a token as having received the note, and agreeing. Susanna hides it in her bosom as a troop of girls enter with an offering of flowers for the Countess. Barbarina and the disguised page sing the little verse of offering and good wishes, *Ricevete, O padroncina*. The Countess graciously thanks them and notices the page, who, Barbarina explains, is her cousin, and composed the song. The Countess and Susanna both notice the resemblance to Cherubino, and the Countess kisses the charming girl on the brow, commenting on her blushes. The Count and Antonio come in, and the latter advances and pulls off Cherubino's wig and exposes him, amid general consternation. The Count vows to punish his disobedience, and the Countess has to explain the morning's disguise. Barbarina asks the Count to give Cherubino to her for her husband. The latter is indifferent to punishment, as he bears upon his brow what is worth twenty years' imprisonment. That must

be his soldier's cap, as the Countess hastily explains. Figaro enters to call the girls to the dance. The Count had thought his foot was too much hurt to dance! It was lucky the flower-pots were only clay! "Yes, it was; and it's better now." But what about Cherubino's galloping to Seville? "At a gallop, or amble; good luck to him. Come along, girls!" A lively march is heard in the distance, and they depart, Figaro giving his arm to Susanna. The Countess asks the Count to receive the wedding-party graciously. They go to take their seats on the throne, he brooding on vengeance.

A band of country girls enter with a little virginal hat with white feathers, and veil, gloves, and nosegays for Susanna and Marcellina. Then comes Bartolo with Figaro, and next Antonio brings forward Susanna, who kneels before the Count. While he puts the hat on her head and presents her with the veil, gloves, and flowers, the bridal chorus is sung. Meantime she manages to give him the letter unobserved; he pricks his fingers and growls at "those cursed pins." However, on reading the superscription, he searches for the pin that has fallen to the ground. Figaro notices him reading the letter and surmises it is a love letter slipped to him by one of the girls. The Count finds the pin, and meanwhile a Fandango is being danced. [This was probably borrowed from Spain, but the treatment is all Mozart. The song, given to the violin, occasionally doubled by the bassoon and flute, is accompanied by a kind of countersubject, taken from the air itself, that always proceeds in detached notes of equal value, but on a multiple design, at the same time reproducing parallel, lateral and contrary movement. The result is a progression of chords of the sixth that only the great may venture. In addition we have an entirely simple and almost primitive modulation. From A-minor we go to the minor key of the fifth, then to C-major, and end as we began on the tonic. It is a scientific as well as a popular triumph.] The Count then graciously dismisses them all, promising splendid festivities

for the evening, and they retire to a repetition of the chorus.

Act. IV. — A garden with two pavilions to right and left. Barbarina enters with a paper lantern in one hand, and an orange, pear and cake in the other. She has lost the pin and sings her simple little aria, *L'ho perduta me meschina*, as she hunts for it. This little woman, in her inclination for Cherubino, as well as in the frankness with which she blurts out everything and thus becomes a veritable *enfant terrible* for the Count, is childlike in the extreme and not merely naïve. As she exhibits her woe at losing the pin, with all the fright, anxiety, and vehemence of a child, her sobbing, sighing, crying, and howling make a comic impression upon us. If Mozart has employed an accumulation of musical phrases out of proportion to the trifling occasion, phrases which he will use later to express more serious emotions, we must not impugn the truthfulness of his characterizations. The young thing is giving herself up to misery out of all proportion to the trifling cause; but Mozart paints her intense distress. Figaro enters with Marcellina, and learns that the Count commissioned Barbarina to give the pin to Susanna, and helps her find it. She goes off gaily to find Susanna, and then Cherubino. Figaro now turns to his mother for comfort. He remembers the affair of the letter during the ceremony, and now suspects Susanna for the first time. She tries to calm him, but he goes out, saying he will vindicate the rights of husbands. Marcellina means to stand by Susanna and warn her, as she believes in her innocence. She sings a fine aria full of colorature, *Il capro e la caprella*, the moral of which is that animals are kind to each other, but poor woman has always to put up with abuse and ill-usage from brutal man. Having thus relieved her mind, she departs. Barbarina appears with a little basket of provisions. She had to pay for them with a kiss, which she grudged, but after all what will one matter when we 're dead! With

which philosophic reflection she enters the pavilion on the left to await Cherubino. Figaro enters, followed by Basilio and Bartolo.

Before stepping aside, Basilio explains his system of philosophy in the characteristic aria, *In quegl' anni in cui val poco*, in which he shows how he has progressed since his young days when he thought to combat tyrants. The Devil in a dream taught him better by covering him from head to foot in an ass's skin. In this he was able to brave all tempests, for the lightning avoided the ridicule of striking an ass; moreover, a ferocious bear, whose claws Basilio could already feel, was deceived by his mask and turned aside in disdain from such a vile prey. In the orchestra, of course we hear the explosion of the tempest and the growls of the beast. The moral is "*Col cujo d'asino fuggir si puo.*" Mozart has humorously accompanied this apothegm of a liar and scoundrel with a decidedly military and triumphal melody, which the violins, flutes and horns, double on various octaves, so that none of the sarcasm shall be lost. He seldom writes an aria in three movements, but here we find *Andante*, *Tempo di menuetto* and *Allegro assai*, because it is at once narrative, descriptive and didactic.

Figaro comes back. Jealousy is already making him play the fool part of a husband. "Oh, Susanna! Faithless even during the ceremony! As he read the letter he laughed like a beast at my expense, and I laughed with him!" He rails at the whole perfidious sex and breathes his rage in the fine aria, *Aprite un pò qu gl' occhj*, telling deluded husbands to open their eyes.

Susanna and the Countess, each disguised as the other, now enter with Marcellina, who has told the suspicions of Figaro, who thinks he is unobserved as he hovers watchfully in the background. To punish him, Susanna sings an aria, *Deh vieni, non tardar*, expressing love's impatience at the Count's delay. The amorous strains of the oboe and bassoon, so prominent here, drive the poor dupe

almost to despair, as we learn from his recitative. Meanwhile, Marcellina and the Countess have retired to the pavilion on the left and right respectively, to keep watch. Now arrives Cherubino, gaily singing on his way to meet Barbarina. Hearing some one coming, the Countess advances and Cherubino mistakes her for Susanna, and now begins the finale, *Pian, pianin le andrò più presso.* Susanna stands back, enjoying the situation, which is increasing poor Figaro's distress. The Count comes in stealthily and sees the page struggling with the supposed Susanna for a kiss. The Count and Figaro step forward, and the former receives the kiss intended for Susanna; he tries to strike the page, but the latter dodges and Figaro gets the blow. Cherubino escapes into the pavilion on the left, and Figaro retires, jeered at for his spying, to repair damages. The Count pays court to his disguised wife, — celebrates her charms, and puts a diamond ring upon her finger. She promises to keep it forever. Susanna and Figaro, in the background apart, respectively comment on deluded husbands and wives. Figaro again advances and disturbs them, the Count retiring and his wife going into the pavilion on the right. Figaro bitterly calls himself a second Vulcan, when Susanna comes forward and tells him to speak lower. Supposing her to be the Countess, he tells her that Susanna is with the Count. She forgets her part and indignantly cries that she will not stir till she is vindicated. Figaro pretends that he knew her all along, and, as the Count again approaches, he falls on his knees and makes fervid love to the lady. The Count is so scandalised to see his wife listening to such protestations that, while she runs into the pavilion on the right, he seizes Figaro and cries for help, "*Genti all' armi!*" Don Curzio, Basilio, Antonio, Bartolo and servants with torches respond. The Count rushes into the wrong pavilion and drags out the page in mistake for the Countess, Barbarina and Marcellina following. Discovering his error, he returns and brings out Susanna, who hides her face in her

hands. "My lady!" they all exclaim. The Count denounces her; she prays for forgiveness, but he is obdurate. Then the Countess comes out and kneels to him, asking maliciously if Susanna's prayers can move him! He is amazed and confounded, and in his turn prays for pardon, which is freely granted, and there is reconciliation and harmony all around.

Don Giovanni

Prague, 1787

Mozart's *Don Juan* is most certainly an "Opera of the future"—HANS VON BÜLOW

HE overture, written in one night, is built on two figures, one supported by the whole strength of the orchestra, the other simply by the first violins. The vicissitudes of the struggle between these two anticipate the course of the opera, wherein the majority of the characters are banded against the licentious Don Giovanni. Towards the end of this magnificent overture, the uproar dies away and calm succeeds. The curtain rises and reveals Leporello (bass), with a lantern outside the Commandante's house in Castile, awaiting his master, who has entered to carry off the daughter, Donna Anna. His song, *Notte e giorni faticar*, is in keeping with his nature as a servile, impertinent, idle, cunning, and cowardly lackey. He is tired of getting into scrapes with his master and expresses his intention of becoming a gentleman in a phrase as remarkable for the elegance of its melody as for the brio of its accompaniment. An explosion in the orchestra introduces Don Giovanni (baritone), putting on his mask and pursued by the furious Donna Anna (soprano), summoning help and reproaching him in a vigorous trio, *Non sperar se non m'ucciude*, in which the desperation of an outraged woman, the anxiety of the seducer, and the poltroonery of the servant are finely displayed in turn. The Commandante (bass) responds, sword in hand, to her cries, while a servant goes for the watch and Anna's lover, Don Ottavio; and she re-enters the house for further help. Her father provokes Don Giovanni and a duel follows. The orchestra marks the thrusts with alternate scales on the first violins and basses. The end is announced by a suspension on a cord of the diminished seventh. The bass recoils three notes and falls with the Commandante. There is a rapid modulation from D-minor to F-major and long triplets groan with the dying man. This short trio of only eighteen bars is of extreme beauty. Don Giovanni covers the body

with a cloak and is about to escape, *Leporello ove se*, when Anna returns with servants and Doctor, and Don Ottavio (tenor) arrives with the watch, all bearing lights. The Don and Leporello conceal themselves in the colonnade on one side, while Anna is horrified at the sight of her father's corpse. At her despairing recitative, *Ma qual mai*, the violas respond in terror, and to the rest of her tragic lament succeeds a sublime duet with her lover who tries to comfort her, and is forced to swear to avenge the deed. She swoons, and Don Giovanni and Leporello take advantage of the confusion to make their escape. The corpse is borne into the palace.

The next scene shows us the Don and his servant in the street outside the garden of the residence of Donna Elvira (soprano) who enters in travelling dress. They are plotting fresh conquests and do not recognise her at first. Her beautiful aria, *Ah! chi mi dice mai*, tells us how she still loves her faithless husband. The concluding phrase, composed of syncopated notes, is an explosion of the heart in which rage and tenderness are combined. Don Giovanni, who hears a grieving woman, is only too ready to console her, since she is evidently young and beautiful. "Certainly," mutters Leporello, "console eighteen hundred of them!" At the Don's hail of "*Signorina!*" the orchestra's sudden halt of dismay marks the recognition, "*Stelle, che vedo!*" She upbraids him for his perfidy, and he flees, leaving Leporello to explain matters. The latter ironically exhibits the gallery of his master's conquests, *Madamina, il catalogo*. In the first bars, we hear his comic humour sparkle in the accompaniment. The basses and first violins stamp over the notes of the chord of D-major, while second violins and altos fill the gaps with the perfect chord of the same key. A lyrical phrase follows, the melody is developed, and the orchestra gains colour and is filled with delightful and mysterious harmonies. Now Leporello begins to enumerate the victims. "In Italy, one hundred and forty!" Here the violins are scandalised, the

MAUREL AS "DON GIOVANNI."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

flutes exclaim, and the horn and oboes laugh over the enormity of the sum. Note the pause at "But in Spain!" (*Ma in Ispagna!*) The entire orchestra awaits the number breathlessly, and then the instruments keep calling it across to each other — "A thousand and three! A thousand and three!" Suddenly the time and key change, Leporello is going to describe the ladies, not even sparing their defects, and so he begins to sing a *cantabile* in three time, as the various classes from princesses to peasants defile through the orchestra. Humour and sentiment combine to make this aria one of the gems of the opera. As her tormentor leaves her, Elvira sings *In questa forma dunque*, in indignation, and enters her garden.

A rustic wedding-party next comes on the scene. Mazetto (bass) and Zerlina (soprano) are going to be married, and sing their lively little duet, *Giovinetti che fati*, of idyllic joys while their companions chorus *Tralala;* and Don Giovanni and his slave enter. Zerlina is too pretty to be wasted on a boor like Mazetto. (Recit.: *Manco mate.*) She must serve to swell the catalogue, so, after awaking her coquetry and Mazetto's jealously by his gallantry, he orders Leporello to get the husband out of the way by taking the whole party into his palace. Leporello understands (aria: *Ho capito*) and obeys.

Left alone at last with Zerlina (recit.: *Alfin siam liberati*), he woos her in the famous *La ci darem la mano*, the *Allegro* of which is intentionally weak and frivolous to match the situation, and she yields; but Donna Elvira has been watching; she now enters and unmasks the traitor. (Recit.: *Fermati scelerator.*) He tries to reassure Zerlina, but finally feigns to retire, while Elvira sings *Ah, fugi il traditor*, in an aria Handelian in character. She then turns to Zerlina and gives her some wholesome advice.

Accompanied by Don Ottavio and servants, Donna Anna enters on her way to lay wreaths on her father's tomb. Don Giovanni, still in the background, expresses

his annoyance at the *contretemps*. (Recit. *Mi par ch'oggi.*) Elvira enlists their interest and sympathy with a recital of her wrongs, while the Don comes forward and tells them not to believe her, that she is demented. Her indignant denial, *Non ti fidar, o misera, di quel ribaldo cor*, is developed into a magnificent quartette which ends with her phrase, *te vuol tradir, ancor*, on the flute and clarinet. She then retires, and the cunning Don says he must follow her to see that she does not do herself an injury. His parting manner and accents awake a reminiscence in Anna's heart, and she recognises her father's slayer in a poignant recitative, *Don Ottavio, son morta!* Her following aria, *Or sai chi l'onore*, describes the outrage and calls upon the invisible powers for vengeance, and all their terrors are depicted in the orchestra.

While his fate is preparing, Don Giovanni is gaily making ready a festival of all the pleasures. He issues his orders to Leporello in an aria, *Fin' ch' han dal vino.* Here his wild spirits, in anticipation of dance, wine, and women, are communicated to the instruments. Even the double bass capers. It would not be easy to find more warmth and movement than in the instrumentation of this *Presto.*

The next scene shows us the seductive Zerlina trying to soothe the jealous Mazetto with her *Batti, batti.* The 'cello *obbligato*, accompanied by the other strings muted, winds itself around the poor dupe till the *Allegro*, "*Presto, presto,*" announces the complete triumph of the woman. The "*Pace, pace, O vita mia,*" is accompanied by ascending and descending scales that produce a most harmonious effect, like a river of happiness promising these two lovers "content and joy, night and day." From this moment, the art and artificiality that have been developed in the *Andante* are superfluous; the violoncello gives up its serpentine movement and hastens away in descending scales and unquiet arpeggios; the orchestra merely accompanies. Zerlina abandons herself to unrestrained joy, and the aria ends with the strokes of the bass, which outlast the voice

for a few bars and murmur with a distant sneering *pianissimo*.

"*Presto, presto!*" begins the finale of Act I, which is considered one of the masterpieces of dramatic music. Don Giovanni returns to invite the company to enter his palace, and give themselves up to good cheer and gaiety. The echo of the ball music is heard within (*Allegretto* 2/4). The chorus goes in. This brilliant introduction in C-major, the final bars of which fade away in several melancholy chords, is resolved into the key of F-major by the prolongation of a simple note held by the second violins. Then Don Giovanni, perceiving Zerlina trying to hide behind a clump of trees, gently approaches and tries to draw her into a neighbouring kiosk. She resists and the little duet in 3/4 resulting from their contest is springlike in its freshness (*Traquest' arbori celata*). Mazetto has been spying, and a passing modulation in D-minor and a trembling on the first violins, producing a most piquant effect, announce the jealous husband's inopportune arrival. Don Giovanni at first receives him with astonishment, then, recovering himself, he says amicably: "The beautiful Zerlina is very unhappy when away from you!" "I believe you, my lord!" is the bantering reply. The Don then signs to an orchestra at the back of the stage, and it immediately attacks a pretty rustic air in a new rhythm in 2/4; and in combination with the voices of Zerlina, Mazetto, and Don Giovanni, and the big orchestra in a *crescendo* full of gaiety, the third episode ends.

They enter the palace and the musicians follow. Some notes in the orchestra modulating into the related key of D-minor announce the coming of Elvira, Anna, and Ottavio, masked, on their errand of protection and vengeance. They know the danger of dealing with such a reckless character as Don Giovanni. Their trio expresses their varied feelings. Anna is uneasy at the danger Ottavio runs, he encourages her, and Elvira breathes fury. They are accompanied by an incessant shudder of the first and

second violins, broken into by sombre chords; and this continuous form, which so well expresses the religious emotion of these noble characters, will be reproduced almost intact in the finale of the second Act when the Commandante knocks at the door. Leporello opens the window for ventilation and we hear a Minuet being played within. "See those fine masks, Sir," he cries. "Make them come in," answers the Don, with an eye to fresh conquests. In a delightful musical phrase Leporello does so, and they accept, after anxious consultation, and enter after invoking Heaven in beautiful strains of a religious character, — the famous Mask Trio.

We are now introduced into the splendid ball-room. Three orchestras at various points are awaiting the lord's signal to strike up. He is walking about among his guests, hospitably entertaining and encouraging them to eat, drink, and be merry. His theme in 6/8, in E-flat-major, is fresh and elegant. Zerlina's replies, Leporello's dialogue with the jealous and watchful Mazetto, and the noise of the throng, form an ensemble in which the "asides" of the various personages are harmoniously designed. A change of time and key introduces the three new guests. Leporello and Don Giovanni courteously do the honours of reception, and the Don's "*Viva la liberta*" is the signal for the orgy. At his order, the ball commences with a delightful Minuet with an undulous rhythm in 3/8 confined to the chief orchestra on the stage, and this continues all through as the fundamental idea. In succession, the two smaller orchestras play a *contredanse* and a valse, the different rhythms of which, in 2/4 and 3/4, superimposed upon the original rhythm of the Minuet, are very striking, while the libertine says a thousand sweet things to Zerlina, and Leporello tries to distract Mazetto's attention, and the three masks keep indignant watch. As the dance brings them to a side door, Don Giovanni suddenly pushes it open and drags his partner into an adjoining room. The smaller orchestras cease and disperse at her cries for help, while the dramatic orches-

tra impetuously attacks an *Allegro assai* in 4/4. The victim's cries mingle in admirable modulations with the menacing chorus. The tumult increases with blows on the violins (D-minor) and the door yields. F-major *Andante maestoso:* Zerlina is saved. Don Giovanni comes in with drawn sword, dragging the trembling Leporello by the hair. He is doubtful of the efficacy of the trick, for he has put pistols in his belt, and indeed nobody is deceived. The masked unmask to his confusion, and denounce the monster: *Tutto gia si sa.* We hear fine phrases in canon imitation, words trembling with anger, syllables falling one by one to weigh upon the conscience of the delinquent. Thunder is heard, and general execration breaks forth in a sublime choral and instrumental tempest, at first stunning even the daring host. But he recovers his assurance, faces and defies them all. The throng gives way before his threatening sword; he reaches the door, fires his pistols in the air in bravado, and disappears with a burst of infernal laughter. Nine bars are allowed for his and Leporello's escape.

Act II. — A moonlight night. Vistas of trees with Elvira's house with a balcony on the right. She is sitting before her door in melancholy. Love and vengeance are warring in her heart, and she rises and gives vent to her feelings in a sublime recitative. "The theme, almost without interruption, diversely reproduced and imitated, dominates in the vocal part and the orchestra, in major and minor, and in all the related keys of the tonic. It is treated in the form of an instrumental piece." She enters the house.

The Don, baffled with Zerlina, has already formed other schemes. Before he arrives on the scene we hear his first notes, "*Eh' via buffone*," to the grumbling Leporello. The latter does not like the risks he runs. It 's too hot for him, and he wants to leave such dangerous service. His master finds him too useful to allow that, and the music

reproduces every gesture and expression of the dispute, especially Leporello's stubborn "No, no!" However, four pistoles mollify him, even though his master refuses his request to give up the pursuit of the ladies. Now to lure Donna Elvira's pretty chambermaid! At that moment, Elvira appears on the balcony; and the Don's plans are quickly made. He and Leporello exchange cloaks and hats, and Leporello impersonates him as he sings. This divine trio is the broadest farce. Giovanni is most contrite, and almost dislocates Leporello's limbs to give expression and distinction to his representative's pantomime. Elvira, whose love renders her only too willing to be deceived, comes down at his entreaties. He sings sometimes in irony and sometimes in earnest. The tender phrase in C-major, "*Discendi o gioja bella*," is in reality addressed to the maid instead of to the mistress, as we find that the same notes begin the song with which he calls her to the window when Elvira has been led away happily by the disguised Leporello. Having now got the mistress out of the way, he tunes his mandolin and improvises a serenade, *Deh! vieni alla finestra*. It is full of languor, southern warmth, and impatient longing. It is short, but the twenty-two bars are full of the most effective melody, sustained by a *pizzicato* accompaniment in the orchestra.[1] The serenader's hopes are frustrated by the entrance of Mazetto and his friends, armed, in search of the ravisher, who, disguised as Leporello, boldly joins them and offers to lead them against himself in an aria, *Meta da voi qua vadano*, the melodies and figures of which are all given to the orchestra. Having sent away all but Mazetto, he disarms him and gives him a terrible beating for presuming to meddle with a gentleman's private affairs, and leaves him half dead. Zerlina finds him in this condition, and is seized with pity and compunction. The baseness of the Don's conduct has

[1] The mandolin is rarely played, its part in the orchestra is taken by violins *pizzicato* or guitars.

opened her eyes, and her heart has returned to Mazetto. Her aria, *Vedrai carino*, is full of tenderness; it has no marked rhythm, nor dissonant harmonies. After the *fermata* all the nightingales of the orchestra begin to sing in chorus as she murmurs on in monotone of her beating heart. This is their real nuptial chant.

The next scene shows a lonely court outside the cemetery, overlooked by the statue of the Commandante. Leporello has led Elvira hither, and is groping for the door in the darkness to make his escape. She begs him not to leave her, and begins the phrase that becomes the great sextet on the arrival of the others. Her tremors are heard in chromatic passages on the strings, while Leporello's anxieties also respond on the violins and clarinets. A beautiful harmonic transition from B-flat to D-major solemnly salutes a cortége, and the muffled drums sound. Anna and Don Ottavio, attended, are going to the chapel to pray for her father's soul. Her sorrow overflows the orchestra, and Ottavio is powerless to console. Mazetto and Zerlina enter on their way home, and the supposed Don is now in the toils. He is about to be slain, in spite of Elvira's entreaties for his life, when Leporello reveals his identity. A cry of general surprise, expressed by an admirable modulation, groups the various voices, and commences the long peroration of this beautiful piece. Leporello's appeal for his life, his cowardice and howling for pity, his grovelling and kissing the feet of his captors are all told in the orchestra. The semitones weep and intercede for him. When he explains the situation, the *Allegro molto* expresses the rage of all at this new example of Don Giovanni's iniquity. Leporello's part here is detached and thematic. He opens with a simple and vigorous theme like a fugue-subject, *Mille torbide pensieri*, which in the chorus is reduced from five bars to three. At his words, "*Se mi salvo in tal tempesta*," the wind is heard in two instrumental figures alternating on every instrument. "*Ah pieta!*" is helped by all the subtleties of fugue and counterpoint. The orchestra dis-

plays all his laughable tribulations and trickery. It is a canon for two voices, divided between Leporello and the instruments, at the end of which he suddenly upsets Mazetto and his two other guards and makes his escape. The devoted Ottavio then sings *Il mio tesoro*, the most famous tenor aria in existence.

The scene now changes to the interior of the cemetery. The equestrian statue of Don Pedro is flooded with moonlight. Don Giovanni, in flight after some fresh escapade, lightly scales the wall at the back, followed by Leporello. He tells the latter of his adventure, and bursts into a fit of laughter that is interrupted by the glacial words from the tomb, *Di rider finirai pria dell' aurora* ("You will have ceased to laugh before dawn"). The notes are almost identical with those of "*Malheureuse! ou vas-tu?*" in Gluck's *Alceste*. The startled Don challenges the speaker, and is again warned. He says it must be somebody having sport with them, and orders Leporello to read the inscription on the tomb. The latter is horrified on reading that the Commandante lies there awaiting vengeance on his slayer. Ashamed of his momentary fear, Don Giovanni in bravado orders the trembling Leporello to invite Don Pedro to supper, and, when he hesitates, threatens to stab and bury him there. The fantastic duet, *O statua gentilissima*, owes its power to the marvellous instrumentation. Leporello's terror makes him sing mechanically, while his master's notes are ironical. The supernatural force of the music is terrific when the Commandante accepts.

The next scene shows us the splendid supper-room in Don Giovanni's palace. His musicians are on the stage, and candelabra brilliantly illuminate the table at which his female favourites are sitting. He takes his seat, singing that this world should not be a vale of tears, and that a man is right in amusing himself when he is rich. His musicians then play a little air in 6/8 that sparkles like the wine with which Leporello keeps filling his master's cup. Leporello praises the supper and the music, steals a

pheasant's wing, and is made to whistle and sing while his mouth is full. Here Mozart has the courage to dismember one of the most beautiful airs of his *Marriage of Figaro*. It is now the third watch, and the faithful Elvira enters in tears to make a last effort to reclaim him. The musicians discreetly withdraw. In the *Allegro assai* she appeals to him to repent. In this trio Leporello is affected by her words, but his master only grows gallant. Elvira repulses his advances with horror, and then, sermon for sermon, he imparts some of his Epicurean philosophy. Heartbroken at her failure, she departs. A kind of fog settles over the orchestra and the candles on the table go out one by one. Outside, Elvira utters a cry of terror that also shudders through the orchestra. Leporello is ordered to go and learn the cause. His steps are accompanied by the same daunting nebulous *crescendo*. The fair guests scatter like birds at an approaching tempest. Leporello recoils from the door, repeating Elvira's cry on another chord of the diminished seventh. To his master's impatient inquiry, he endeavours to explain that he has seen the figure of the Commandante, stammering with terror and imitating the statue's heavy tread, heard also on the basses. Notwithstanding Don Giovanni's repeated angry orders, he cannot bring himself to open the door. During the dialogue, the instruments are in an intense state of feverish agitation. There is knocking at the door. Open! The scene is now in almost complete darkness; only two candles remain alight on the table. Don Giovanni seizes one, and sword in hand strides to the door and kicks it open. A luminous gust extinguishes his candle and a blue light faintly tinges the air. Lightnings flash through the windows and low thunder growls. The gigantic figure of the Commandante stands on the threshold, motionless. Then the orchestra crashes and rolls with all the terrors of judgment. The host recoils at first, but quickly recovers himself, slowly advances, throws away his sword and faces his guest, ready to brave all, — a mighty impenitent. He orders

Leporello to prepare a fresh supper, but the spectre stays him. Don Giovanni must now share the bread on which the Commandante is nourished. In this second duel with the Commandante, he knows he must lose, but at least he does not quail. We have already heard this sublime scene abridged in the *Andante* of the overture. Instead of the perfect chord of the minor third, however, we now have diminished sevenths that simultaneously attack twenty parts of the orchestra, after which comes a harmony of sublime plain-song. The octaves of the wind instruments are replaced by the voice of the spectre, which turns the dark and mystic horror into a thundering one, and the gloom of the marvellous into a nocturnal day brilliant with supernatural fires. The wisely economized use of the trombones has gained for the composer this precious advantage. These trombones, so prodigally used to-day, would not have sounded like the crack of doom if Mozart had not made them the special and exclusive accompaniment of death, and if, using their effect in advance, he had put them in requisition all through the opera. We hear the chords in even rhythm constantly growing more fatal and appalling at every return of the solemn words that fall from the spectre's lips; and that strain from another world on unvocal intervals, dead to all affection; and that orchestral trembling upon the frightful dissonance of the minor second; and those long moaning scales ascending and descending, crying and vainly struggling through despairing modulations against the note of fate that ruthlessly pursues, oppresses, and crushes them. That is the real speech of the phantom; that is Death, Judgment, and Damnation; that is the end and the lesson of the entire work. Of two recitatives, that never unite in a duet, the first is supported by the whole force of the orchestra, — the phantom with his retinue of terrors. The other is feebly accompanied, — the man left defenceless and hopeless in the iron arms of necessity. Only his will supports him here, and that stands forth in sublime grandeur. In the first words of his reply,

we hear the two violin figures presented at the beginning of the overture, one melodic and plaintive, the other accompanying, murmuring, like the breeze of the night in the long grass of the cemetery. But when the long period in which the terrible scales are unrolled comes to an end, Don Giovanni recovers his assurance. At his defiance, the fundamental note, continued like a deep, terrible knell, sounds alone amid a terrifying silence of the vocal parts. We divine that dreadful things are in preparation. Suddenly the thunders of the spectre breaking upon this monotonous knell, awaken a series of discords that would be hard to analyze: a series where the chromatic and enharmonic are so mingled and confounded that the ear is bewildered. This is the whole life of crime. It is all linked together like a moving line of formidable arabesques sculptured in flame. Rising a semitone with each phrase, the spectre arrives at the highest tones of his compass and ends on the dominant of B-flat-minor. Then in this new key, the double figure of the violins reappears with a highly romantic, reminiscent character. Now "Is he ready?" A shudder runs through the orchestra as he clasps the phantom's hand, and the ice of death runs through his veins, and he utters a cry of agony. The *tremolo* reaches the very depths of the harmony; the abyss heaves, awaiting its prey. Bass figures clearly reproduce the duel scene, but here it is only the Commandante's arm that lunges, provoking no reply; — there are no imitations on the higher instruments. His summons to repent is firmly refused, and the irrevocable sentence falls in grave and slow notes of chorale. The harmony dies in unison: the spectre has disappeared. The chorus of spirits, manes, *larvæ*, furies, and infernal deities, all of Pluto's court in grand gala, follows. Don Giovanni now feels physical as well as mental pangs. He cries aloud in his agony. Forty-eight bars of effect-music follow the spectre's exit. After this all must deplore the lost labour of the superb fugal chorus, sung by the other characters, which concludes the opera, but which is usually omitted.

Die Zauberflöte

Vienna, 1791

Every note is pure gold — Robert Schumann

A fantastic fable was the groundwork; supernatural apparitions and a good dose of comic element were to serve as garnish. But what did Mozart build on this preposterous foundation? What godlike magic breathes throughout this work, from the most popular ballad to the noblest hymn! What many-sidedness, what marvellous variety! The quintessence of every noblest bloom of art seems here to blend in one unequalled flower — Richard Wagner

HE overture, one of the most perfect and famous of all overtures with regard to form, melody, and instrumentation, begins *Adagio*, with three chords for full orchestra and a short theme given to the bassoon and strings. On the sixteenth bar the brilliant, insistent theme of the fugue is announced by the second violin, and is then taken up by the first violin, followed eight bars later by the viola, the 'cello, and bassoon. Later the double bass, 'cello and bassoon take it up, and finally every voice in the orchestra sings it. The bassoons and clarinets divide and play this theme in thirds. There is a return to the opening *Adagio* for six bars, and again the theme of the fugue is heard, this time on the first violins, accompanied by the second violin and viola; then the first violin and 'cello take it up and are presently joined by the double bass (the latter in unison with the bassoons). Towards the last, the oboe and the bassoon divide, playing in thirds. The overture closes in a blaze of brilliancy. One great effect is produced by dynamics.

This fugue is one of the most wonderful in all the literature of music. It has no touch of pedantry, yet it unites the excellencies of all styles, — Bach, Haydn, Palestrina, and Gluck; and it is so charged with vitality that it appeals to all intelligences. The musician finds here a source of perpetual wonder; the uninitiated a source of perpetual delight, for while he may not understand the scientific and mathematical rules that the principal theme obeys, he can feel that it is a perfect Kobold. It is present everywhere, running about from instrument to instrument,

sometimes appearing as a solo, sometimes forming a delicate accompaniment to a solo, sometimes as an energetic *tutti*, sometimes ornamenting a simple held note, sometimes as a melodic figure to disguise a modulation or to form part of a cadence; now echoed backwards and forwards between bass and treble, and now repeated in the same part for bars together, but each time bringing some change in the harmony, and at last, when it has nothing more to do, it winds up the whole in a great finale. The two counter-subjects are made to do duty in a similar way, forming solos, accompaniments, modulations, and transition passages. Yet in all these repetitions no two passages could be discovered that are perfectly identical.

From the three mysterious chords of the trombones, associated with Sarastro, and the rhythm and figure of the fugue which will be repeated slightly changed in the Queen of Night's second aria, we may consider the contest between good and evil, light and darkness to begin in the overture.

Act I. — The curtain rises on a rocky, hilly region with trees, and a round temple. Tamino (tenor) in a fine hunting costume and carrying a bow but no arrow, enters, pursued by a serpent. The orchestra continues in the same rhythm and key as the overture, while the first violins play an excited theme which Tamino repeats as he cries for help, *Zu Hülfe! zu Hülfe!* and swoons. The Temple door opens and three veiled Ladies (soprani) dressed in black, appear, stab the snake in three pieces with their three silver javelins, sing a trio of victory, *Triumph!* in which the third soprano, or contralto, takes particular importance, assuming a fundamental part, sometimes even with the suppression of the orchestral bass and other instruments that usually double the contralto. This gives a faerie quality at once to the music; and we feel ourselves not in Egypt, as the libretto informs us, but in some remote fantastic realm.

The Three Ladies quarrel over the youth: each wants to stay and watch over him while the others go to inform the

Queen of Night that he has arrived. Finally, all agree to go and, bidding farewell to the unconscious Tamino, they enter the Temple, the door of which opens mysteriously for them.

Tamino, reviving, sees that the snake has been killed. He hears a pipe, and, as a man is approaching, he hides behind a tree. Papageno (baritone) enters, dressed in feathers, with a bird-cage containing birds on his back and a syrinx in his hand. He sings a song of his merry life as a bird-catcher, piping at every vocal pause, *Der Vogelfänger bin ich ja*, the style of which will be characteristic of him throughout the opera.

Tamino, appearing, asks if he killed the snake and he answers in the affirmative. In reply to Tamino's questions, Papageno says that he does not know his parentage or home, and that he catches birds for the Queen of Night. The Three Ladies, whose faces he has never seen, give him every day in payment wine, "sugar-bread," and figs. In return Tamino informs him he is the son of a prince and that he has heard of the Queen of Night. At this moment the Three Ladies call menacingly to Papageno, and, entering, one gives him water, the second a stone, and the third places a padlock on his lips as punishment for his falsehood about the serpent. To Tamino, the latter presents a portrait of the Queen of Night's daughter, Pamina. They then leave with mock adieux to Papageno.

Looking at the picture, Tamino sings one of the most admirable of all tenor arias, *Dies Bildniss ist bezaubernd schön*. The music passes from doubt and hesitation to certainty (bars 33–42), the words, "If the original were here, what should I do?" are answered in flowing waves of rich melody. He is about to leave, when the Three Ladies return to say the Queen of Night wishes him to rescue Pamina, who has been stolen from her by Sarastro.[1] As Tamino swears

[1] The reverse of Proserpine, who was stolen from her mother by the King of Darkness, Pamina is stolen by the King of Light.

to save her, thunder is heard. The Three Ladies announce their mistress.

The hills burst asunder, revealing a dark vault spangled with stars, beneath which Astrifiammente, Queen of Night, is seated upon her starry throne. Her superb recitative, *O zitt're nicht, mein lieber Sohn*, is addressed to the trembling Tamino, and in the magnificent aria, *Zum Leiden bin ich auserkoren*, with its majestic accompaniment, ending with brilliant, florid passages that sparkle and flicker almost like the bright, cold stars, she promises Tamino rewards if he will rescue Pamina, and disappears with her Three Ladies.

The scene changes back. Tamino will go at once, but Papageno stops him, humming a melody, which becomes a quintette, *Hm, hm, hm*, at the return of the Three Ladies, and presently one removes the padlock from his lips. The first Lady gives Tamino a *magic flute* from the Queen of Night, to protect him from danger; and to Papageno, who must accompany Tamino, they give a magic *Glockenspiel* (chime of bells). They also inform the travellers that "three wingèd youths" will show them the way to the monster's castle, and bidding them farewell, depart. This quintette, beginning humorously, ends with an *Andante* full of magic and distinction. The breath of invisible regions is wafted to us by means of the wierd bassoons and clarinets following each other in mysterious thirds. The *ritournelle* shows us in advance the aërial guides who are to conduct Tamino and Papageno to the land of mysteries.

The scene changes to a magnificent Egyptian room; two Slaves draw a sofa near a Turkish table; the third Slave enters and they discuss Sarastro, Pamina, and Monostatos, to whom Sarastro has given Pamina in charge, until Monostatos calls them. They then go out.[1] Monostatos, the Moor (tenor), and Pamina (soprano), led in by Slaves, enter. A trio, *Du feines Taübchen nur herein*, follows, in which Pamina sings of her sorrow and Monostatos bids the

[1] This short scene is usually cut.

slaves fetter her and leave. They are joined by Papageno, first seen outside the window, when his characteristic melody of *Der Vogelfänger* is heard in the orchestra, slightly changed. He enters, and he and Monostatos frighten each other and run away in opposite directions. Pamina calls for her mother; and Papageno rushes in, saying he knows the Queen of Night and shows Pamina her portrait, telling her that Tamino loves her. Will she go to him? She consents, and they sing a duo full of *naïveté* and familiarity, — a German *lied*, *Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen.*

The scene changes to a grove. A Temple in the foreground bears the legend "Temple of Wisdom"; one on the right, "Temple of Reason"; and one on the left, "Temple of Nature." Three Boys or Genii (tenor and bass) carrying silver palm-branches, lead in Tamino. The finale, which begins here, is really a series of tableaux, each in its separate frame, — anti-dramatic and anti-lyric to the last point; but even this did not baffle Mozart.

The Genii show Tamino the path, *Zum ziele führt dich diese Bahn*, but will not tell him if it will lead to Pamina. The music here, notwithstanding Tamino's anxiety, is calm and placid, and the prolonged G of the flutes and clarinets and the high trombones tell us that we are now in the realms of the mysterious. In search of Pamina, Tamino tries the doors of the temples on the right and left. At each, a voice calls, *Zurück!* He knocks at the "Temple of Wisdom" and a Priest appears, asking what he desires. "Love and Virtue," he says, and he would rescue Pamina from the tyrant, Sarastro. The Priest gives him to understand that Pamina is in Sarastro's power; oath and duty prevent him from telling more, but soon Tamino will be led to the sanctuary. He disappears. Tamino wonders if he shall ever find her. The voices of the Genii reply, "Soon or never"; he then asks if Pamina is alive, and in beautiful chords repeating her name they answer, "Pamina lives."

Tamino plays upon his flute, whereupon birds and animals flock to him, and then he sings in praise of his flute,

using the melody of his *ritournelle*. He then calls Pamina, and to his surprise it is Papageno who answers (within) on his syrinx. "Perhaps," he says, "Papageno has seen Pamina; perhaps these notes of the magic flute will lead me to her," and his voice joins Papageno's in an ensemble. As Tamino leaves, Papageno enters with Pamina. They speak of the advantages of possessing a good pair of legs, *Schnelle Füsse*, and and now he calls for Tamino on his syrinx, and it is Tamino's turn to answer (within), on his flute.

But Monostatos is pursuing the fugitives. He enters, *Nur geschwinde, nur geschwinde*, and orders his slaves to bind the terrified Pamina. Papageno happily thinks of his talisman. He plays on his silvery bells,[1] and the bewitched Monostatos and his blacks forget about Pamina and dance to Papageno's merry tune, singing an accompaniment in chorus, *Das Klinget so herrlich*. Pamina and Papageno sing in praise of the *Glockenspiel*.

Trombones sound within and voices are heard, *Es lebe Sarastro*, honouring Sarastro, the High Priest (bass), who enters in a splendid car drawn by lions. He descends; Pamina falls before him, explaining that she fled from Monostatos. Sarastro raises her and grants forgiveness, but he will not give her freedom. She will not be happy if she returns to her mother, "for a woman must be guided by a man's wisdom."

"Mozart has written, in his opera of *The Magic Flute*, an important part for a keyed instrument that he calls *Glockenspiel* composed doubtless of a great number of very small bells, arranged in such a manner as to be put in vibration by a mechanism of keys. . . . When they got up, at the Paris Opera, the imperfect Pasticcio known under the name of *The Mysteries of Isis*, in which was introduced — more or less disfigured — a portion of the music in *The Magic Flute*, they procured for the *Glockenspiel* piece, a little instrument, the hammers of which instead of striking on bells, struck upon bars of steel. The sound is produced an octave above the written notes; it is sweet, mysterions, and of extreme delicacy. It adapts itself to the most rapid movements, and is incomparably better than little bells." — Berlioz, A Treatise on Modern Instrumentation (London, 1882).

Monostatos brings Tamino forward, singing *Nun stolzer Jungling nur herein*, to which the orchestra plays a fugue, telling Sarastro that Tamino has robbed him of Pamina. In the meantime Tamino and Pamina have rushed into each other's arms. Sarastro will reward Monostatos for his information; the latter is obsequious. The reward is the bastinado, and Monostatos is borne away.

Sarastro orders the lovers to the "Temple of Probation," for they must be purified. Two priests ceremoniously cover their heads with veils, and the canon, *Wenn Tugend und Gerechtigkeit*, closes the Act.

Act II. — A palm-forest, where the trees are silver and the leaves gold. On one of the eighteen seats is a pyramid and a great, black horn fastened with gold. A large pyramid and tree in the centre. Sarastro and his priests, bearing palm-branches, enter with proud steps.

This march Mozart borrowed from his *Idomeneo*, but improved upon the model in beauty of design, richness of instrumentation, and majesty of its highly sacerdotal character. Sarastro tells the Speaker and priests that they, the servants of the gods Osiris and Isis, are to guard Tamino, who is waiting at the northern door of the temple, desirous of "tearing off the veil of darkness and gazing upon the sanctuary of light." Sarastro counts upon Tamino and Pamina to restore the Temple. Horns are blown with ceremony and the Speaker and some of the priests go to fetch Tamino and Papageno. Sarastro then sings his noble aria with chorus, *O Isis and Osiris*. An invocation follows, as in *Idomeneo*, and just as the invocation to Neptune in that opera recalls the images of pagan cult, and just as its orchestration was highly ornamented, the prayer to the Egyptian gods approaches the chorale in its simplicity; its harmonies towards the middle and towards the end of the chant give it a pronounced flavour of church music. The accompaniment, evenly laid on the melodic design in broad, sustained chords, is of grandiose effect. There are neither

violins nor flutes, but two violas, a 'cello, two bassoons, two basset-horns, and trombones, producing a grave and powerful harmony, from the midst of which the High Priest's voice mounts towards heaven like a vast column of incense.

The scene changes to the small courtyard of a Temple, with fallen columns and pyramids, and a single thorn-bush. It is night, and the rolling thunder alarms Tamino and Papageno, who remove their veils while conversing in terror. The Speaker and priests enter with torches. The Speaker asks Tamino questions regarding his desire for initiation into the Masonic mysteries, and says that he shall see Pamina, but he must promise not to speak to her. One of the priests promises Papageno (who has no ambitions) a young and beautiful wife. Her name shall be Papagena. The two priests sing a duet, *Bewahret euch vor Weibertücken*, and leave.

The Three Ladies now enter to try and persuade Tamino and Papageno to follow the Queen of Night instead of Sarastro. (Quintette: *Wie Ihr an deisem Schreckensort.*)

The voices of the priests are heard (within), and therefore there is a contest between the followers of Sarastro and the Queen of Night for Tamino. The former are victorious, and the Three Ladies wail and disappear amidst thunder and lightning. The chords announcing the priests are heard, and they return to claim their charges and give them their veils.

The scene changes to a garden; trees are set in the form of a horse-shoe; an arbour of roses and other flowers, in which Pamina is sleeping in the moonlight; a grassy bank near the foreground. Monostatos enters, sits down, and soliloquizes about love and Pamina, *Alles fühlt der Liebe Freuden*, which must be "played and sung as softly as if it came from a distance." Here the piccolo plays in unison with the first violin. He then steals to Pamina, but the Queen of Night suddenly rises from beneath the earth, amidst thunder, to protect her daughter, who awakes.

Monostatos hides from the Queen, who gives Pamina a dagger, bidding her kill Sarastro and win back the golden symbol which belonged to her husband and which at his death he left to Sarastro. Only by this means shall Tamino be hers. Pamina is horror-stricken. The Queen says it is her last command and sings of her vengeance in a superb aria, *Der Hölle Rache kocht in meinem Herzen*, one of the most difficult airs ever written, with brilliant *staccato* passages intended to display virtuosity, requiring a singer like Mozart's sister-in-law, Aloysia Weber, Patti, Nilsson, or Sembrich to render it adequately. Much of this song is in the same rhythm as the fugue in the overture, and in it we find the same use of dynamics. After singing this air, the Queen sinks into the ground.

Pamina is terrified at the thought of murder. Monostatos, coming forward, says he has heard all, and bids her give him the dagger. She hands it to him, whereupon he commands her to love him, or die. Sarastro enters; but he takes no notice of Monostatos's recital of Pamina's intended murder of him. He tells Pamina that she shall have Tamino if he passes victoriously through his trials. His noble cavatina, *In diesen heil'gen Hallen*, ("In these holy halls revenge is unknown,") offers a contrast to the Queen of Night's cry for vengeance. Mozart has used very simple means in this song of but twenty-four bars, kept strictly within its tonality, without any modulation, with orchestral figures of sober selection, a *trait* of imitation in contrary motion, and the repetition of a vocal period by the flute, while the voice sinks into the deep notes which had previously served as a bass for this same period. No bad singer can altogether spoil this indestructible composition.

The scene changes to a hall where the wings are wound with flowers, into which a door opens; two benches are in the foreground. Tamino and Papageno enter, unveiled, and two priests. They must leave when they hear the trumpet, say the priests, who then go.

Papageno now receives a visit from an old woman who brings him water to drink. "The name of her lover is Papageno," she says, whereupon Papageno insults her, by spitting the water in her face, and she leaves. The Three Genii enter through the wings, between which stands a beautifully-set table. They bring the *magic flute* and the *Glockenspiel*, and sing a trio, *Seid uns zum zweiten Mal willkommen*, the fantastic accompaniment to which must be noticed especially, for between the vocal pauses we can hear their wings beating in the orchestra in little fluttering figures, flashing like butterflies and scintillating like humming-birds in the flutes, bassoons, and strings. They invite Tamino and Papageno to eat and drink, and then they disappear.

Papageno avails himself of this invitation, but Tamino plays upon his flute. Pamina enters; but, true to his instructions, Tamino will not speak to her. Pamina does not understand, Papageno's mouth is too full for him to explain, and the unhappy Pamina, believing Tamino loves her no longer, sings her pathetic cavatina, *Ach ich fühl's es ist verschwunden*. The instrumental melody seems an echo of the voice, and towards the end the perfect cadence is avoided by the composer's making the fundamental bass mount by a fifth instead of a fourth. Thus the modulation is suspended and brought back to the tonic, where the song expires in tears, while the chromatic bass flows with elegance beneath the sobbing syncopes of the flute and violin.

As Pamina goes, three trumpets are heard. Tamino cannot persuade Papageno to go, "Not even," says the latter, "if Sarastro's six lions should come for me." No sooner is this said, than the beasts enter; but Tamino's flute drives them away. Then Papageno and Tamino leave.

The scene changes to the vault of the pyramids. Sarastro and priests enter, carrying an illuminated pyramid and lanterns, singing, *O Isis and Osiris*. The new life promised to Tamino, who is found worthy, makes itself felt in the

music, in the serenity and mystic quietude, in the celestial euphony and radiant grandeur. The rigid harmony, however, seems to keep within the precincts of the Temple. This chorus is in three parts, the trumpets and trombones sound in unison with the vocal parts; one orchestral phrase only is found towards the end, — a phrase of four notes, and most striking!

Sarastro questions Tamino regarding his initiation; only two trials remain. He then sends for Pamina, who enters, veiled, and tells the lovers they must part. In this trio, *Soll ich dich, Theuer, nicht mehr sehn?* the sorrow of a last adieu is felt, and towards the close the composer has enlaced soprano and tenor in masterly counterpoint. Sarastro sings: "We shall meet again." They leave.

Papageno now enters, calling Tamino. The Speaker promises to grant any wish, and Papageno wishes for wine. A mysterious cup appears, from which he drinks, and then he sings his wish for a wife, *Ein Mädchen oder Weibchen wünscht Papageno sich*, to which he plays pretty variations upon his *Glockenspiel*. The Old Woman re-appears. He is disgusted, but promises to be a good husband. Suddenly she is transformed to a young woman, also in a feather costume: it is Papagena. Just as he is about to embrace her, the Speaker sends her away, for Papageno is unworthy of her.

The scene changes to a garden. The Three Genii enter to sing of the lovely morning, *Bald prangt, den Morgen zu verkünden*. The unhappy Pamina enters and tries to stab herself; but the Genii remind her of Tamino's love, and promise to lead her to him.

The scene changes. We now see two large mountains: from one is heard the rushing of water; from the other is seen the glow of fire. Two mysterious men in black armour, whose helmets, with closed vizors, glow with fire, and who hold glittering swords, bring in Tamino, who must now pass through his final trial. They read what is written upon a pyramid near the grating: "Who pursues

this path of danger becometh pure by fire, water, earth, and air; who can overcome the terrors of death and rise to heaven out of earth will then be purified and able to devote himself to the Mysteries of Isis."

Mozart gave an allegorical interpretation to these words. Although the opera was intended to end happily, he, as he had done in *Don Giovanni*, with the Spectre of the Commandante, introduced here two mysterious figures from another world. With Sarastro, the Queen of Night, the wingèd Genii, and Papageno, one would think the limits of the fantastic had been reached; but there was no limit to Mozart; for, to the merely fantastic, he now adds solemnity.

The music that they sing to Tamino is a chorale, *Ach Gott von Himmel sich darein* (ascribed to Luther and which appeared in 1524), to which Mozart added a closing phrase. The chorale is sung in octaves by the two mysterious men (tenor and bass), accompanied by flutes, oboes, bassoons, and roaring trombones, while the strings have an independent contrapuntal figure. This produces a sad and impressive psalmody.

Pamina, having obtained permission to share her lover's peril, enters, and rushing into Tamino's arms, promises to be his companion. The *magic flute* and her love will protect them, she says, and then a beautiful quartette is sung, in which the mysterious men join, the theme of which is: "Who knows how to die shall conquer here."

Then these mysterious men shut the lovers in behind the grating. Tamino and Pamina are seen to pass through the fire and the water, and now for the first time the flute lifts itself above the whole orchestra in graceful phrases of magic melody. Suddenly the mountain divides, and Tamino and Pamina are seen in a temple, giving thanks for their safety, while priests sing triumph (within).

The scene changes to a garden. Papageno, playing on his pipe, calls Papagena. She will not come, and he is about to hang himself, when the three Genii enter and suggest the *Glockenspiel*. He tries his magic bells, and

Papagena enters. They leave in joy, after singing their duet, *Pa — pa — pageno.*

The Queen of Night, Monostatos, and the Three Ladies enter, with black torches. The Queen is desperate; she has promised Pamina to the Moor, and the five incendiaries intend to enter Sarastro's temple and to commit wholesale murder. On their way they stop to sing, *Nur stille*, a quintette.

With a crash of thunder, the scene changes to the Temple of the Sun. Sarastro is on his throne, with Tamino and Pamina in sacerdotal costumes beside him; the priests are ranged on both sides; and the Three Genii hold flowers. The Queen of Night and her companions sink into the earth, and Sarastro and his priests sing *Heil sei euch Geweihten*, the triumphant rule of light and truth, of good over evil.

Fidelio

Vienna, 1805

On the grounds of its ever-growing interest from first to last, and of the manner above all praise in which the interest of the action is not only illustrated but heightened by the music, on these grounds we are convinced that *Fidelio* is the most perfect work existing on the lyric stage — Sir George A. McFarren

HE curtain rises on the court-yard of the State Prison, near Seville. In the background, a high wall, over which trees are visible; a large gate pierced by a wicket for foot-passengers; near the gate, the Porter's Lodge; to the left, the cells of the prisoners, the windows barred with iron gratings and all the doors numbered and bolted; near the front, the door of the turnkey's dwelling; to the right, trees surrounded by an iron railing, near which is a gate, indicating the entrance to the castle garden. Marzelline, the jailor's daughter (soprano), ironing before her door; Jaquino, the porter (tenor), opening the gate for parcels. The scene opens with a duet, *Jetzt, Schätzchen, jetzt sind wir allein.* Jaquino wants Marzelline to heed his love, but she coquets with him and continues ironing.

The music of this number reminds us strongly of Mozart, especially in its gay instrumentation. A knocking at the gate, heard in the orchestra on the strings and abruptly introduced in the chord of C, interrupts Jaquino's offer of marriage. As he goes to the gate, Marzelline muses upon Fidelio. Jaquino, returning, begins his suit afresh. The knocking is repeated. Jaquino is called away by Rokko, the jailor (bass), and after he leaves, Marzelline tells us she is sorry for Jaquino, but she loves Fidelio and wishes her father were not opposed to her union with him. Then she sings a romance, *O wär' ich schon mit dir vereint*, in which she imagines the rapture of union with Fidelio, — a song of unbroken melody, of two verses and a short coda, the accompaniment receiving some new figures for the second verse. The introduction of the chord of C at the end of each verse, when she speaks of the hope that fills her breast, is like a ray of light, and is entirely in keeping with her cheery nature.

Rokko enters, and Jaquino carries garden tools into Rokko's house. Rokko asks Marzelline if Fidelio has returned, and, as he remarks that it is time to deliver to the Governor the letters Fidelio was to bring, a knocking is heard. Jaquino runs to unlock the door; and Marzelline joyfully exclaims: "Here he is!"

Fidelio (soprano) enters, quite weary, with a basket of provisions, fetters which he lays on the ground, and a tin box, hanging from a ribbon, at his side. Marzelline greets him affectionately, and tries to wipe his face with her handkerchief. Rokko helps his daughter relieve Fidelio of the basket, and Jaquino, quite disturbed by the ado made over Fidelio, goes into his Lodge, but comes out to watch the others, pretending to be busy. Rokko receives the accounts from Fidelio and commends him, remarking (aside), that "The rogue is doing all this for Marzelline," and, slyly glancing from one to the other, promises him a reward. Fidelio is much embarrassed, which only confirms Rokko's belief that he is in love with Marzelline. Rokko goes to look at the fetters, and Marzelline, regarding Fidelio with much emotion, announces the subject of the great quartette in canon, *Mir ist so wunderbar*. She is accompanied by two clarinets, two violas, and violoncello, *pizzicato*. When Fidelio takes up the theme, accompanied by flutes and violins, Marzelline sings counterpoint. Rokko and Jaquino add sometimes the theme and sometimes the accompaniment. The instrumentation is very elaborate, and the coda is introduced by a chord of the seventh on the keynote instead of the accustomed close. The emotions of the characters are well contrasted in this famous number: Marzelline is radiantly happy; Fidelio, troubled; Jaquino, jealous; and Rokko, benign.

Jaquino returns to his Lodge, and Rokko promises speedy marriage for Fidelio and Marzelline, and sings his air, *Hat man nicht auch Gold beineben*, a kind of ballad of great breadth, the sentiment of which is that no one can be happy without gold, and that he who sits down to the

table with nought but love, will rise hungry. The rhythm changes in each of the two verses from 2/4 to 6/8 and back to 2/4, with an imitation between the voice and orchestra in the coda.

Fidelio begs Rokko to let him aid in attending to the prisoners. Rokko describes the horrors, but Fidelio is firm in his wish. So Rokko promises that Fidelio shall visit all the cells except that of a mysterious prisoner who has been confined for two years and who must soon die from exhaustion. In the trio, *Gut*, *Söhnchen*, *gut*, by Rokko, Marzelline, and Fidelio, Rokko says time will harden his gentle heart, Marzelline fears Fidelio cannot stand the horrors, and Fidelio (aside), that love will banish all fear. Before this number the music has been light, and the highest contrapuntal skill has been employed rather than the musical illustration of dramatic feeling. In this trio the disguised Leonore's character begins to unfold, and we have the first hint of her mission to find her unjustly imprisoned husband. Rokko takes the tin box from Fidelio, who goes with Marzelline into the house.

A noble March is now played, beginning with two hollow beats on the kettledrums, accompanied by the double basses, *pizzicato*, during which the great gate is opened from without; officers enter with a detachment of troops; and, finally, Don Pizarro (baritone), the Governor of the Prison. Don Pizarro directs his guards to the wall, drawbridge, and garden, and asks Rokko for the letters, which the latter takes from the tin box brought by Fidelio. Don Pizarro unfolds the papers. His attention is arrested by a letter which he reads aloud as Rokko and the guards recede. In it he is warned that the minister has learned that several victims are confined unjustly in this prison and has started out to investigate. "Ah!' exclaims Don Pizarro, "what if he should find Florestan, whom he thinks so long dead!" A bold deed shall dispel all anxieties. His following aria, *Ha! welch' ein' Augenblick!* is a masterpiece of passion with several powerful climaxes. A peculiar orchestral

effect is given by two trombones, which appear for the first time in the score; for Beethoven, like Mozart, uses the trombone to express sinister and fateful meaning, and not simply to increase noise. The very low notes of the chorus, commenting on Pizarro's dark intent, and the strange harmonies are evidently intended to horrify the hearer. Dismissing his guards, Pizarro tries to make an accomplice of Rokko, and the duet, *Jetzt, Alter*, is a marvellous piece of musical declamation. Pizarro's wickedness is revealed in the music. He throws Rokko a purse; but the latter does not understand what he must do. Finally, the Governor's whispered "murder" (*morden*), with a startling change of key, produces questions of terror from Rokko, who refuses and wants to return the purse. Very well, then Pizarro, himself, will kill the prisoner. "He who scarcely lives, who hovers like a shadow?" asks Rokko. The mysterious prisoner is the one. Rokko must dig a grave in the cistern of the dungeon for him. At this terrible order, the two trombones again blare out. Pizarro will steal to the prisoner and murder him. In the ensemble, Pizarro revels in the coming murder, and Rokko thinks of the prisoner's happy release from his sufferings. Don Pizarro exits toward the garden, Rokko following.

Fidelio, who has overheard their words, enters in violent agitation from the opposite side, and begins the great recitative, *Abscheulicher wo eilst du hin?* The sight of the old enemy kindles horror, yet Fidelio seems to feel "a rainbow resting on the dark clouds," and at the word *rainbow*, an unexpected modulation and brilliant use of the woodwind is evidently intended to symbolize hope, if indeed not the rainbow itself. The aria beginning *Adagio, Komm Hoffnung, lass den letzten Stern*, an eloquent appeal to hope, with three horns and bassoon *obbligato* accompaniment, is followed by an *Allegro*, "*Ich folg' dem innern Triebe*," in which we learn for the first time — what none of the characters know — that Fidelio is a wife and that neither love

nor duty will fail her. We understand her intensity of purpose and her endurance. Here we find the musical germ of the chief subject in the Fidelio overture in E (see page 61). All the technical means by which her love and service are musically expressed are as simple as they are noble, and the wonderful brilliancy of this *Allegro* is produced solely by the string quartette and four *obbligato* instruments! This is the heroine's only great solo, the one point where she is independent, both musically and dramatically, of the other characters.

Leonore departs towards the garden, Marzelline enters from the house, followed by the jealous Jaquino. Marzelline repulses him. Rokko and Leonore re-enter from the garden. Rokko chides him for quarrelling, and Jaquino learns that Fidelio is to marry Marzelline.

Leonore now begs Rokko to let the prisoners have a little air, hoping she may find him she seeks among them. Rokko acquiesces, and she and Jaquino let out the captives, who sing *O welche Lust*, praising the fresh air, to melodic figures on the wood-wind. A prisoner (solo tenor) begs his companions to trust in Providence, another remarks that they have been observed. They disperse. Rokko tells Fidelio he will take him to see the mysterious prisoner. From questions, she not only learns that he is to die, but that she must help dig his grave. Could the victim possibly be her husband? All through this recitative the clarinets and bassoons are prominent and pathetic amid the rich instrumentation. Marzelline and Jaquino now rush in, breathless, to say that Pizarro is coming to punish Rokko for letting the prisoners out. A burst of instruments introduces the furious Pizarro. Rokko makes excuses. After singing farewell to the sunlight, *Leb' wohl du warmes Sonnenlicht*, the prisoners are driven away. Fidelio prays for justice to fall on the tryant; Marzelline sympathizes with the prisoners; Pizarro orders Rokko to hasten with the grave; and Rokko laments his part in the matter.

Act II. — Gloomy chords usher in the recitative of Florestan (tenor), who is in his dark dungeon. He exclaims on the darkness, "*Gott! welch ein Dunkel hier!*" The music, as well as the words, reveals his noble nature. In the *Adagio*, *In des Lebens Frühlingstagen*, the theme of which is announced by the clarinets and which is important in all three *Leonore* overtures, Florestan consoles himself with having always done his duty. Bassoons, clarinets, and horns are beautifully combined in the accompaniment. In the *Allegro*, the sentiment changes; he fancies he sees an angel — his Leonore — leading him to heaven. At the end of this rhapsody, he falls exhausted. The oboe has a solo in the excited accompaniment.

Rokko and Fidelio enter, coming down the stairs, carrying a jug and implements for digging. The back door opens, partially lighting the stage. A dialogue ensues, interspersed with music. They talk of the darkness, the cold, and the prisoner. In the duet that follows (*Nur hurtig fort*), the orchestra imitates the action of digging, the rolling of stones, and the falling of earth. The feelings of Rokko and Leonore are marvellously expressed, and suddenly, to a noble, sweeping phrase, Leonore declares that no matter who the prisoner may be she will save him. Towards the end, the voices sing in contrary motion with a mysterious concluding phrase in octaves. The muted violins, the two trombones playing *pianissimo*, and the double bassoon make a beautiful effect.

Rokko chides Fidelio for loitering; the work must be done quickly; Pizarro will soon be here. Rokko takes a drink. "He is waking!" Leonore exclaims, and tries to see the prisoner's face. Rokko, climbing out of the grave, bids Fidelio clear away the earth as far as the cistern.

The trembling Leonore descends, and is startled when she hears the prisoner's voice. "Oh! if I could see his face!" she murmurs to herself. Florestan turns to Rokko, and Leonore, recognizing her husband, falls senseles on the edge of the grave.

Florestan asks Rokko how long he will be deaf to his lamentations, and then asks who is the Governor of the prison. Rokko says Don Pizarro. At this loathed name, Leonore's strength and courage revive. Florestan says: "Oh send to Seville for Leonore." "Little does he think she is now digging his grave!" sighs the unhappy wife. He begs for water, and Rokko, softening a little, says he shall have the wine that is left. Leonore hastens with the jug. Florestan asks who this is. Rokko, handing the jug to Florestan, who drinks, informs him that Fidelio is his future son-in-law. Rokko is satisfied with Fidelio's explanation of his agitation; he is touched by such suffering. Florestan is glad he can feel pity, and begins the trio, *Euch werde Lohn in bessern Welten!* during which Leonore, taking a piece of bread from her pocket, persuades Rokko to allow her to give it to Florestan, who eats it. Rokko goes to the door and gives a loud whistle. "Is that the signal for my death?" Florestan asks Leonore, who begs him to be calm, struggling not to reveal herself.

Don Pizarro enters, wrapped in a cloak. "All is prepared," says Rokko. Fidelio, told to go, retires into the shadows to watch Pizarro. Pizarro (aside) remarks he must get rid of these two, also, this very day, for his own safety.

"Shall I remove his chains?" asks Rokko. "No," says Pizarro, throwing off his cloak and drawing his dagger. As he confronts the prisoner (quartette: *Er sterbe*), Florestan recognizes his old enemy; Leonore rushes in front of Florestan with the words, "*Kill first his wife*"; Pizarro struggles with her and then unsheathes his sword; Leonore covers him with a pistol. At this exciting moment, the distant sound of a trumpet is heard: the Minister has arrived. A lovely, although short, melody is heard in the orchestra, expressive of joy at this salvation. The trumpet again sounds. Jaquino enters, announcing the Minister. A quartette succeeds in which Rokko shares the joy of the couple and Pizarro rages. Pizarro rushes away, beckoning

Rokko to follow; but the latter stops to join the hands of Leonore and Florestan, press them to his breast and point to heaven. Left alone, Leonore and Florestan exchange a few words and sing their rapturous duet, *O namenlose Freude*, perfect in form, melody, and treatment.

The finale may be considered an epilogue. The climax has been reached. The scene changes to the outside of the prison. The orchestra plays a short introduction of great breadth, almost a March. Preceded by a guard, Don Fernando, the Prime Minister of Spain, enters, accompanied by Pizarro and officers. Jacquino and Marzelline accompany the state prisoners, who fall on their knees before Don Fernando. The people sing a chorus, *Heil sei dem Tag*, hailing him who comes to render justice. Don Fernando gives them liberty.

But now, to the dismay of Pizarro, Rokko enters with Florestan and Leonore, begging the Minister to re-unite this pair. Don Fernando is delighted to see Florestan, an old friend, long thought dead. Rokko tells Leonore's history,—how she entered his service as a hireling and how he intended her for his son-in-law. Marzelline is amazed. The jailor also tells Don Fernando of Pizarro's plot. The people break out in indignation. Don Fernando orders Rokko to take off his fetters, but on second thoughts gives the task to Leonore. Pizarro is arrested. Florestan rushes into Leonore's arms; and the people sing "*Wer ein solches Weib errungen*" ("Let whoever has such a wife join in our jubilee"). Florestan and Leonore sing little solos of love and gratitude (Florestan's being introduced by a peculiar orchestral passage), and then join the massive chorus: —

> "*Wer ein solches Weib errungen*
> *Stimm in unsern Jubel ein!*
> *Nie wird es zu hoch besungen,*
> *Retterin des Gatten sein.*"

There are four overtures: Leonore, No. 2, in C, written for the first performance in 1805; Leonore, No. 3, in C,

the most famous, 1806; Leonore, No. 1, in C, op. 138, 1807; and *Fidelio*, the accepted overture to the work, written for the final revision of the opera in 1814. The latter is very brilliant, beginning with four bars *Allegro*, somewhat reminiscent of the opening to Leonore's aria. Eight bars *Adagio* interrupt it, the four bars *Allegro* are repeated, and the *Adagio* begins again. Here is developed a passage from the duet between Rokko and Pizarro where Rokko speaks of him "who hovers like a shadow." The *Allegro* follows, beginning with a melody for the horn, taken up by the clarinets, and subsequently by the violins and full orchestra. The subject returns in the original key, and is again interrupted by an *Adagio*, with a new passage in triplets, after which comes a *Presto*, with a contrary passage for the violins and double basses towards the end. The opening phrase closes the overture.

The great Leonore overture, No. 3, is often played as an *entr' acte*. It begins *Adagio* and contains a phrase from Florestan's air, many phrases recalling Leonore's passionate love, beautiful themes for the strings, a lovely phrase from the quartette in the dungeon, the trumpet call repeated as in the quartette, a solo for the flute with imitation for the bassoon and slight accompaniment for the strings, and a rapturous, noble ending. Leonore, No. 2, is really a sketch for No. 3; and Leonore, No. 1, although beautiful, is rarely played.

Il Barbiere di Siviglia

Rome, 1816

Always gay and ingenious music: the best Rossini ever composed—ROBERT SCHUMANN

THE orchestra must be noticed throughout the work; it not only cleverly enlaces the themes, but it chatters and prattles with audacity, caprice, raillery, wit, and charm, sometimes with and sometimes about the characters. The overture originally belonged to *Aureliano in Palmira* (1814), and also did duty for *Elisabetta regina d'Inghilterra* (1815).

ACT I. — The curtain rises on a street in Seville with the cathedral in the distance and Dr. Bartolo's house, with a balcony, on the right.

Fiorello (bass), servant to Count Almaviva, with lantern in hand, ushers in a number of musicians, bidding them be quiet (*Piano pianissimo*).

Count Almaviva (tenor) enters, enveloped in a cloak. He asks Fiorello if the musicians are ready, and, when the latter have tuned their instruments, the Count sings a morning love-song beneath the balcony, *Ecco eridente in ciello*, a sentimental effusion, for which the strings (sometimes *pizzicato*) and the guitar furnish accompaniments. There is no response. The Count asks Fiorello if he sees the lady, but the latter reminds him that day is advancing. Almaviva calls the musicians, gives a purse to Fiorello, for their reward, and dismisses them. They offer noisy thanks (*Mille grazie, mio Signor*). The Count and Fiorello call silence, fearing their behaviour will attract attention.

At last the turbulent creatures have departed. The Count walks about impatiently; he will wait, for every morning she has come to breathe the fresh air from that window.

He sends Fiorello away to wait for him, and meditates on the power of love. Yes, this lady shall be his wife. At the sound of distant singing, he hides. A merry air is

played by the orchestra and the singing is repeated. Presently Figaro (baritone), the Barber of Seville, comes tripping in with a guitar suspended from his neck. He sings his cavatina, *Largo al factotum della citta*. He is the factotum of the town, *La, ran, la, la*. Quick to the shop, for it is day. Ah, what a charming life, brimful of pleasure is that of a barber of quality (here the orchestra humorously agrees with him), Ah, bravo! Figaro, bravo, bravissimo, bravo! Certainly of all professions that of a barber is the best. Amongst his razors, combs, lancets, and scissors, he is always ready for customers. Sometimes, too, ladies and cavaliers want diplomatic service. Everybody wants him, matrons, maidens, old men, and gallants. "Where is my wig?" "Quick, shave me?" "I've such a headache!" "Quick with this letter!" "Everybody wants me! Figaro, Figaro, Figaro! For heaven's sake! one at a time. I'll stand this clamour no longer! Figaro here, Figaro there, Figaro high, Figaro low. I am the factotum of the town."

He boasts that his life is easy and full of amusement, that his pocket always has its doubloon, and that he aids everyone in Seville with her love-affairs. Now he really must go to the shop.

The Count stops him. They recognize each other. The Count bids Figaro be cautious; he does not wish to be known here. However, he desires Figaro's services, for he saw on the Prado a lovely maiden with whom he fell in love. She is the daughter of a physician who has established himself in this house. For love of this beauty, he has left his home and family, and day and night he wanders near this balcony on the chance of seeing her.

Figaro laughs at the idea of Dr. Bartolo being the lady's father, but he encourages Almaviva to hope; he is barber, botanist, surgeon, — everything in this house, and, as for the lady! she is not the Doctor's daughter; she is his ward. Perhaps — But the balcony window opens.

Rosina (soprano) steps out, murmuring: "He has not come yet!" She has a letter for the Count that she wants

to drop. Dr. Bartolo (bass) her guardian, asks what she has in her hand.

"It is only a piece of music, an aria, called, *Inutil Precauzione*." The Count thinks her witty, Figaro says she's crafty! Dr. Bartolo asks the meaning of it. It is from a new opera. Nonsense, there are no operas in these modern times. "Oh, how unlucky!" exclaims Rosina, "I have let it fall, will you please go and fetch it?" As Dr. Bartolo leaves, she calls to Almaviva to make haste. The latter picks up the note, and when the old Doctor reaches the ground, it is gone. He is furious, and thinks Rosina has tricked him, — the cunning jade! He orders her into the house, and declares that he will have that balcony walled up.

Rosina and Bartolo having disappeared, Figaro suggests that the Count read what is written. At the Count's request, Figaro opens the letter and reads:

"Your attentions have excited my curiosity; my guardian is going out; as soon as you see him leave, devise some ingenious plan to acquaint me with your name, circumstances, and intentions. I can never appear on the balcony without the attendance of my tyrant. Everything is arranged on my part for breaking my chains.

The unhappy ROSINA."

The Count promises himself the pleasure of breaking them.

Figaro informs Almaviva that Dr. Bartolo wishes to capture Rosina and all her future wealth. The door opens and Dr. Bartolo appears. He leaves instructions that no one but Don Basilio shall be admitted, and talks to himself as he passes across the street, saying he will hurry his marriage with Rosina; in fact, he will conclude arrangements to-day.

This alarms Almaviva. He asks: "Who is Don Basilio?" "An old hypocrite," Figaro replies. "An intriguing matchmaker; he teaches your lady music." The Count does not wish his name or rank known; he would prefer to be loved for himself and not for wealth or

title. Will Figaro aid him in winning her? "You can do this yourself," replies Figaro, "she is hiding behind the curtains. Sing a little ballad to her. Take my guitar!" To the accompaniment of guitar and strings *pizzicato*, *Se il mio nome*, Lindoro sighs beneath the window; will the fair one confess a responsive flame of love? Rosina answers in a very tender little phrase. Figaro tells him to go on. Lindoro can offer no treasure but a devoted heart; he has neither riches nor honours to lay at her feet. Again Rosina replies: "If Rosina is so dear to him, why does not Lindoro ——?" How vexatious! Somebody evidently entered; Rosina has disappeared. The Count is most excited; Figaro must help him enter that house. Figaro is somewhat indifferent. Ah! the Count understands. Reward is offered, — any amount. Figaro is suddenly animated; he feels great sympathy now with Signor Lindoro's cause and begins the famous duet, *All' idea di quel metallo* (Gold is the source of all invention). The Count wishes Figaro to devise a plan speedily. The Count must disguise himself as a soldier, a regiment is arriving in Seville to-day. "Yes," Almaviva replies, "the Colonel is a friend of mine." By means of a billet, the Count can get a lodging at the Doctor's; and in an ensemble of marvellously rapid phrases they applaud Figaro's sagacious invention. But Figaro has a still better idea. He must be a drunken soldier; Dr. Bartolo will not so soon distrust a man who is overcome with wine; — here Figaro imitates the actions of an intoxicated person. This fresh suggestion is applauded in the same ensemble. Farewell! But stop! Where can the Count find Figaro? The Barber points down the street, his number is fifteen, the shop is on the left hand, up four steps, the door is painted white, there are five wigs in the window, and some fine pomatum, and a lantern hangs out for a sign. It can't be mistaken. Fortune smiles upon the Count; will he certainly be Figaro's patron? And will he remember that well-filled purse? The Count is inspired with hope;

Figaro already hears the clink of golden coin. He repeats the instructions for finding his shop, while the Count sings of how happy he will be if he can win his love. An ensemble follows: life will be blest if the one can win his love and the other his gold. Figaro enters the Doctor's house and Almaviva departs.

Fiorello steps forward. He is tired of waiting two hours for his master. He has been forgotten. It is always hard on a servant when his master turns sentimental and worships windows.

The scene changes to a room in Dr. Bartolo's house; Rosina is alone. She has a letter in her hand. The violins prepare us for her piquant cavatina, *Una voce poco fà*. Lindoro's voice has charmed her, but no one must know of it; she vows that Lindoro shall be hers. The flutes and clarinets announce a pretty theme which she repeats, "*Io sono docile*." She will be meek and docile outwardly, but she will play a hundred tricks if she is thwarted, and become a very serpent. In this part of the aria, the orchestra first plays the merry and tricky, rippling, Mozartean figure which will be heard again when she sees the Count, and again in Act II.

Rosina wishes she could find a messenger to take this letter; but her tutor has a hundred eyes. Well, she 'll seal it at any rate! Her lover was talking to Figaro this morning. Now Figaro might be useful. Fortunately, Figaro enters. He greets her. Rosina is out of spirits. She grumbles at her imprisonment. Figaro has something to tell her. But Rosina hears her guardian's step. Figaro will wait: he has a message for her. Figaro hides, and peeps out from time to time. Dr. Bartolo enters, wondering where is that scamp Figaro. Has Rosina seen him? Yes, she has talked with him; he was most entertaining! Then, with a saucy remark, she goes. Bartolo thinks her saucy ways charming; she is always flouting him, yet he adores her. Perhaps Berta or Ambrosius will know who put her up to this insolence. He calls them. They enter.

Berta, the housekeeper (mezzo soprano), replies by a sneeze, and his servant, Ambrosius, yawns. Dr. Bartolo sends them away impatiently. Don Basilio (bass) enters. Dr. Bartolo is glad to see him. He wants to be married to Rosina to-morrow. Dr. Basilio, bowing low, has called to tell him surprising news; he has just seen Count Almaviva near this spot. Perhaps he is the unknown gallant who is wooing Rosina! Undoubtedly! Well, this must be stopped. Basilio agrees; he has an idea. Now, if a story were invented to put him in a bad light, in a few days the Count would leave the city. Dr. Bartolo hardly relishes a calumny. Don Basilio asks if Dr. Bartolo has ever traced its course. No, indeed, he has not. No? Very well, then Don Basilio will tell him if he will listen. His aria, introduced by the strings and bassoon *sotto voce*, *La calumnia*, is one of the wittiest pieces of music ever written. We learn that calumny gradually rises from the gentle zephyr to the fury of the storm, and the instruments comment feelingly upon the words. Towards the end, the orchestra quotes a theme from Basilio's aria, *La Vendetta*, in Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*.[1]

As Don Basilio and Dr. Bartolo go out to draw up the contract, Figaro enters. He laughs at the idea of Rosina's being married to Dr. Bartolo. He will tell her. Rosina enters to hear the message. "Well, Signor Figaro?" "Great news," he replies, "we are going to have *confetti!* Your guardian is going to be your husband, he is closeted with your music-master now; they are drawing-up the contract." Rosina will be a match for them; she wants to hear about that gentleman with whom Figaro was talking this morning. He is Figaro's cousin who has come here to finish his studies; he will never

[1] It will be remembered that Mozart quotes himself by making Leporello whistle an air from *Le Nozze di Figaro* in the last act of *Don Giovanni*. Wagner does likewise in *Die Meistersinger*, for, when Hans Sachs speaks of Tristan and Isolde in Act III, the orchestra borrows two *motive* from that work.

make his fortune; he is too much in love. Rosina remarks she is rather interested in him. Figaro exclaims. Rosina wants to know if he doubts it, and also if his cousin's lady-love lives far from here; and if she is handsome. She is sixteen, has black hair, rosy cheeks, bright eyes, and a velvet hand. Rosina wants to know her name. Figaro spells it: R, o, *Ro*, s, i, *si*, *Ro-si*, n, a, *na*, *Rosina!* Rosina gaily begins the duet, *Dunque io son*. How is she going to speak with Lindoro? He is coming to see her. Rosina is afraid she will die with impatience! Lindoro is waiting for some token of her affection. If she will send him a letter, he will come at once. Rosina has not the courage. Figaro tries to hearten her. No, she blushes to write! Figaro insists. Rosina takes a letter from her pocket; she has written one already. Figaro is amazed. Rosina sings that Fortune smiles upon her, and Figaro, taking up her musical theme, confesses himself beaten in cunning; the fair sex is unrivalled in craft!

On his departure, Rosina remarks that Figaro is such a kind creature! Dr. Bartolo enters; she must explain what Figaro was doing here. What did he talk about? "Oh! a number of trifles: fashions from France and the illness of his daughter, Marcellina," Rosina saucily replies. "I'll warrant he brought an answer to the letter sent from the window." "The window?" "That arietta of the *Inutil Precauzione* that you dropped from the balcony." Now how did ink get upon Rosina's finger? Rosina burned her finger; she has always known that ink is good for burns. "Clever!" remarks Dr. Bartolo. He counts the sheets of paper. There were six here this morning! Rosina took one sheet; she wanted it to wrap up some sweets for Marcellina. "*Bravissima!*" says Dr. Bartolo. Now what about this pen; it has been used? Rosina took it to draw a flower on her tambour-work. Dr. Bartolo is furious; Rosina loses her temper. Dr. Bartolo will teach her how to speak to a doctor of his importance (*A un dottore della mia sorte*), he believes none of her excuses.

Was it not a joke? Come, confess, and be friends. The orchestra scolds with him in the greatest excitement, but Rosina is unmoved. Very well, Rosina shall be locked in when Dr. Bartolo's duties take him abroad! Dr. Bartolo is a doctor of importance and he will not bear ridicule. Perhaps Rosina will repent at her leisure! On his exit, Rosina defies him and leaves.

Berta enters. She thought she heard voices. The Doctor is always vexing that poor girl. There is a knocking and a voice is calling. Berta opens the door and leaves.

The Count Almaviva enters, disguised as a drunken soldier, making a great noise, *Ehi di casa, buona gente.* Dr. Bartolo enters to learn what is the matter. The finale, which begins at this point, is a model of vivacity and ingenuity. Nothing is more cleverly depicted than Dr. Bartolo's heavy vanity as Almaviva accosts him as Balordo and then Bertoldo, to which he replies pompously thrice. "Dr. Bartolo," and the orchestra is as emphatic as he is. To kill time, Almaviva jokes with Dr. Bartolo and wants to embrace him. He shows him a paper — he is quartered here. Dr. Bartolo is dismayed. As Rosina enters, we hear the tricky phrase, slightly changed, heard during her aria, "*Io sono docile.*"

She is amazed to see a soldier here. She comes forward on tiptoe. Her lover tells her softly he is Lindoro! Rosina is alarmed. Dr. Bartolo orders her to her room. The drunken soldier says he will follow her. The soldier insists upon going to his quarters. Dr. Bartolo is exempt from lodging soldiers; he will show him his paper in a minute. As he goes to his writing-desk, Lindoro tries to speak with Rosina; but Dr. Bartolo now comes forward. As he is reading the document aloud, the Count disrespectfully tosses it in the air; he will remain here anyhow! Dr. Bartolo orders him to leave, or he will have to use his stick. The soldier considers this a challenge. To the theme he sang on his entrance, he begins, "*Dunque lei,*"

and while he is preparing to attack Bartolo he shows a letter to Rosina and tells her to throw down her handkerchief. Then he drops the letter and she drops her handkerchief upon it. Lindoro picks both up together and hands them to her, but Dr. Bartolo wishes to know what it is. Rosina says it is the washing-list. He tears it from her hand. Rosina has, indeed, quickly substituted the washing-list for her lover's note.

Basilio and Berta enter. Dr. Bartolo is confused. Rosina calls herself abused and wretched; Don Basilio says nothing but "*sol mi, fa, ra;*" the Count threatens Dr. Bartolo; and Rosina calls for help.

Figaro enters with his basin under his arm: "What is the uproar?" He begs the Count "to be prudent." The soldier insults Dr. Bartolo, and Dr. Bartolo retorts. Now the soldier threatens his life. As everything is in the greatest confusion, a knocking is heard. There is a moment of silence and the effect of the chorus, *La forza aprite qua*, falls gratefully upon the ear after the deluge of little notes that have just been heard.

An officer enters with soldiers to learn the reason of the the trouble. Explanations follow: Bartolo says it was this disorderly soldier; Figaro, that he came in to quell the tumult; the Count, that Dr. Bartolo refused to allow him to enter his lodgings; and Rosina begs them to forgive the poor soldier, who has had too much wine. The officer arrests the soldier, but is taken aside and informed of his rank. The astonished officer apologizes. He orders the guards to arrest the Doctor instead: he may explain at headquarters.

Bartolo is petrified with astonishment, and Figaro laughs at his wooden attitude. The soldiers will not listen to Dr. Bartolo's explanations, and all agree that confusion and madness reign over everything. Upon their chorus, *Mi par d'esser colla testa*, the curtain falls.

Act II. — The curtain rises upon Dr. Bartolo's drawing-room, containing a piano. Dr. Bartolo is discovered.

His recitative, *Ma vedi*, from which we learn he has made inquiries about the soldier and believes him to have been sent by Count Almaviva, is interrupted by a knocking.

The Count enters, disguised as a music master. His salutation, peace and happiness, *Pace e gioja*, is several times repeated. Dr. Bartolo scrutinizes him intently, but cannot remember where he has seen him before; he thanks him for his wishes in this duet, and begs him take his departure, wondering why his house is open to knaves and nuisances. In reply to his questionings, the Count says he is Don Alonzo, a professor of music and a pupil of Don Basilio, who is ill and has sent him here. The Doctor will go at once to see his friend. "Oh, no, there is no need," Don Alonzo interrupts. Bartolo tells him to speak louder. Don Alonzo mentions Count Almaviva. Now Dr. Bartolo bids him speak in a whisper. Don Alonzo shows Dr. Bartolo a letter in Rosina's handwriting which he found in Count Almaviva's lodgings. He suggests that Dr. Bartolo permit him to see Rosina, he will persuade her that her lover left it with another lady-love. Rosina will believe him faithless. Dr. Bartolo embraces him: "Why, this is calumny of the school of Don Basilio!" Certainly he will call Rosina. Almaviva remarks that he had to invent that fiction in order to see Rosina again; he will explain it to her. Dr. Bartolo brings in Rosina, introducing Don Alonzo, who has come to give her a music-lesson. Rosina cries out on recognizing her lover. Dr. Bartolo asks what is the matter? Rosina has sprained her instep. "What shall the song be?" Don Alonzo asks. Rosina will sing something from the *Inutil Precauzione*. She is always talking about that, Dr. Bartolo remarks. Don Alonzo seats himself at the piano. [As the trio for this music-lesson was lost, Rosina has always been permitted to interpolate any songs or musical numbers she may please. It is usual for her to accompany herself for one number.]

After this interlude, Rosina sings an aria, *Contro un cor che accende amore*," in which she begs Lindoro to take pity on

her woes; he answers that love will befriend them, and begs her to confide in him. "A delightful voice," the music-master says, turning to Dr. Bartolo. Rosina thanks him for his opinion, and Dr. Bartolo says: "Yes, it is a delightful voice, but the air was tiresome. Music in my day was quite another thing; for example, when Caffariello sang that wonderful air, *la*, *ra*, *la*, *la*, *la*,—Listen, Don Alonzo;" and he gives them an example, *Quando mi sei vicina*, a very old-fashioned and formal tune, rather beyond the scope of his voice.[1] The words are: "Come to the woods, my lovely Rosina," but he explains that the lady's name really is Giannina.

Figaro enters and mimics Dr. Bartolo, who is perfectly furious. Figaro has come to shave him. Dr. Bartolo doesn't want his services. Figaro cannot come to-morrow; he tells him of his numerous engagements. Dr. Bartolo will have to get another barber. Dr. Bartolo then yields; Figaro must go to his room for the soap and towels. He takes the bunch of keys from his belt and gives them to Figaro. On second thought, he will go himself. Figaro eyes the keys with envy, and asks Rosina if the key of the lattice is not on that ring. "Yes," she replies, "it is the newest of all." Dr. Bartolo returns; how stupid of him to leave that barber here in charge of Rosina. Once more he gives the keys to Figaro: "Go, Figaro, you will find everything on the shelf, but touch nothing." Figaro runs off with the keys, exclaiming, "Everything is accomplished!" Dr. Bartolo tells Don Alonzo that Figaro was the rascal who carried Rosina's letter to the Count. The noise of broken crockery causes Dr. Bartolo to leave quickly. Lindoro asks Rosina if she will be his, and she replies responsively. Bartolo and Figaro enter. The

[1] Rossini said he wished to give here a sample of antique music. It will be remembered that Wagner did the same thing in *Die Meistersinger*, when Kothner sings the archaic rules of the tablature in Act I, and Beckmesser his serenade in Act II.

former bewails his broken china; and the latter, secretly showing to the Count the key of the balcony which he has taken off the bunch, remarks to Bartolo that he nearly broke his head in the dark room. Dr. Bartolo seats himself in the chair to be shaved.

At this moment, to everyone's surprise, Don Basilio enters. (Quintette: *Don Basilio! Cosa veggo!*) Dr. Bartolo is amazed, for he believed Don Alonzo's tale; Rosina wonders what will become of them all; and Almaviva and Figaro remark that some boldness is necessary here. Dr. Bartolo jumps from his seat to inquire how Don Basilio is feeling. The latter is surprised. Figaro calls to Dr. Bartolo to come back and be shaved. The Count reminds Bartolo that Don Basilio knows nothing of the letter. Then he asks Basilio what he is doing out with a fever. "With a fever?" the astonished Don Basilio answers. Figaro runs to feel his pulse, yes, he has fever — he really has scarlatina. "You need medicine," and the Count slips a purse into his hand. Rosina, Figaro, Almaviva, and Bartolo (from a different motive) join in insisting that he goes to bed. One after another takes up the theme of farewell until the puzzled Don Basilio leaves.

Dr. Bartolo again seats himself. Figaro ties the cloth about his neck and stands so as to screen the lovers; the orchestra meanwhile plays the flippant, tricky, and merry Mozartean figure first heard in Rosina's aria, *Io sono docile*, and when she saw her lover in this house in Act I. Rosina and her lover pretend to be studying music, but are really making arrangements to elope at midnight. Dr. Bartolo tries to listen, but Figaro diverts his attention, screaming with pain. He has something in his eye, the Doctor must blow in it! "For pity's sake! get it out, get it out."

Rosina promises to be ready for Lindoro at midnight. He begins to tell her about the story of the letter. Bartolo overhears some of the words and rushes at them, calling

them scoundrels, rascals, and deceivers. They defend themselves, "*La testa vi gira*," and exeunt, leaving Bartolo, who condoles with himself and calls Ambrosius and Berta. The former must run for Don Basilio. Berta must go downstairs and see that no one enters. No, he will go himself, he can trust nobody; and the distracted Doctor runs out.

"There is no peace in this house," the housekeeper remarks, "nothing but turmoil, wrangling, and scolding." She thinks of leaving. A *ritornello* introduces her recitative, *Sempre gridi* and aria, *Il vecchiotto cerca moglie*. What is this love that makes everybody mad? She even sighs for a lover herself and she is growing old and ugly. [The melody of this is a Russian *contredanse*, much in vogue in Rome in 1816. The aria was long called the "*Aria di' sorbetto*," because people used to eat ices while it was being sung.]

At her exit, Dr. Bartolo and Don Basilio enter, talking of Don Alonzo. Basilio does not know him; he believes he is the Count himself. (Aside he says, "The purse proves it.") This settles things. Bartolo will sign that marriage contract to-night. "To-night!" Basilio replies, "it is raining in torrents! Besides, Figaro has engaged the Notary to-night; his niece is to be married." Figaro has no relations! Basilio must take the latch-key and bring the Notary at once.

Dr. Bartolo takes Rosina's letter from his pocket. Rosina is approaching now; he calls her and tells her that her lover is faithless, that he is conspiring with Figaro to give her to Count Almaviva. Here is her letter. Rosina wants to know how he got it. Don Alonzo gave it to him!

Rosina is so furious that she informs her guardian it was all arranged for her to elope at midnight with Lindoro and Figaro; now she will marry him instead. Bartolo is enchanted; he will hurry and bar the door. But they have the key to the balcony! Then Bartolo will remain here and declare them thieves; Rosina must go to her room. On second thoughts, he will go for assistance; the wretches might be armed!

Lamenting her cruel fate, Rosina leaves, and Dr. Bartolo hurries away. The storm, of which Don Basilio spoke, has increased, and we have an orchestral interlude giving a descriptive musical picture of the rolling thunder, the flashing lightning, and the pattering rain. After it subsides, Almaviva and Figaro enter from the window.

Figaro remarks that it is "lover's weather." The Count bids Figaro strike a light. They wonder where Rosina can be. She now enters and denounces Lindoro. She accuses him of having feigned love in order to betray her to Almaviva. The Count would like to know if she really loves Lindoro. Yes, she did! Throwing himself at her feet, he tells her he is Almaviva himself. The delighted Rosina begins the fine trio, *A qual colpo* (Ah! what rapture). Figaro reminds the happy lovers that there is no time to lose. Suddenly he exclaims that two persons are coming with a lantern. In the Allegro, "*Zitti! Zitti!*" (the *motiv* of which is borrowed from an air in Haydn's *Seasons*), they propose to fly by the window; but, alas! Figaro informs them that the ladder has gone.

Basilio and the Notary enter. Figaro recognizes them. Going forward, he reminds the Notary that he was to come to him this evening to join Count Almaviva and his niece; how fortunate! they have all met by chance; has he the document? Basilio says that Bartolo is not here. Almaviva, taking him aside, gives him a ring from his finger, and, showing him a pistol, promises him a bullet if he opposes. The contract is signed: Rosina sighs with happiness, and Figaro cries, "*Evviva!*"

Dr. Bartolo enters with soldiers and bids them arrest the thieves. Almaviva explains that Rosina is his wife. But Rosina is to be married to Dr. Bartolo! Rosina never thought of such a thing! The officer threatens the scoundrel, demanding his name. The latter announces that he is Count Almaviva. He brings forward the witnesses to his marriage and in his aria, *Cessa di più resistere*, tells Bartolo that resistance is useless, his rule of tyranny is

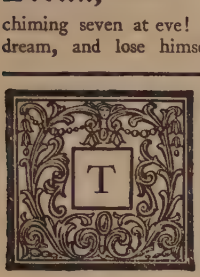
broken; to Rosina he promises a happy life. The people wish them every happiness. Dr. Bartolo accepts the situation philosophically; but he reproves Figaro and condemns Don Basilio as a traitor. Basilio remarks that the Count has persuasions in his pocket that no one can resist; Figaro sarcastically refers to the folly of *Inutil Precauzione*. Now that the lovers are united, this lantern lighted during the troublous times may be extinguished, and he puts it out. All present join in the rondo:

> "*Amore e fede eterna*
> *Si vegga in voi regnar.*"

Der Freischütz

Berlin, 1820

Ah! thou adorable German reverie; thou medley of woods and gloaming, of stars, of moon, of village-bells when chiming seven at eve! Happy he who understands you, can feel, believe, can dream, and lose himself with you — RICHARD WAGNER



THE unusually beautiful overture is an epitome of the work. It begins with an *Adagio* in C-major, of thirty-six bars, the horn taking the principal part and evidently describing the cheerful serenity of the forester's life. At the twenty-fifth bar, the strings begin a low tremolo, which gradually forms a fine *crescendo* and *diminuendo*. The violin and violoncello move on in a wailing passage, rendered more expressive by three drum-notes heard at intervals. It seems as if Max's increasing misery whilst under Caspar's influence is depicted here, and now as the orchestra breaks out in a nervous and spirited movement (*Molto vivace*, in C-minor), we feel the wildness of his despair and the hopelessness of help from Heaven, by which he imagines himself forsaken. That the composer intended this is evident, for he has used the same theme in Max's grand scena in Act I where the hero expresses all these feelings. The first five bars of this new movement are played in a subdued undertone by the violin and 'cello, and are then taken up by the entire orchestra. At the twenty-fifth bar succeeds a passage which will be heard in the Incantation Scene at the casting of the sixth bullet. This seems to remind us of Caspar's success, he having placed Max in the power of the evil spirit. The forty-first, forty-second, forty-third, and forty-fourth bars give us a phrase which not only occurs in the Incantation Scene, but which generally accompanies Caspar, haunting him like a memory of the demon he serves. This phrase will occur in his grand scena, both in the voice part and in the accompaniment, where he exults in obtaining a new victim for his master spirit by means of Max's promise to accept his charmed bullets. In the overture it answers the double

purpose of expressing Caspar's as well as Samiel's triumph over Max, and it is rendered still more effective by the next phrase played on the clarinet and evidently depicting Max's terror at the awful visions. We shall hear this again, for it is Max's solo in the Incantation Scene. A still more beautiful melody is yet to come at the eighty-seventh bar, where, after gradual modulation to the key of E-flat, the clarinet breathes the exquisite air sung by Agathe in Act II, when she hears her lover coming. This is Agathe's pure love that is to triumph over everything. This theme — the affection of his beloved Agathe — may be said to bring consolation to Max, and it greatly relieves the ear of the hearer from the long-continued gloom of the minor key. Again we hear the theme from the Incantation Scene (at bar 123), which is modulated into B-flat-minor (at bar 145), when a tremolo begins and lasts for seven bars, modulating to D-sharp-minor, the 'cello following the modulations on the dark and triumphant motive from Caspar's scena, which, being thus partially heard, may be considered as the secret exultation of the magician. Immediately we again hear Agathe's lovely air, the effect of which is heightened this time by the introduction of two notes from the bass after each phrase, which seem to suggest the fate that is preparing for her. A succession of chords leads to a plaintive passage on the wind, accompanied by a tremolo on the violin. This is succeeded by a return of the first theme of the second movement (*Molto vivace*), repeating Max's feelings of terror and suspense. The concluding passage of Max's scena in Act I is now introduced, succeeded by a tremolo of the strings, while the wailing passage that we heard before on the bassoons is still continued. The fateful, solemn notes of the drum are repeated. A gradually decreasing tremolo is modulated into G-major and rendered effective by long pauses, until at bar 243 there is a beautiful transition into C-major and the overture ends, as the opera itself will end, with Agathe's melody mingled with gay passages. In summing up the

instrumentation, which, after all, is very simple, we may notice the quartette of horns, the deep clarinet tones, the tremolo of the strings, the 'cello *cantilena*, and the hollow drum-beats.

A contemporary of Weber's aptly said: "After you have once seen the whole volume to which this *dream-born* music is the index, then the conviction of the amazing power by which the imagery of sounds can raise and foster various emotions in the minds of attentive hearers becomes at once apparent."

It was originally arranged that the curtain should rise on a forest scene with a hermit's cell; at the back a turf-altar, with a cross or image, and covered with roses. The Hermit is praying before this altar, for he sees in a vision the evil powers planning to entrap Agathe and Max. Agathe enters, bringing him bread, fruit, and milk. The Hermit warns her of the impending danger and gives her his blessing and roses (which later she will wear for her bridal wreath). A duet between the Hermit and Agathe was to have closed this scene. Weber did not compose either the Hermit's monologue or the duet, but began with the next scene, — the village festival. From the explanation of this opening, the story is made clearer. Agathe is under the stronger influence of the spiritual powers; — the significance of the talismanic roses is appreciated; and the appearance of the Hermit in the last act, which seems so abrupt, is accounted for.

Act I. — The opera opens with a village festival in front of an inn in the Bohemian forest. As the curtain rises, we hear a shot. In the foreground, sits Max (tenor), second huntsman, before a table on which stands a beer-jug; in the background is a target on a pole surrounded by a crowd of people. The target has just been splintered by Kilian (tenor), a rich peasant, who has won the prize for shooting. The people sing a masterly and genial chorus, *Victoria! Victoria!* with a gay accompaniment, followed

by a lively March, after which Kilian sings his sprightly song, *Schau der Herr mich an*. Exhibiting his ribbon and mark, he calls himself "King of archers," and taunts Max, the people supporting him, and their jeering laughter is skilfully expressed in the music.

Max is furious. He rises, places his gun against a tree, and drawing a knife attacks Kilian. The people rush forward to prevent harm, and Cuno (bass), head-forester to Prince Ottokar, Caspar (bass), first huntsman, and other huntsmen enter. Cuno is astonished that Kilian is exulting over Max. Max admits that he was defeated. Caspar tells him that he must call on the Great Hunter. Cuno chides Caspar, and reminds Max that he must shoot with certainty on the morrow, for if not he will have to leave his service and forfeit his daughter's hand.

Kilian asks the origin of the trial-shot, and Cuno tells how his ancestor, also named Cuno, was made Head-Ranger to the Prince. The Prince, moved with pity at a certain poacher's fate, promised that post and the manor-right to the Forest Lodge to anyone who would kill the flying stag to which the man was bound. Cuno fired, killing the stag and saving the poacher. His enemies tried to convince the Prince that it was done with a magic bullet. Here he eyes Caspar meaningly. Caspar (aside) calls on Samiel. Kilian says he has heard of magic bullets. Six hit the mark; but the seventh belongs to the devil. Cuno's descendants take the trial-shot, and, according to custom, the lucky marksman weds on the match-day.

In the following trio and chorus, *O diese Sonne*, Max laments his fate and fears the contest, for he is certain that he will lose Agathe; Cuno tries to cheer him; and Caspar, in a curious phrase of semitones, congratulates himself upon his magic bullets; while the chorus comments upon Max's distress.

Cuno, seizing Max's hand, entreats him to have courage and to trust in Heaven. The chorus of huntsmen and peasants sing of to-morrow's sport, the merry horns, and of

the bridegroom and the bride, *Lasst lustig die Hörner erschallen*, in the effective accompaniment to which the horns are very noticeable. Cuno and his companions go.

Kilian begs Max to dance; but he refuses, and to the strains of a delicious waltz, in which the violins and oboes have the chief melody, the gay couples disperse.

Max, alone, begins his recitative, describing the uncertainty of his fate. In his aria, *Durch die Wälder, durch die Auen*, he describes how he was wont to wander through woods and meadows with unerring rifle, while Agathe always gave him a loving welcome! Presently we hear the tremolo and the three beats of the drum already noticed in the overture; a gigantic figure appears, clad in dark green and fire-colour and gold, with a cock's feather adorning the hat that nearly shades the whole of his blackish-yellow face. It is Samiel; and as Max sees his shadow behind him, he gives a cry of despair. When Max asks if there still lives a God, Samiel, disquieted, steps into the bushes in the background and disappears.

Caspar enters with a maid-servant and sends the latter for wine. He invites Max to drink, and pours a powder into his cup, calling on Samiel, who thrusts his head through the bushes. He speaks to Samiel; Max asks to whom he spoke. Caspar says to no one. Caspar invites him to drink and sings his Bacchanalian song of unhallowed mirth, *Hier im ird'schen Jammerthal*, in which, at the end of each verse, a curious and expressive instrumental phrase, which Berlioz calls "a diabolical sneer," is played on two piccolos in thirds.

To Caspar's delight, Max drinks. Caspar sings his second verse. A distant clock strikes seven. Max would go. Caspar says of course he is going to Agathe, but he had better remain and have some help. He asks Max if he does not wish to have a lucky shot to-morrow? Then, handing him a gun, he bids him fire at a distant eagle, in the devil's name. Max fires; a peal of laughter is heard and the eagle falls at Max's feet. Caspar tells Max that this

was a '*frei*' shot. Caspar arranges the eagle's feathers in Max's cap. Max asks for more of these charmed bullets. Caspar has no more, but Max shall have many if he will meet him at the Wolf's Glen at midnight! Max promises to do so; Samiel appears, nods, and vanishes; and Max leaves quickly.

Caspar breaks forth in a triumphant song, delighting in the possession of Max, calling on evil spirits for aid, and exulting that his victim is "bound in the chains of hell," *Schweig, Schweig: Der Hölle Netz hat dich umgarnt.* By gradual modulations from a gloomy minor to a brilliant major key, the emotions of this demoniacal personage seem to increase. Weber never forgets the peculiar character that belongs to Caspar's music, and here we again hear that mysterious phrase allotted to the piccolos in his Bacchanalian song. The curtain falls.

Act II. — A hall-way in the Forest Lodge with two side entrances. Antlers and gloomy tapestry with hunting-scenes give it an antiquated appearance. In the centre, one entrance hung with curtains leads to a balcony, on one side a spinning-wheel, on the other a large table and upon it a flower-pot with white roses, a lighted lamp, and a white gown with a green ribbon. Agathe (soprano), Cuno's daughter, in undress, taking a bandage from her head, and Aennchen (soprano), her relative, driving a nail in the wall for the portrait of the first Cuno, which has fallen.

They talk of this portrait in their duet, *Schelm! Halt fest!* Agathe is superstitious and sad about her lover, who still tarries, and Aennchen tries to cheer her and talks about her becoming a bride to-morrow. It is Aennchen who sings the chief air to which Agathe, still longing for Max, adds mournful notes. In a wonderful way does the music of this admired duet depict the contrasting characters of the two girls, — Agathe, the tender and dreamy; and Aennchen, the happy, prattling, linnet-like maiden who knows nought of love.

The latter, growing even gayer, sings her lively arietta, beginning with an oboe solo, *Kommt ein schlanker Bursch gegangen*, about the joy of having a lover. Agathe, having arranged her dress, joins in the last verse.

Agathe says she is sorrowful, because her visit to the Hermit was so depressing. Aennchen asks about it; she only knows he gave her those sanctified roses. Agathe says he predicted danger, and, indeed, the falling picture might have killed her. Aennchen suggests that they retire, but Agathe prefers to wait for Max. Aennchen goes out with the roses.

Agathe opens the curtains of the balcony and a star-lit landscape is revealed. In her recitative, *Wie nahte mir der Schlummer*, and aria, *Leise, leise*, she meditates upon the beauty of the night and pours forth all the love of her gentle heart. The accompaniment, which paints a summer night, has at first the violas for its bass, beneath a harmony of violins in four parts, the violoncello coming in later to double the violas, while the double basses are omitted altogether. There is also in this song a beautiful example of low and long-held notes on the two flutes which give a dreamy feeling to the scene, and a passage describes the gentle whispering of the evening breeze among the trees. The horn sounds, and, as that instrument is associated in our minds with Max, we are not surprised that Agathe hears her lover coming. As his hat is adorned with feathers, she is sure that he is the victorious marksman, and expresses her joy in that lovely melody heard in the overture.

The country that we see beyond the balcony has grown dark. Max enters and is welcomed by Agathe. He throws his hat on the table, tells her of the eagle he killed, and asks why blood is on her forehead. Aennchen, coming in, tells Max that as Agathe was going to the balcony at seven o'clock to watch for him, the picture fell on her. "That was the hour I killed the eagle," exclaims Max, aside. Then he tells them he must go to the Wolf's Glen

at midnight. Aennchen remembers the Black Huntsman; Agathe is desperately frightened.

The fearful exclamations of the maidens open the trio, *Wie? Was? Entsetzen!* and in a short solo, with a beautiful accompaniment, Max asks if they think the courage of a forester should be shaken by the imaginary terrors of midnight, at the storms in the woods, or the scream of a night-bird; yet as he speaks of these there is a suggestion in the music of the Incantation Scene soon to follow. The maidens try to dissuade him from going, and in a *reprise* of his solo he says the moon is now bright, but when it is obscured he must go. It darkens almost immediately, and, bidding them farewell, Max says that it is fate that calls him, and they all part.

The scene changes to the Wolf's Glen,—a terrible hollow, the greater part covered with black trees, surrounded by high mountains, from one of which a cascade falls. There is a full, wan moon. Two thunderstorms are drawing together from opposite directions, and crashing with lightning; a dry and rotten tree shines with phosphoresence. On the other side, upon a knobbed bough, sits a large owl with fiery, wheel-like eyes; on other trees, ravens and other wood birds.

Caspar, without hat or coat, with his hunter's bag and hanger, is busy laying a circle with black stones, in the centre of which he places a skull, a crucible, and a bullet mould. A few paces in front, are the eagle's wing and his materials for casting the bullets.

After a tremolo on the strings, deep clarinet notes, and the weird bassoons, the ghostly chorus of invisible demons predicts Agathe's death. A bass voice sings the words, "*Milch des Mondes fiel auf's Kraut*," and the chorus wails "*Uhui.*" A tremolo is heard in the orchestra with a high note on the piccolo here and there, like the scream of an owl. A distant clock strikes twelve. A transition of key to a lugubrious chord *forte* is heard, and Caspar invokes the master of evil by thrusting his

hanger in the skull and turning it around three times, calling Samiel.

Now we hear the three drum notes which we noticed in the overture and in Max's aria, *Durch die Wälder*.

There are subterranean noises; a rock is riven; and in its cleft the Black Huntsman appears. A new movement (*Agitato* in C-minor) begins. Samiel would know what Caspar desires. "My term of life is nearly ended," says Caspar. "To-morrow," answers Samiel. While Caspar is in treaty with the forest demon for three years more of life, by offering him Max as a fresh victim, and demanding the power of making magic bullets for Max, the tremolo of the basses and the detached notes on the other instruments evidently describe his agitation and alarm. His own *motiv* is on the first violins.

Samiel agrees, but demands the seventh bullet for himself.

"Yes," replies Caspar, "you may have it and with it kill the bride."

"They are no longer in my power," says Samiel, vanishing amid thunder and lightning.

Caspar rises and wipes his forehead. The hanger and the skull have disappeared, and in their place is a little hearth with glimmering coals, and a bundle of birch rods at its side.

As Caspar takes a deep drink from his flask, we hear that gloomy and mysterious passage played after his Bacchanalian song, but this time in still wilder discords, as if foretelling Caspar's evil doom. He begins to make the fire, which smokes and blazes, the orchestra illustrating the flame and crackle of the twigs.

Horns now proclaim Max's arrival. He appears on the rocks and begins his recitative, *Ha! Furchtbar gähnt*, with the notes we heard from the clarinet in the overture.

The hooting owl and the mysterious shadows alarm him, and the orchestra gives a scornful laugh from the nether world, as if it were in league with the demons to gain him. As Caspar holds up to his view the eagle's wing, the com-

poser cleverly introduces a phrase from the laughing chorus that concluded Kilian's song in Act I, as if to recall to Max's mind the ridicule he suffered, and thereby to prevent him from running away. Max is terribly frightened; he sings of the chill, the terrors, and the phantoms he sees, and tries to brave them. Caspar calls him to come down: he cannot, for now he sees the ghost of his mother warning him, which a weird figure on the flutes renders even more gruesome. Caspar, with a demoniacal laugh, calls on Samiel's aid; the phantom fades, and the wraith of Agathe comes to precipitate herself into the gulf. Max follows, descending into the hollow. The orchestra, which has been perfectly in sympathy with the weird scene, now works up the passages that ended his song of despair in Act I. An appropriate train of ideas is therefore kept up. Caspar begins to work, putting the various ingredients into the crucible, bowing three times and calling on Samiel for his blessing.

Very simple are the means by which Weber accompanies the enchantment of the bullets; they are familiar to us from the beginning of the overture, simply chords from the stringed instruments; but a very fanciful musical picture is now presented to us as the metal begins to bubble and hiss, giving a greenish white lustre. A cloud passes over the moon, and the whole region is dark, save for the flickering light from the fire, the glowing eyes of the owl, and the phosphorescent glimmer of the old tree. The orchestra describes this picture marvellously. Caspar casts a bullet, calling "One!" Echo answers "One!" The moon is entirely eclipsed: night-birds and apparitions come into the circle, and hop and flap their wings around the fire, and flute, oboe, and clarinet represent their movements.

Caspar casts another, calling "Two!" Echo answers "Two!" A black boar rushes out of the thicket, snorting. Clarinets and bassoons take the theme, and the strings continue their weird tremolo.

Caspar pours out another, calling "Three!" Again Echo answers, and a storm rushes through the woods, breaking the branches of the trees and scattering sparks of fire, while monstrous forms appear.

At "Four," the tramp of horses is heard, and four wheels of fire move over the Glen.

At the casting of "Five," we hear neighing, barking, the cracking of a whip, and discordant music. A skeleton stag and skeleton horsemen and hounds pass over the foggy air, — the wild, nocturnal chase, — while a chorus of spirits sings wild music, *Durch Berg und Thal*, to a most eccnetric accompaniment.

At "Six" is heard the cry "Ah! woe!" and Echo answers "Ah! woe!" A strange storm breaks with thunder, lightning, and hail; meteors fall, the torrent foams and roars, the rocks are riven, will-o'-the-wisps dart about, and dark-blue flames issue from the earth. Here the orchestra plays *presto* the phrase that we referred to in the overture (bar 25 of the second movement).

The earth seems to shake; bells seem to ring in the tempest; Caspar writhes and screams, "Samiel! Samiel! Help! Seven!" Caspar is thrown upon the ground; Max, also tossed about by the storm, springs from the circle, and grasps the branch of the dead trees, screaming "Samiel!"

At this moment the storm quiets, and, in the place of the dead tree, the Black Huntsman stands holding Max's hand. In a terrible voice Samiel says: "I am here!"

A distant clock strikes one; there is sudden silence; Samiel vanishes; Caspar lies with his face to the ground; Max laughs convulsively; and to dark and mysterious tremolo chords the curtain falls.

Act III. — After a short *entr'acte*, the curtain rises upon a little glade in the forest bathed in sunlight. Strains of hunting-music are heard from time to time. Two of Prince Ottokar's huntsmen are talking. They say there was evidently

a disturbance in the Wolf's Glen last night. Max enters with Caspar. They bid him good day and good luck, and exeunt. Max begs Caspar for more bullets, he has already used three, and has but one left. Caspar, who has also used two, now shoots his remaining one at a fox, and runs away. Max now has the seventh, and that is the devil's.

The scene changes to Agathe's room. On a little household altar stands her flower-pot with the white roses, on which the sunshine, coming through the window, falls. Agathe, dressed as a bride, is praying before the altar. She rises and steps forward, and in a cavatina, *Und ob die Wolke sie verhülle*, with 'cello solo, sings of her trust in Heaven although the hour is dark.

Aennchen enters. She questions Agathe upon her sadness. Agathe is frightened for Max, and also because she had a curious dream last night during the storm. She thought she was a dove, and, when a huntsman aimed at her, a large bird of prey fell. Aennchen tries to explain this dream.

Agathe is too sad to be comforted, whereupon Aennchen sings an amusing romance, *Einst träumte meiner sel'gen Base*, describing her aunt's awful dream of a monster that proved to be their old dog. The viola solo in this has a charming effect, the melody is very quaint and beautiful, and, when the apparition is described, we again have Weber's favourite tremolo and dismal notes. Then in a lively *Allegro*, *Trübe Augen*, *Liebchen*, she says she hates to see a bride's face sad, and reminds Agathe that the priest is awaiting her, and the altar lit with tapers, and now the bridesmaids are approaching.

They enter with a wreath and gifts for Agathe, singing *Wir winden dir den Jungfernkranz*. Aennchen presents Agathe with a box, — an heirloom. Before she opens it, Agathe asks to hear her bridal song again. To her horror, the box contains a funeral garland. Aennchen is alarmed by the omen, and, taking the roses from the vase, makes them hastily into a wreath with which she crowns Agathe;

then they sing their chorus in a subdued voice, and all go out.

The scene changes to a romantic place in the forest where a hunter's tent is pitched. Prince Ottokar (tenor), a Prince of Bohemia, is within at a table, feasting with lords and courtiers; on the other side are the huntsmen and game-beaters; behind them, stags, wild boars, and venison piled up. Outside are Cuno and, near him, Max leaning on his rifle; on the opposite side, Caspar behind a tree, laughing. The huntsmen fill their cups and sing, *Was gleicht wohl auf Erden dem Jäger vergnügen*, extolling the pleasures of the chase.

Ottokar says to Cuno that he approves of his intended son-in-law, although he seems scarcely hardy enough for a huntsman. However, another shot like the three he has made this morning and he is safe. Looking about, he sees a dove and tells Max to shoot at it.

Max aims. Immediately Agathe's voice calls: "Do not fire: I am that dove!" and she appears with her bridesmaids. The Hermit is also seen on a hill chasing away the dove, which flies into the tree where Caspar is lurking. Max fires into the tree and strikes Caspar. The dove flies off and the chorus sings *Schaut O Schaut* ("He has killed his bride").

Agathe dazed, as if awakening, asks "Where am I?" The people give thanks that she lives, and point to the dying Caspar, who says the holy Hermit was beside Agathe all the time, and has saved her.

The three drum-beats are heard, and Samiel appears, visible only to Caspar, who dies cursing. All are shocked. He was ever a wicked man; he called on the evil spirit! Ottokar bids the huntsmen carry his body to the Wolf's Glen, and, turning to Max, asks an explanation. Max tells of the charmed bullets, whereupon Ottokar banishes him from his land, and refuses to grant him Agathe's hand; but the Hermit enters and entreats for him in a lovely little solo. "Heaven speaks through thee," says Ottokar,

and pardons Max. Max's solo expressing gratitude is repeated by Agathe, and then worked into a chorus, and Agathe's exquisite air, heard in the overture and in Act I, again breaks forth "like the first violet that blooms after the gloomy reign of winter." All, kneeling, sing a simple and effective chorus of gratitude to heaven.

Euryanthe

Berlin, 1823

It is his heart's blood, the very best of which he was capable. The opera cost him a piece of his life, but it has made him immortal. From end to end it is one chain of sparkling gems — ROBERT SCHUMANN

HE overture opens with a short movement, fiery and highly figured, and strongly accentuated as to its bar-divisions, which accustoms the ear to the fundamental harmonies of the piece. Then comes the powerful melody which indicates the knight's confidence in God, and in the woman he loves. This melody, however, is not rounded out to its conclusion; it goes off into a series of progressive modulations which lead to a more agitated subject and movement which seem to denote the warrior's energy and force. This is suggested by the persistent holding and repetition of the chords of the seventh, the accent in the upper voice, as in the organ figures of the bass, and the passage from key to key by means of accumulated progressions for the purpose of repeating the first figure. The close of this subject and movement is only a point of transition, for it ends with a chord of the seventh which serves as a preparation for the following key of the dominant, a general pause occurring between the two sections. This new key is now first announced pompously on the drums. The melody, now allotted to the 'cello, gives the music a more peaceful turn and comes to rest at last upon the same chord of the seventh, and then we have the sweet little melody with which the reunion of the lovers is accompanied in the opera itself. The instruments now have a more flowing movement. Many a sigh comes into what they utter; the close of the section is warded off a while by intermediate modulations, until at last it occurs in energetic form and decision. Now, it is joy that seems to gain the victory, the forcefulness of the movement increases while the music goes into B-major and returns to the same key. Then suddenly we are sensible of a certain mysterious sense of something like horror. The passage to this

new feeling is effected by the note B, which we hear first prolonged for several bars by the lowest bass and afterwards in separate sounds. We fancy that we almost hear the beating of an anxious heart, and the discords make us shiver with apprehension. It seems as if we were standing by an open grave as we feel and hear the modulations going lower and lower in their descent, until again they come to a sort of rest upon a chord of the seventh. There is now a change into the minor key for a *Largo* in which the mystery of the wanderings to which the unhappy Emma is condemned is revealed to us by means of restless groping modulations of the violins. The curtain rises at this point to reveal the vault containing the sarcophagus of Emma, the *deus ex machina* of the opera. Weber's own directions, seldom carried out, are: "The interior of Emma's tomb; a kneeling statue is beside her coffin, which is surmounted by a twelfth century *baldacchino*. Euryanthe prays by the coffin, while the spirit of Emma hovers overhead. Eglantine looks on." The mysterious effect is produced by four solo violins and a tremolo on the viola.

But the way in which all these ideas hang together and are indicated in the music we do not really apprehend until we are familiar with the whole dramatic course of the opera itself. Then comes a new subject and sub-movement in B-minor which summons us once more to a scene of agitation, full of energy and of quicker tempo. The theme is given in the first two bars by the second violin, and treated then in somewhat *fugato* manner, the chord-sequences becoming more and more involved every moment. We see that a new struggle has occurred in this web of complicated passion, in which virile power in its highest efforts (in the firm steps taken by the voices in opposition to each other) and deep anxiety of soul (in the triplets that seem to tremble as they sound) are combined. And this effect of "struggle" is continued with stronger and stronger emphasis, until at last the cheering power of the truth achieves its victory; in all which there is passage from the first opening of the

notes of the melody to a transitory C-major by means of an intermediate F-minor, then, passing through B, a recurrence once more to those opening notes of the original key, which then closes this second principal *motiv*. By means of the chord of the seventh of B, introducing it, the melody which indicates the joy of reunion is repeated in the original key with figured and richer accompaniment and it rises higher with modulations appropriate to such ascent right up to the close of the overture.

Act I. — The introduction, which represents the celebration of peace at the court of the King, gives us the feeling of joyousness, restrained, however, by the noble manners of chivalry. The chorus and dance bear a noble and grave character. Weber took the tempo of this first movement at a *moderato* which allows the violins to present in perfect roundness the graceful figures which occur as early as the *ritornello*. He makes the orchestra do its work in a sort of genial liberty, quickening its movement with subtle feeling. This is notable in the run which, begun by the violin, is completed imitatively by the 'cello, and afterward even more in the gently emitted notes of the flute, bassoon, and others, which are interspersed in the chorus of women, and especially in the close semi-quavers of the violins.

The scene shows a hall in the royal palace. On the columns are fixed the shields and weapons of the knights. Near the arms of Nevers and Rethel is a lyre garlanded with flowers, and the helmet is crowned with laurel. The King is surrounded by his nobles, pages, and ladies of the court. Peace with England has just been proclaimed. The chorus of ladies hails the advent of peace (*Dem Frieden Heil*), and the chorus of knights says pleasant things about the ladies. All are happy but Adolar (tenor), the chief hero of the war, who stands gloomily apart.

The King tries to cheer his favourite by reminding him that he will soon see his betrothed, and asks him to let them hear sweet minstrelsy in praise of the absent Euryanthe.

Two ladies take Adolar's lyre from the column and bring it to him. In this romanza, in which Adolar recalls first meeting with his beloved by the Loire, *Unter blüh'nden Mandelbäumen*, the composer has caught the noble tone of the Troubadour-Knight in a masterly way. The *pizzicato* of the violins here in the first strophe, and the fragmentary intermediate *ritornello* of the clarinets, flutes, and bassoon, make a pleasant contrast with the sustained accompaniment of the following strophe. After a slight passage of transition, the Chorus of Knights and Ladies take up the previous melody and apply it in a successful way pointedly to the singer and the Beauty whom he has been celebrating ("*Heil, Euryanth'*"): "Hail, Euryanthe, peerless of thy sex! . . . Hero and singer crown thee with fame, but true faith wears the most beautiful crown of life."

The whole courtly audience approach Adolar in couples. Ladies take his lyre, wreathe it with flowers and hang it up again, and a chaplet is placed upon his head. Lysiart, a great rival baron (bass), has been standing apart in envy and jealousy, and can stand the sight of Adolar's honours no longer. ("*Ich trag' es nicht.*") He breaks out into recitative with mocking praise. Adolar might waste all his possessions and still earn a fine living as a minstrel! Lysiart goes on to scoff at the very idea of woman's faith and truth. The ladies depart in angry protest. Adolar wants to appeal to arms against one who is so recreant to all the vows of knighthood, but Lysiart refuses, saying that were he even a serf he could win away Euryanthe's love in spite of Adolar's rosy cheeks and golden lyre.

Adolar casts down his gauntlet of defiance, but Lysiart says that even his death would not settle the question. Adolar is strong in his faith in his Euryanthe's constancy. Well, then, Lysiart is willing to pledge all his great estates that he can win her away from him! So be it! The measured firmness with which Lysiart pledges his manors is well denoted by the different intervals and the accentuated notes of his song; the blast of the trumpet which precedes

his, "Well, thou knowest my rich patrimony?" is entirely in place. And equally so an excellent stroke of the music going into a decidedly quicker tempo when Adolar, in his youthful impetuosity, agrees to the stake offered, crying, "Right, right! Be it so, be it so!" Now the knights seem all to be struck with astonishment, we hear from some here and there, such words as, "foolish enterprise," and they all join in expressing their dislike and disapproval. There is another little point here in which the truthfulness of the dramatic treatment is markedly shown, — the striking way in which the music interprets the words when Lysiart plunges into the midst of what Adolar is saying. The melody was tending to B-minor, but Lysiart seizes on that key and holds it for what he has to say about the misery that may befall Adolar, while the main melody remains in F. Adolar's wrath now bursts out more violently (quick change to D-major). Lysiart goes even further now; he will not let his fear of Divine judgment operate on him, he cares not for that! The instruments tremble at his speech, and it is left in appropriate obscurity, half dark, by leaving out the fundamental bass. Once more the chorus expresses its astonishment and warns them solemnly to desist from their dangerous purpose. Here the melody of the chorus takes a more serious turn (to G-flat-major, D-flat-major), it addresses the others with more and more power, and its song makes a basis for the other voices. Adolar, however, remains unshaken; with knightly feeling and in the full consciousness of innocence he speaks, in the clear-cut B-major to which the melody makes a quick transition. The far-sighted King vainly warns Adolar to beware of insidious machinations, but the latter is obstinate. Both nobles give their rings into the King's keeping as a pledge, and Lysiart is to go to bring Euryanthe to the court, and meanwhile prosper as he may. Now the audacity of Lysiart goes to an extreme, and he pledges himself to bring them proofs of Euryanthe's favour (where the delivery of the phrase ought to be of peculiarly accentuated signifi-

cance); all present are seized with horror: — the simple tremolo of thirds on the violins is of speaking effect here; all the knights are frightened at this mad excess of Lysiart, and all with one voice exclaim, — without the orchestra, — "Forbid it that he succeed!" Adolar with increased fire and force expresses his confidence in the innocence which the knights implore God to crown with victory. The passage of the music in which Adolar four times repeats his "I build on God and my Euryanthe" expresses that confidence powerfully and is strengthened by the trumpet blasts.

The scene changes to the castle garden at Nevers with Emma's tomb in the background. Euryanthe (soprano) enters. She is longing for her lover. Her exquisite cavatina, *Glöcklein im Thale* (Sweet bell in the valley), is not only a beautiful melody surrounded by the richest orchestral colouring, but it is very characteristic of a young maiden-soul at one with pure and lovely nature and reminded of her absent lover by every object that meets the eye. The very first notes of the *ritornello* express the deep tranquillity of the landscape as well as of the singer, though some of the tones are those of painful yearning (here the composer uses with peculiar effect the long holding of the chord of the seventh). These notes of yearning are repeated with increasing expression, subsiding at last into a calm, eloquent of solitary abandonment.

Two solo 'celli, with flutes and oboes, are the instruments prominent here, so applied as to give the music of this scene a quite different colouring from the preceding. Extraordinarily beautiful and intense is the way in which the melody goes up into E, by means of a long-held chord of the seventh.

In what follows immediately, we have Eglantine (mezzo soprano) speaking of Euryanthe's solitude and anxieties, and Euryanthe herself of her yearning pain.

The conversation of the two women in the recitative that follows has admirable points intimately connected with the situation and characters. There is a singular turn of

the voices at the passage, "Love keepeth watch at thy side." In the music of Eglantine's aria, *O mein Leid ist unermessen*, it is clear that her feeling for Euryanthe is not sincere. Weber has done all that a composer can do to enforce that meaning; the agitation in the accompaniment must not be overlooked in this connection.

The false friend has spied upon Euryanthe, and seeks to fathom the secret of her melancholy. Why does she keep lonely vigil in the tomb? Will she persist in making her tender companion, Eglantine, miserable by not confiding in her? Eglantine will go far away and hide her bruised heart in the wilderness. But no! She will stay and die on Euryanthe's breast, because she could not dwell apart from her! "*Freundin! Geliebte!*" These lamentations are too much for Euryanthe. The recitative that follows reveals the secret.

It seems that Adolar's sister Emma had a lover named Udo who fell in battle. On hearing the news, she committed suicide by means of a poison-ring. Her spirit will never find rest until the ring has been wetted with the tears of suffering innocence, and fidelity has requited evil with good.

Emma's wraith so informed Adolar and Euryanthe while they were taking a moonlight stroll on the last of May. "Four muted violins whose long sustained notes are supported by quivering violins and violas, also muted, with stifled moans from low flutes, suggest a spectral form, only half visible in the moonlight, hovering overhead and muttering words which die away on the breeze," is Dr. Spitta's happy description of the orchestration of this number. "Marvellous impartment!" ejaculates Eglantine, and the orchestra is greatly wrought up also at Euryanthe's imprudent disclosure. In the duet that follows, *Unter ist mein Stern gegangen*, Euryanthe's anguish at having broken her oath of secrecy is accented by the sustained opening note on the bassoon. Eglatine tries to reassure her; of course it shall never go any farther! A passage of thirds endeavours to restore tranquillity. Euryanthe presently en-

ters Emma's tomb, and Eglantine is left behind to explain herself. In a great scena and aria, *Bethörte, die an meine Liebe glaubt*, her character is finely developed by the music.

The serpentine windings of the notes, which we heard before accompanying her, continue right through the piece. The deeper tones of the flutes and bassoon are also put to noble account, as, for example, after the words "purchase with annihilation." The way in which the words following are expressed, — "only one moment on his breast," — where the music goes a little slower, and is echoed in the solo on the flute, is incomparably fine, as is the whole final part of the recitative.

Eglantine will search Emma's tomb for the fatal ring, and use it as a means to estrange Adolar and her rival in his affections. No price will be too great to pay. He has scorned her love once. She will yet win him, or destroy his peace also.

On her exit, a chorus of vassals headed by Bertha and Rudolph enters to welcome the arrival of Lysiart and his retinue.

The peasants sing of the joys of peace in lively dance-rhythms, and the warriors respond sympathetically, "*Jubeltöne.*"

In the theme of the passage introducing the change of the character of dance music which is so pompously stated by the trumpets, these instruments are handled admirably; they have to play a little easy figure which makes the rhythm and tune much more marked. The flute takes up the more joyous part of the strain. The melody of "Courage freshens the warrior's heart," which is in such strong contrast to the joyous matter preceding it, is quite martial and effective.

Euryanthe appears at the door of the tomb, and Eglantine enters, saying in an aside, "Oh, that an avenger of my shame might appear!" The knights loudly hail the appearance of the lovely Euryanthe, and then follows a movement (*Andantino gracioso*) leading into recitative, — in

which Euryanthe welcomes the knight, Lysiart, and he in flattering terms informs her of the pretended commission he has from the King to conduct her to the festival, which gives Euryanthe a thrill of pleasure, and sounds like a knell to Eglantine, who nevertheless feigns sympathy. The *Châtelaine* bids all welcome to Nevers, and is startled to hear the knights gloomily ejaculate "Oh! black scheme!" which Lysiart hastily explains away. She sings that this is a day of dances and songs, and the chorus, *Allegretto*, "Joyous sounds" (*Jubeltöne*), with the charming *ritornello* of the flutes, and the pleasant solo by Euryanthe, *Fröhliche Klänge*, that comes flowing into the last half of the movement, is straightforwardly melodious.

She is in ecstasy at the prospect of seeing her beloved; Lysiart gloats over her loveliness; Eglantine exults at having her rival in her power; and the chorus repeats its gay strains of "Dance and song."

Act II.—It is a dark stormy night: the scene is unchanged. Lysiart rushes out of the castle in a frame of mind in unison with the raging elements. He is tortured with desire and remorse at the same time. Euryanthe's beauty inflames, while her purity shames him. Passion drives him on, and the thought of the favoured Adolar makes him vow revenge more fiercely than ever. The music of this recitative, *Wo berg' ich mich*, and aria, *Schweigt glüh'nden Sehnens*, is most descriptive and characteristic.

The transition of the music from this frame of mind to the situation in which Eglantine now appears, as she hurries away in terror from the vault where she has drawn the ring from the hand of the dead woman, is equally dramatic. The strongly marked tones of the preceding aria die gradually away; the modulation goes on by means of a repeated figure of the violins from one key to another, and what we hear tells us that something new and terrible is to be expected. Eglantine comes forward in agitation (*Agitato assai*)

and with her comes the feeling of troubled misery (in the modulation which goes to E-minor as to a refuge). The following speech, in recitative, has many striking things in accent and modulation. The duo, *Komm denn, unser Leid zu rächen*, which begins with strong blasts of the trumpets, has, especially in the first section, examples of admirable characterization; for example, where the trumpets come in again with sustained notes at the threatening words, "In the dust I must see him who hath lifted his head to the stars," and at the exclamation in unison, "Power of Darkness, thou hearest the oath!"

Thunder and lightning accompany this meeting and confederation of the two conspirators. Eglantine exults over her successful search for the ring and asks herself how she shall strike. "By my hand!" cries Lysiart, who overhears. Then comes the compact. If she will help him, he will make her the mistress of all his domains. Revenge leads her to comply, and in darkness their oaths are exchanged.

The scene changes to the hall in the royal castle, where Adolar, richly robed and with jewelled circlet upon his head, awaits his betrothed. He is anticipating the bliss of the meeting and is ashamed of any faint tremors of anxiety he may have felt. In his beautiful cavatina, *Wehen mir Lüfte Ruh'* (Soft airs breathe on me), with its *ritournelle* of thirty-bars for flute and clarinet, there is a great deal of modulation of a quiet character. How beautifully is painful feeling expressed by the gloomy chord of the seventh, together with the doubled note of F! At the words, "Sweetest song," the voice remains for one bar upon the lowest tone of a chord of the seventh, that lasts for two full bars. The passage at "Love, how thou livest new; hope, how thou weavest true!" is finely instrumented. The rising of the parts at the following words, "Faith, how thou waverest not!" the effect of *foreboding* in the broken notes of the flutes in the *Allegro*, at the words, "She is near to me!" the sweet foretaste of fulfilment (in the agitated passage,

"O bliss, I can scarcely conceive it," — where the expression is continuously more and more decided and sure with each repetition, and culminates with the final cry, "She is near to me!"), — all this is deeply felt and deeply thought. And now Euryanthe is really approaching with her suite. The orchestra here introduces into its music the coming situation strikingly by carrying on the same figure in chords, constantly changing up to the highest tone-registers and with increasing quickness, as well as more and more *forte*, and then by striking a few chords, separate and syncopated, and so breaking into pure C-major, and hurrying in staccato at the very moment of bringing in the voices with their cry, "Take my very soul!" ("*Hin nimm die Seele mein*"), a most beautiful duet.

The lovers have met and are at the very summit of their mutual happiness: this the orchestra would tell us without the words.

Now enters a brilliant train of princes and nobles, followed by the King. The finale begins with a broad and tranquil movement in F-major, and a chorus of the knights, *Leuchtend füllt die Königshallen*, introduced by a salvo on the drums. Between the charming half-glimmer of the violin tones, the voices of the male chorus glow in delightful contrast. They sing praises to the beautiful Euryanthe, and the King paternally welcomes her, praying that nothing may ever mar her peace. Euryanthe misses the presence of the noble dames of France. The King firmly hopes that they will all be here soon to bid her welcome! With the entry of Lysiart, the music hurries forward with the action. Hitherto the anxious waiting for the decisive moment has been expressed by moduations within the region of D-flat-major, accompanied by tremolos on the violins and by the bassoon. Now Lysiart addresses the King, and the chorus appeals to the Omniscient to let truth prevail. Euryanthe grows nervous, and the King and Adolar encourage her. Lysiart asserts his success. Adolar and the King are incredulous; Eury-

anthe is greatly troubled. Lysiart says he has won the lady's heart, which she contemptuously denies. He says she was not so disdainful half an hour since, and gives her the ring, — the pledge of love she gave him. She falls upon her knees and appeals to Heaven, that knows her innocence, for protection from the snares encompassing her. However, to Adolar's agitated questions, she acknowledges that she has broken her oath.

The orchestral characterisation of this scene is exceedingly powerful. We have ascending octaves on the violins, simultaneously with the expression of Adolar's growing wrath, repeated again and again; Euryanthe's broken tones of questioning; Adolar's answer to them in the melody heard first in the overture and afterwards in this finale, which expresses chivalrous confidence; the astonishment of the knights in the terrifying broken tones of the chorus; the scorn of Lysiart, again repeated and to the same melodic phrase; and Euryanthe's prayer, so full of anguish, in which the composer's modulations circling about G-flat-major are masterly and expressive, the trumpets supporting the bass. Adolar reviles Euryanthe, who protests that she is not faithless. However, Lysiart supports his accusation by beginning the recital of the moonlight stroll late in May, when the music supports his testimony with reminiscences of Euryanthe's confiding in Eglantine. Adolar silences him; he is satisfied, and willing to deliver up all his possessions and his life with them to Lysiart.

Majestic and crushing is the way in which the chorus expresses its reprobation at the exclamation, "Ha, the traitress!" (D-flat-major, followed immediately by expression of horror of the intended treason in contrasting *piano*.) With this, begins the most beautiful part of the finale, in which all the melodic and harmonic elements are closely knit together. The harmonization of the vocal quartette (C-major *larghetto*), in which the feelings of Euryanthe, Adolar, Lysiart, and the King seem to seek for a moment a place of rest, the chorus affording a simple

accompaniment, is beautiful exceedingly, but very difficult for the voices.

The King's faith in innocence is destroyed; Lysiart is triumphant; and Adolar will depart into obscurity. Lysiart kneels to do homage for Adolar's lands, and the King invests him with the fief. Adolar commands Euryanthe to follow him: she is only too willing to obey.

In the following chorus, in which the knights offer themselves to Adolar, the solo voices and the chorus are admirably concerted. The chorus sings, "We are all thine, with lands and blood!" and then repeats its imprecations on Euryanthe. Here the last tones of the chorus have a sixth, which is several times repeated and strongly expresses angry feeling, especially the way in which it is connected with the orchestral basses; and immediately afterwards the bass voices of the chorus step forward alone, with the cry, "Ha, the traitress!" and the other voices then come in.

The final section of the finale has a force and brilliancy that carries everybody away; the tearing, fiery figures given to the violins, the conduct of the wind instruments, — everything makes it clear that the action of the drama is now at its culminating point. Adolar and Euryanthe depart, the latter protesting her innocence, while Lysiart gloats over his revenge, and the chorus execrates the faithless lady.

Act III. — The third Act begins with an orchestral introduction that well suggests quiet affecting grief; its principal figure is very expressive and beautiful. The curtain rises on a rocky glen illuminated by the full moon. A steep path leads down into it from above, and willows bend over a bubbling spring in the foreground. As we learn from the dialogue, Adolar has dragged Euryanthe hither without rest over hill and dale, and death shines in his glance. The orchestra describes the terror of the place. Adolar tells her he has brought her hither to die. ("*Hier weilest du.*") He is deaf to her prayer for mercy.

The change from the prolonged B to the full chord of C-minor shows Weber's skill in the selection of keys. Then, after various modulations, we reach A-minor with which the duet (*Schirmende Engelschaar*) begins. Adolar recalls that he loved her once, and she tries to appease his fury, asserting her innocence; but only blood can wash away her guilt. The music faithfully follows the course of the emotions. The chord of the diminished seventh plays an important part, passing from C-minor to F-major, then to C, then to E-minor *fortissimo*, then to A-minor and back to A-major. Euryanthe sees a dreadful serpent approaching. At her cry, the key changes to E-major, and the sinuous trace is plainly audible in the orchestra. She implores him to flee and leave her as a sacrifice; but his inflexible, "Despair not!" (a hold on E-flat) is reassuring. He goes out to give battle to the monster, and Euryanthe's view of the conflict is introduced by modulations through G-flat-minor to B-minor. She describes the struggle, and her emotions pass from deepest anguish to extreme joy. The instrumentation reproduces the tension of her feelings. The movement is an impassioned rhapsody full of splendid declamation in which the ascending accompaniment of the basses excitedly struggles against the limitations of time and bar, and the tremolo of the violins announces tremendous energy and danger also. In the second section of this movement, the aria, which is preceded by a complete pause of voice and instruments, the composer has left almost everything to the actress and songstress.

The serpent is dead, and Adolar returns. The turn of the unaccompanied voice at the word, "Now let me die!" is extremely affecting, coming after the exultant tones of triumph. Adolar answers, "Be that far from me!"

She was willing to die for him, and the life that was forfeit to the laws of honour he will now leave in Heaven's hands. Then he leaves her in solitude among the crags.

Euryanthe is mentally and physically exhausted. Here she will die, and some day Adolar may seek the spot, and the willows will whisper that here she gained peace and rest, and the flowers will tell him that she never betrayed him (*So bin ich nun verlassen*).

In the short instrumental passage that carries on the action during which Adolar departs, there are heart-rending tones, and then the little solos on the bassoon and the flute which in its isolated tones gives the impression of forlornness and forsakenness. The mind exhausted by emotion is expressed in the cavatina, *Hier dicht am Quell*, with its melancholy strain, "Here, close to the spring." Here we have a truly pathetic and simply flowing melody, accompanied by the string-quartette and one bassoon. These laments end in serious and most pensive notes; and then we have the beautiful chorus of the Hunters, *Die Thale dampfen, die Höhen glüh'n*, with the accompanying horns, first distant, then coming nearer, with their cry, "How does the golden light shine in joyous victory," — full of energy and dignity. We cannot help noticing how much more *noble* the tone here is than in the popular Huntsmen's chorus of the *Freischütz*, as indeed the situation and surroundings demand. This chorus too is all the more interesting because it is sometimes given to the voices alone, and at other times with horn accompaniment. It is scored for four horns and one bass trombone on the stage.

The royal hunting party enters, the King marvelling at the serpent slain by some mighty hand ("*Die Schlang, erlegt*"). The chorus discovers a despairing maiden, and the King addresses her with comforting words. Both he and the chorus are amazed when they recognize her. In the duet and chorus that follow, she begs them to leave her in peace, *Lasst mich hier in Ruh' erblassen.* The King will not forsake her; her penitence will efface her guilt! But she is innocent! Impossible! — and yet both monarch and kindly chorus seek only the truth and would be glad to believe it! Whereupon it occurs to Euryanthe

to defend herself; and she explains that Eglantine was the snake she warmed in her bosom and that stung her. The King accepts the lady's word, and promises to see justice done and make her happy again.

The point at which the emotion culminates is where, after Euryanthe has made her explanation in broken accents and after the comforting words of the King and knights, she gathers all her strength for an outburst of almost unimaginable hope and delight (aria with chorus, *Zu ihm! Zu ihm! O weilet nicht*). Here too the vocal parts assume a bolder and bolder character and power; and the phrases and subjects are more and more distinctly melodious in character. She is all but breathless under the pressure of her emotions, and finally swoons and is carried off by the lamenting knights.

At this point a *Pas de cinq* (composed in 1825) is introduced. It is scored for two flutes, two oboes, two clarinets, two horns, two bassoons, and the string-quartette.

The scene changes. We are before the Castle of Nevers. In the foreground is Bertha's cottage, which peasants are adorning with flowers. Rudolph is also assisting. The chorus sings a cheerful melody in praise of May and her blossoms, *Der Mai, der Mai*. In the *ritornello* the bassoon is prominent. Adolar enters and in a cavatina, *Vernichte Kühn das Werk der Tücke*," bewails the lack of constancy. He has returned to die near the home of his youth. He lies down on a bank and his helmet falls off. The chorus is delighted to recognise its ancient lord, and welcomes and tries to comfort him. The instrumentation is very sympathetic, and the vassals and Bertha incite Adolar to strike a blow for his lost lands. They hint their suspicions of the present owners, Lysiart and Eglantine, who are to be married to-day. Adolar begins to see light. The chorus, " Boldly destroy the work of wicked revenge ! " is full of dramatic action and interest, as is also the march which follows, in which the splendour in externals and varied emotion in the inward being are indicated and

blended in the most masterly way. The keener instruments powerfully contribute to this; stinging discords and great gravity of rhythm indicate the offending two who are at strife.

A bridal procession (March) now leaves the castle and descends the terraces and drawbridge. Lysiart and Eglantine, richly robed, appear, — the latter deathly pale and supported by her attendants. The peasants stand aside with Adolar, and mutter imprecations on the pair. Eglantine is half swooning. The dread of retribution is upon her; she fancies she sees Emma's spirit demanding vengeance, and requiring her ring which has been used to murder innocence. The recitative is full of intensely dramatic music: madness is in every note. The peculiar manner in which trumpets support the monologue, the repetition of the harmonies that so strikingly reveal what is passing in the singer's soul, and the expressions of horror by the chorus of peasants are all nobly effective, and vividly realize the situation. Adolar is enlightened by Eglantine's words, and advances and denounces the miserable couple, "*Das Frevlerpaar.*" Lysiart order his knights to cast the intruder into a dungeon. They are about to obey, when Adolar raises his visor and asks if they would seize *him;* whereupon they throng about him with shouts of welcome. Eglantine starts from her stupor and cries "It is he, in his glory and beauty. Woe is me!" and then falls fainting into the arms of her women. Lysiart curses his insolent followers, who now threaten him with God's punishment in the majestic quartette, "Defy not Heaven, misguided one," in which all the voices and instruments storm with fury at the criminals. The violins are particularly prominent. Adolar challenges Lysiart, and they are about to fight, when the King enters with his retinue, and interposes. He will decide between them.

Adolar tells him of the treachery, and how he has been led to abandon Euryanthe. The King answers that she is dead. Adolar is in despair. Eglantine has revived, and

now exults at the news, and savagely proclaims that Euryanthe was innocent, in a *Moderato assai* of many modulations. She describes how the ring was obtained, and denounces and scorns her accomplice. Lysiart is goaded to madness, and stabs her. He is immediately disarmed and led away to prison and execution. Behind the scenes now arises a joyful chorus announcing that Euryanthe lives. She enters with the hunting chorus, and flies into Adolar's arms. The passionate duet, "Take my soul, I am wholly thine" (*Hin nimm die Seele mein*), heard at the former meeting of the lovers, is now repeated. The chorus gives a sort of paternal blessing ("*Nun selig Glück*"), and Adolar has a kind of vision in which he sees the fulfilment of Emma's oracular words. The ring has been wetted with tears of innocence; evil has been requited with good; and now her spirit can rest in peace.

Oberon

London, 1826

Oberon is the *pendant* to *Der Freischütz*. One belongs to the fantastic, sombre, violent, and demoniacal; the other to the domain of fairies,— smiling and graceful enchantresses. The supernatural in *Oberon* is so happily combined with the real world that we do not know precisely where the one begins or finishes, and passion and sentiment are expressed here in such a language and with such accents that it seems as if we had never heard them before. This music is essentially melodious, but of another kind than that of the greatest melodists. The melody exhales here from the voices and instruments like a subtle perfume which one breathes with delight — Hector Berlioz

ROM first to last the overture is in the most intimate sympathy with the subject. Every picture of the drama is mirrored in it: the world of elves, fays, mermaids, and elemental spirits; the pomp and pride of chivalry and romance; glowing love struggling against slavery, elemental night, separation, and death; and the might and glamour of oriental enchantment.

The opening notes of the *Adagio* are given to Oberon's magic horn, notably alone and taking us at once into the realm of enchantment. The muted strings follow with a melody and harmonies that suggest a gentle yet deep melancholy. Once during this phrase of the strings, the flutes and clarinets suddenly introduce a short figure, evidently the tripping of the fairies; and so the strings proceed until, after a short pause, the clear chord of D-major is pronounced by trumpets and horns, standing out alone and representing the joyous element of knightly power. Immediately there follows an *Allegro con fuoco*, neither violent nor over-excited, but perfectly fulfilling the requirements of the *tempo*. Into it are woven brief episodes that occasionally moderate that fire. While beautiful as an independent composition, as the instrumental prelude to an opera it challenges every overture in existence. Most successfully it outlines to both mind and senses the spirit and purpose of the entire opera. In its beautifully-woven web of melodies are embodied all the musical ideas to be met with in the subsequent scenes, and although full of charm and grace and subtle fascination, it can only be thoroughly appreciated

after a hearing of the poetic drama. Although composed after the work, of course, it is written with such ease and naturalness, and is so perfectly spontaneous and fresh, that it gives the idea that Weber must have thrown it off in a mood of inspiration instead of consciously writing a thematic preface to his fairy opera.

Wagner considered the use of the magic horn in this Overture, with that of the trumpet in the *Leonore Overture*, No. 3, and the trombone in the overture to *Die Zauberflöte*, — the three most beautiful examples of linking the musical idea with the dramatic work in the whole *rêpertoire* of opera.

Act I. — The curtain rises on Oberon's bower. The King of Fairyland is lying upon a bed of roses in restless slumber. The introduction, *Andante quasi allegretto*, played *sempre tutto pianissimo possible*, translates us at once into the realm of midsummer night. We hear the tripping figure that was introduced at the sixth bar of the overture. A band of elves and fays lightly hover on tiptoe about Oberon's couch. Their chorus, *Light as fairy foot can fall*, interspersed with solo passages and scored without bass, invites the fountains and zephyrs to still their plashing and sighing. The gnat and the bee must be banished, and all contribute to the peace and rest of the Fairy King. The whispering undertones of their three-part chorus produce a sense of absolute grace and tenderness. Puck (contralto) enters and chides their loitering. He is deaf to their protests that they were only watching over their master's slumbers, and dismisses them to their tasks. So Oberon at last is sleeping for the first time since the quarrel with Titania! And was there ever a tiff over such a trifle! Whether man or woman was the more constant! And now they have vowed separation until a pair of lovers prove faithful "through weal and woe, mid flood and chains and fire; unmoved by pleasure and unbent by pain!" But Oberon stirs, and Puck stands aside until he knows in what kind of mood his master is.

FRAU SCHUMANN-HEINK.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

Oberon wakes: he is *molto agitato* and *passionato*, as the instruments inform us before he utters a word. His tenor aria, *Fatal vow*, shows how bitterly he regrets his rash oath; not even slumber brings solace. When he ceases, his sighs are repeated on the oboes and bassoons. Puck shows himself. Where has the truant been since cockcrow? He has been round the globe in search of something to console his King. Among other adventures, he was at Charlemagne's Court where sentence was being pronounced upon Sir Huon of Bordeaux who had slain the wrathful emperor's son in an ambush set by him for Sir Huon. The latter must go to Bagdad and, on a day of festival, slay him who sits upon Haroun's right hand and then kiss and claim the Caliph's daughter as his bride. Only a faithful squire attends him upon the perilous quest! Oberon is interested. Quick, Puck, bring them here in deep sleep! Puck disappears. The Fairy King will befriend Sir Huon; perhaps the knight may help Oberon in turn. A flowery bank rises with Puck beside the sleeping knight (tenor) and Sherasmin, his squire (baritone). Oberon examines Sir Huon. Yes, he will serve! His heart is untouched, but he is capable of deep and true love. Let him and the Eastern princess see each other in mutual vision! Spirits, work the spell! The magic horn sounds, and immediately clouds arise and then dissipate, and we see the interior of a kiosk. Rezia (soprano) is sitting in melancholy upon a divan with a lute in her hand. To a guitar accompaniment, she calls Guienne to the rescue of beauty, *O why art thou sleeping, Sir Huon, the brave*. The simple romance lends itself well to the declamation. The horn sounds again and the vision disappears amid clouds. Oberon awakes the children of the earth. Sir Huon's cry, "Stay, loveliest!" is followed by one of astonishment. Oberon reassures him and introduces himself. He promises aid and protection, and presents the magic horn that wil. always summon him. "Be bold and constant!" At a wave of Oberon's wand the fairies appear to the tripping notes of the wood-wind.

There is another three-part chorus (there are no bass voices in fairyland), *Honour and joy to the true and the brave.* It is quite stirring and martial in character. The Elfin King will befriend them, but the fairy's curse shall cling to the traitor and coward and slave! Huon asks to be led to the foot of the unbeliever's throne without delay, and to exhibit his prowess. Softly, to the flutes, clarinets, and bassoons, Oberon sings, *The sun is kissing the purple tide.* It 's many a sunset to Bagdad, but a wave of a lily wand, and behold! Horns, drums, clarinets and trombones are the musical machinery of the transformation. Clouds arise and then disperse, and we are on the banks of the Tigris with Bagdad in the distance. But where is the beauteous maiden? "Fear not!" replies Oberon. Then comes a fine chorus of encouragement, *Allegro con fuoco.* Oberon and the fairies promise Huon honour and renown, and then disappear. The knight and squire are bewildered, and still expect the minarets to fade away; and yet the lady must really exist! Sherasmin advises his master to keep only half his promise, — never mind about killing the infidel! Huon, however, esteems his honour beyond his life and love, and will redeem his pledge. Moreover, he is quite at home amid carnage, and the battle-cry is his favourite song. Then to a galloping accompaniment of horns, bassoons, and trombones, he sings a martial aria, *Oh, 't is a glorious sight to see the charge of the Christian cavalry.* This aria is in three sections: the first and third are full of fire and brilliancy, while the second is soft and tender, with beautiful song-subjects. The transition between the second and third is especially beautiful. The paynim maids must mourn, but joy to the high-born dames of France. Twine the wreath, fill the cup, strike the harp, Victory!

The scene changes to a vestibule in the harem overlooking the Tigris, which gleams in the moonlight through a balustrade in the background. Rezia is confiding in her attendant, Fatima (mezzo soprano). She would rather wed

a serpent than Prince Babekan. She dreamt that she was a fawn and he was hunting her through a forest when a young foreign knight appeared and rescued her. She is sure it is fate, and it is vain for Fatima to try to explain it away. But she has a remedy; either love or death shall rescue her; and she exhibits a dagger, to Fatima's terror. Knocking is heard, and Fatima goes to see who it is, after receiving assurances that nothing precipitate will be done. In her absence, the finale begins with Rezia's recitative and aria, *Haste, gallant knight!* The splendid instrumentation enforces the beautiful vocal part and intensifies Rezia's impassioned protestations of devotion to the hero of her vision. He is her lord, she lives for him alone. The oboe now is in great agitation, and Fatima hastily returns. A duet follows in which Rezia learns that her dream lover has arrived. He came to old Namouna's cot and heard of Rezia's vision as Fatima had repeated it. Now he vows to rescue Rezia or die. Joy! her knight is near her! — the music shares her ecstasy. Their delight is interrupted by the drums and triangle that introduce the march of the harem guard as they pass through, headed by Mesrour, to announce the hour of retiring. Oboes, clarinets and bassoons on the stage play the characteristic march (a genuine Arabian melody taken from Niebuhr's *Travels*). The chorus of eunuchs and female slaves sing, *Now the evening watch is set*. Rezia's delightful melodious strains, cautioning herself to restrain her raptures, serve as *obbligato* with wonderful effect. The whole movement is full of local colour.

Act II. — The Caliph is sitting in state in his magnificent palace with Prince Babekan on his right hand. Sheiks, great officers, guards, eunuchs, etc., are in attendance. The great male chorus, *allegro feroce ma pesante*, sings *Glory to the Caliph*. The music is barbaric, defiant, and joyous as it should be. Haroun then tells Babekan that the hour announced by the astrologers for

Rezia's marriage has arrived. The impatient bridegroom prays that the nuptials may be solemnized without delay, and, at the Caliph's command, Rezia enters, preceded by a band of dancing girls and followed by a train of female slaves. Fourteen bars of music, *Allegretto grazioso*, given to the flutes, clarinets, horns, bassoons, triangles, and tambourines appropriately introduce the train with a little dance. Rezia, in an aside to Fatima, remarks, "He is not here!" and desperately handles her dagger. Fatima tries to cheer her. As Haroun tells her to approach, the clash of swords is heard without, to his great indignation. Sir Huon and Sherasmin enter with naked swords, the knight crying, "Where is my love, my bride?" She rushes into his arms, and he claims her for his own with kisses. The Caliph roars to his slaves to hew the dog to pieces, but Babekan claims that task as his own. To the infuriated chorus of *Lay the sons of Eblis low* the duel is fought and Babekan is slain. The Caliph in fury calls to his guard to tear out Huon's heart, but at Sherasmin's suggestion he winds his horn, and is answered by thunder and lightning. The court is terror-stricken; clouds fill the stage and Oberon appears. A passage of the brass, *Allegro furioso*, followed by soft notes of the flutes and clarinets, leads to his words of approbation. Huon has done well, Oberon is content, the maid is his. The Elf King waves his wand, the clouds disappear and show the port of Ascalon with a ship at anchor. Still accompanied by the flutes and clarinets, he tells them to go aboard; it is bound for Greece. He still befriends them, "Farewell! Be true and triumph." (Sometimes a loving duet is introduced here for Huon and Rezia with the music, "*Hin nimn die Seele mein*," from *Euryanthe*.) Sherasmin is left alone with Fatima, and asks her if she will follow him, and nobody else afterwards. She thinks she can promise. Her aria, *A lonely Arab maid*, is tenderly illustrative of her character, — lovable and deep-souled. In the first part the 'cello plays a very prominent rôle. The vocal part flows most melodiously

with close intervals. They kiss and seal the bargain. Sir Huon returns with Rezia and announces that the captain and ship are waiting. This leads to the fine *Over the dark blue waters*, which is rather a four-part song than a fully developed operatic quartette. Here we have one of the melodies heard in the overture.

The next scene shows a rocky shore with Puck, at Oberon's command, calling upon all the elemental spirits to raise a great tempest to trouble the lovers, whose trials are not yet ended. From cavern dark, from the waters deep, from the distant skies, and from underground, they are summoned by virtue of the magic ring of the Fairy King. It is a magnificent passage of incantation on the strings, oboes, clarinets, and, finally, a tremolo on the bassoons. To aërial passages on the flutes and strings, the spirits respond, and in a vigorous chorus ask what must be done. Shall they cleave the moon's sphere, or darken the sun, or empty the ocean? They are quite complaisant. The music follows the moods of the various suggestions. To a soft accompaniment of the strings, Puck explains that it is only to wreck a bark upon the coast, — an evil deed forbidden to a fairy. Is that all? (trombones). "Ho, ho!" and demoniacal laughter is supported by oboes and bassoons. — That 's easy enough, and accordingly orders are given to the winds and waves, which immediately begin to howl and roar and swell on the clarinets and horns — "Hark! they cry, 't is done; farewell!"

A magnificent orchestral tempest follows, as the scene changes to a cavern on the beach with the ocean seen through the mouth in the background. Other gaps lead into the island. The storm rages still in thick gloom, and the sea casts fragments of wreckage upon the stage. Sir Huon enters, supporting the exhausted Rezia, whom he has saved, and calls upon his love to revive. She has given up all for him, and he is her murderer! His prayer, *Ruler of this awful hour, spare, oh, spare yon tender flower!* is accompanied throughout

by two violas and two 'celli, muted. It would be impossible to write more melodious or natural music than this. She revives and tries to prevent his self-reproach for her condition. He cries, "O Oberon! is this thy friendship? Cruel spirit!" Then they both lament the loss of their faithful attendants. But the storm is abating and Huon will ascend the cliffs to look for assistance, promising not to stay long. If only they had the magic horn! Left alone, Rezia sings her magnificent recitative and aria, *Largo assai*, *Ocean! thou mighty monster*, which demands such tremendous powers in the singer. Throat and lungs are called upon to the utmost by the amount of what has to be sung, as well as by the way in which it must be given; there is scarcely a moment's pause in the long movement of voice and passion. In richly instrumented recitative with wave movement of the strings, after dwelling upon the cruelty of the sea, Rezia describes her past terrors, and in the aria sets forth the complex emotions she has just experienced. But, as she sings, air, sea, and sky clear up, the last of the tempest departs, and finally the sun bursts forth. This change in the elements surrounding the singer is admirably rendered in the music. But Rezia cannot believe in any change for the better. If the sun is shining upon her, it must be for the last time, alas! in this desolate place. Her gaze is fixed upon the wild, lonely waters, and lo, suddenly, she seems to detect something on the far horizon! Yes, it is a ship, a ship coming to the rescue. Now her joy and delight break all bounds. The climax of the aria is come. She waves a signal to those on the ship as they approach; she gathers from their replying signals that she is seen, but where is Huon? She hurries to the cliffs to seek him; but he is not to be found; he hears her not. A boat comes to the shore; she glorifies Oberon, who must have sent it! In high delight she rushes to meet the new-comers, and finds herself among pirates. All this movement and incident has its effect on Rezia's soul in all its play. Weber has embodied

and realized it in his music with such variety, truth, and almost visible incorporation of the facts as to compel our breathless admiration. The last *motiv* of this opera, brilliant and noble as it is, is also that with which Rezia concludes this great aria with joyous passion. As the elemental storm has now passed away, so also the sun of happiness will shine brightly upon past trials and tribulations.

Abdallah and his pirate crew land and seize her. At her cries, Huon rushes in and is struck down by the villains, who then carry Rezia off. Now Oberon's horn is heard heralding his appearance. He deplores the cruel fate that makes him inflict such sufferings on this poor mortal. But years of honour and love shall repay him. A sweet instrumental passage by the second clarinet and second flute, in which the latter reverses the form of arpeggio played by the former, preludes the fairy scene. Oberon summons Puck. The sun is about to set; till it has risen seven times, Huon must be shielded from harm. Then the pirate will have anchored in Tunis bay, and Huon must be carried through the air and laid before old Ibrahim the gardener's door. Oberon sheds heavy sleep upon his eyes meanwhile. Puck obeys. He waves his wand and a pavilion of flowers rises and encloses Sir Huon, while the sun sinks below the waves and the stars come out. Puck feels the mystery of the moonrise, and calls attention to the song of the mermaids that now sing to the horn and muted violins. *O 't is pleasant to float on the sea, when the wearied waves in a deep sleep be.* They describe their delight in the cool eventide as they wring their locks and the scent comes floating on the breeze. The waves lazily rock in the music that accompanies them, and the clarinets, flutes, and oboes are heard occasionally as the waters swirl and murmur among the rocks. Puck is in love with the moonlit strand, and asks Oberon if he and the fairies who have completed their task may dance upon the shore. Better still, Oberon will stay and watch the revels! They

both summon the elfin court to show the mermaids that they can be as jocund as the nymphs of the sea. Hasten! Come drifting down like blossoms on the summer air! Come, dance on the sands to the mermaid's song! The strings and sustained clarinets and bassoons welcome the throng. The moon shines out, mermaids and nymphs multiply in the waves, and fairies, elves, and elemental spirits flock to the revels. Then follow entwinings and groupings and joyous woven paces to a delicious five-part chorus *pianissimo*. Who would sleep in the coral cave, or the lily's bell, when the moonlight threads the forest and the blue vault is splashed with golden spray? Not the elves and undines! So they all sport in the moonlight and dew, — as Weber must have surprised them, and have stolen their music, getting Oberon to breathe into his wood-wind and borrowing gossamers for his strings. Finally, Oberon gets into his car, drawn by swans, and departs; whereupon they all disperse.

Act III. — The court-yard of the house of Ibrahim, the gardener, in Tunis. Fatima enters dressed as a slave, and bewails her lot. She also grieves for her mistress, though a good dream last night makes her yet hope for her safety. She sings her beautiful arietta, *Oh Araby, dear Araby!* It is characteristic of the singer, in whom joy and melancholy, neither of too deep a cast, dwell always side by side. The instrumentation is masterly as ever, — beginning with violins, and then reinforced by two flutes, two clarinets, two bassoons, viola, and bass. Sherasmin then joins her. He is dressed as a gardener and carries a spade and a basket of flowers. They are grateful to their owner for having bought them both, and look forward to brighter days. Sherasmin recalls his happy youth, and begins the duet, *On the banks of sweet Garonne*. His account of his gaieties is accompanied entirely by the strings except at the words, "Fighting every neighbour's son," when the bassoon emphasizes his wickedness. Fatima answers, with wood-

wind and strings *pizzicato*, that her youth was spent wandering with the flocks "by the waves of Bundemir." Now they are slaves, but what matters, they ask, so long as they are slaves together! Here the tempo changes from 2/4 to 6/8, and gaiety and sunshine flood the rest of this charming duet. They go to their tasks; and ascending and descending scales with fairy-like trills bring in Puck with Sir Huon. Seven times the morn has blushed, and now the bark is in port with Sir Huon's bride. Puck breaks the spell and flies back to fairy land. Sir Huon is gazing around him in amazement, when Sherasmin returns and shares his perplexity. He and Fatima were picked up by a corsair and sold in Tunis, and he learns of the carrying off of his lady, but Sir Huon's presence cannot be explained. Fatima now enters and welcomes Sir Huon. She supposes that he has arrived with Rezia, who that morning, as she hears, has been presented, a lovely captive found on a desert island, to the Emir of Tunis. They are all satisfied it can only be she. They will ask their master to take Sir Huon into his service, only they must find him some humbler garb first. This leads to the terzettino, *And must I then dissemble?* Sustained notes on the horns bid the tyrant beware, and then the clarinets and flutes, as usual, accompany Fatima's gentle appeal to Oberon to restore his love to the knight. Then to more martial instruments, they pray that the Fairy King will strike for them and bless the good sword. The passage is short, but very effective.

Rezia is in the harem. Her cavatina, *Mourn thou, poor heart, for the joys that are dead*, is instrumented with clarinets, bassoons, and strings. It is admirably simple, affecting, and natural. After her exit, a female slave raises the hanging over one of the smaller doors of the apartment and looks about her cautiously, then she beckons and enters, followed by Sir Huon muffled in a Moorish mantle. He asks his guide where is his love. She makes a sign for him to remain where he is, and he shall see her. Then she retires through the hangings of the centre arch. Sir Huon

is inclined to be suspicious, but exults at the prospect of clasping his beloved again. His rondo, *I revel in hope and joy again*, accompanied by the strings and wood, fully expresses his feelings. It is ornate and longer than is usual in this opera. But Rezia does not appear, and the suspense is becoming unendurable, when the hangings of the centre arch open suddenly and disclose Roshana, the Emir's wife, reclining in a brilliantly lighted recess and covered with a rich veil. Huon cries, "Ah! she is there! my love, my life!" and rushes to embraces her as she rises and unveils. He halts, horrified. She tries to reassure him, and confesses her passion for the Christian. Vengeance and love are consuming her; let his arm gratify the former and the latter shall reward him beyond imaginable desire. He has only to stab Almanzor when heavy with the forbidden wine. Huon refuses. If she is a wronged wife, he will meet her lord blade to blade, but he is no assassin! She will not thus be foiled: she will try other arts! So she claps her hands, and a troop of dancing girls and female slaves enter and surround the Christian knight with garlands, while one proffers a goblet of wine. A seductive ballet and chorus follows, *For thee hath beauty decked her bower*. This opens *Allegretto* with horns, bassoons, triangle, and strings. There are beautiful dance rhythms all through this ballet, in which the dancers exert all their wiles and display all their charms, and Huon's exasperation is expressed in strains of noble contrast. The trombone, in a kind of *obbligato*, supports his righteous indignation. The flowers breathe poison and the wine looks like blood! He breaks away from the garlands, but is met by Roshana, who clings to him and hinders his flight. Can he flee while white arms encircle him? asks the chorus, with soft notes on the wood-wind. To a full orchestral accompaniment *più vivace*, he replies that eyes burning with unholy brilliancy have no charms for him, and he would prefer the worm to have its fill before wanton hands should stray over him. He breaks away from Roshana and tries to

gain the door, but the girls again intercept and surround him, and renew their allurements. He is about to force his way out in desperation, when Almanzor enters with a guard of armed slaves. Roshana and her women fly in terror, as her lord raves on finding a man in the harem. He shall be burnt this very hour! As they seize Sir Huon, Rezia enters and begs for his life, confessing he is her husband. Very well, if she will smile upon Almanzor's love, Sir Huon shall go free, loaded with riches, and furnished with a safe conduct to his native land. Rezia scouts the offer: sooner would she share her husband's fate. Very well, she shall: "To the stake with them!" Sir Huon grieves over her, but she is happy that they will die together. As the slaves are about to take them away, the magic horn sounds. Almanzor becomes motionless, the slaves release their captives and begin to dance like a lot of madmen. The solo on the horn commences the finale, *Hark! what notes are swelling*. When the chorus ceases, some twenty bars are played by the piccolo and triangle, and then Sherasmin and Fatima enter. They have heard the elfin horn and join in a quartette (accompanied by the strings only), *Rejoice, 'tis the horn of power*. The whole city has been set dancing.

To an *Allegro furioso*, the stage now fills with clouds. Lightning flashes and thunder rolls, and Almanzor and his terrified slaves make their escape. As the music subsides into a sweeter passage, Oberon appears with Titania by his side. Reconciliation has come by the faithful, mortal pair whose woes are now ended, as Oberon announces. His splendid recitative, richly instrumented, thanks their aid by which again he clasps his queen.

He will now quickly carry them to France; and he leaves them with the grateful fairy's last farewell. He and Titania disappear in enveloping clouds, which presently disperse and reveal the palace of Charlemagne. To drums on the stage and a brilliant processional march *maestoso*, the full court and guard, and, lastly, the Emperor himself, enter.

He ascends the throne. (Flourish.) Sir Huon, Rezia, Sherasmin, and Fatima, who left the stage at the change of scene, re-enter. Sir Huon, armed as in the first scene, leads Rezia to the foot of the throne and kneels, announcing that he has fulfilled the conditions of his sentence. Charlemagne receives him graciously, and the assembly sing a chorus of welcome and praise to "Rezia the lovely and Huon the bold."

La Muette de Portici

Paris, 1828

Auber's score undoubtedly presents many excellencies and telling innovations which have since become the property of all composers, and particularly of the French : to these innovations belong above all his brilliant instrumentation, the striking colour and the sureness and audacity of his orchestral effects, among which we may instance his treatment of the strings — Richard Wagner

THIS work is a mixture of the French, Italian, and German styles. The orchestra has so important a part that it may be said to have a dramatic rôle of its own. The overture is original, clearly written, and brilliant.

Act I. — This opens in the royal gardens of the palace of the Duke of Arcos, Viceroy of Naples, decorated for the nuptials of his son, Alphonse, and Elvire, a Spanish princess. On the left, a chapel; on the right, a throne. Selva, an officer of the Duke (bass), crosses the stage leading his soldiers. The orchestral introduction merges with ease into the chorus that rejoices behind the scenes upon Alphonse's approaching marriage. Alphonse (tenor) enters, greatly disturbed, and in melodious phrases condemns himself bitterly for having wronged Fenella. The contrast of rhythm and sentiment, as he breaks through the rigid form of the joyful chorus, and the antiphonal use of the chorus have been much admired. Lorenzo, Alphonse's confidant (tenor), enters, and their conversation is of Fenella. Lorenzo can find no trace of her. Alphonse explains how a real and lasting love for Elvire has taken the place of a temporary passion for Fenella; yet he is distressed about her, and explains to Lorenzo that she is dumb. But Lorenzo must banish dark thoughts and come with him to greet his bride. As they go out, the bridal train enters with its joyful nuptial chant, preceding Elvire (soprano), with Emma, her attendant (soprano). The bride expresses her happiness in an aria di bravoura, *Plaisir du rang suprême.*

A Guaracha and Bolero are danced, at the close of which the festivities are disturbed by Fenella, the dumb girl of Portici (danseuse), rushing in to claim the protection of Elvire from the pursuit of Selva and soldiers, who follow. Fenella, in dumb show, aided by the sympathetic orchestra, depicts her sad history; she has been the victim of some unknown cavalier, from whom she has received a scarf; she has been arrested and imprisoned, but has escaped, her life being in danger from a sentinel's musket. Elvira promises to protect her, intrusts her to two ladies, who escort her to a retired spot, and enters the chapel with Alphonse, who comes in followed by pages, nobles, and soldiers. Selva orders sentinels to keep back the crowd, but Fenella comes forward and tries to look within the church. The kneeling chorus invoke blessings on the bridal couple, *O Dieu puissant;* but during the ceremony in the chapel Fenella has recognized in Alphonse her seducer; the soldiers bar her entrance, and with dismay she hears that the ceremony is completed. As Elvire and Alphonse issue from the chapel, the former presents Fenella to her husband, and then discovers that he is the betrayer of the girl she has promised to protect. The finale is one of disorder and excitement; Fenella regards Alphonse and Elvire with sad looks, and rushes through the crowd. Everybody leaves in confusion as the curtain falls.

Act II. — The curtain rises on the seashore near Portici. Fishermen are preparing their nets and boats. A short orchestral introduction leads into the opening chorus, *Amis, le soleil va paraître.* Masaniello, a fisherman tenor), is seen brooding. His comrades ask Borella, also a fisherman (bass), the cause of Masaniello's grief. Borella explains that he grieves for freedom, and, accosting Masaniello, begs him to cheer them with one of his songs; but Masaniello is watching for Pietro. Borella repeats his request, and Masaniello sings his famous barcarolle, *Amis, la matinée est belle*, promising that the day of freedom will

soon come, and impressing upon them the policy of caution, — "to cast their nets with silence and skill, to make their prey more sure." As the chorus repeats this burden, Pietro, the friend of Masaniello (baritone), descends the hill. He enters, and Masaniello asks if he has found his sister. Pietro has no tidings of Fenella. An impassioned duet follows in which are expressed Masaniello's grief for his missing sister, and the mutual resolution of the friends to strike a blow for freedom (*Mieux vaut mourir que rester miserable*). At its close, Masaniello perceives Fenella, who is about to throw herself into the sea, but on recognizing her brother she descends the hill and indicates that she wishes to communicate with him alone. Masaniello motions to Pietro to retire. Everyone leaves, and then in animated signs Fenella tells her brother the story of her wrongs and sufferings, and explains that she was going to drown herself. It is interesting to notice how the orchestra aids Fenella's pantomime; it is the medium through which she speaks.

Masaniello vows vengeance. Fenella tries to calm him and to prevent his calling his comrades. Borella and the fishermen enter, and, as Masaniello is addressing them, the women and children come pouring in. The chorus is thus reinforced, and while all are singing, Pietro enters with news that the soldiers are approaching. Masaniello, aided by Pietro and Borella, organizes a rising of the people. This spirited finale is logical and works up to a fine climax.

Act III. — A room in the palace of the Duke of Arcos Elvire is alone, and in a recitative and aria sighs with love for her husband. What if he should one day cease to love her! May Heaven grant that she keep his affection! Her joy and her happiness are almost too great; doubts are tearing her heart. Alphonse joins her. She asks if he will send Fenella to her. Her wish shall be obeyed! At a sign from Alphonse, Selva and his soldiers enter. He orders them to find Fenella and bring her to Elvire.

Alphonse, Elvire, Selva, and soldiers disperse in opposite directions. The scene changes to the Market Place. Citizens, followed by their servants, enter to make purchases. Fenella, seated with her companions in front of the stage, is pensive, and rises now and then to look for her brother, or for someone from the court.

The composer has treated with much skill the various noises, the bursts of laughter, and all the sounds of a joyous crowd of Italians disporting in the gay sunshine. Upon a persistent *motiv*, which continues until the end of this tumultuous scene, in which, amid the turmoil and confusion, the stormy passions of an enraged populace are slumbering, we hear the cries of the vendors offering their wares, — wine, cheese, maccaroni, olives, poultry, flowers, peas, fish, purple grapes, and melons. A Tarantella is danced, immediately after which Selva enters with his soldiers and searches for and seizes Fenella. She appeals to the people, who are too frightened to help her; but Masaniello, entering with Pietro, Borella, and fishermen, defies Selva and puts him to flight. The people determine to follow and fight, and at Masaniello's suggestion they kneel and sing their celebrated prayer, *Saint bienheureux*, and rush off eager for the fray.

Act IV. — Masaniello is alone in his cottage, the back of which is covered with a sail. In an aria, he deplores the terrible day of slaughter and horror, and laments that he has not strength of mind for such a cruel task. He appeals to the God of Heaven to appease the rage of the people or to fill him with the sense of fury.

Fenella enters; she is very sad, and, after describing the horrors and disorder of the city, sinks exhausted upon a net. Masaniello sings to her the beautiful *Air du sommeil*. "Descend, oh, balmy sleep, friend of the unhappy, disperse cruel thoughts and sorrow and restore calm and peace to this celestial being!" (*Du pauvre seul ami fidéle.*) On its termination, Pietro enters with the fishermen and excites

Masaniello to further revenge, announcing that Alphonse, the son of the Duke of Arcos, has escaped, but they wish to find him; they will take his life. Fenella hears this, and shows grief. She now feigns sleep in order to listen. Masaniello cautions them not to let Fenella hear, and they all go into another part of the cottage. Fenella, left alone, hears a knocking at the door (sounded in the orchestra). It is repeated. She opens the door and admits Alphonse, who is disguised in a large cloak, and Elvire, who is veiled. On recognizing Alphonse, Fenella covers her face with both hands. They do not know whose house they have entered, but Alphonse asks for protection. He soon recognizes Fenella. Elvire pleads for her husband's life. At first Fenella is disposed to take revenge, but she is moved by Elvire's appeal for mercy (cavatina, *Arbitre d'une vie*), and, taking the hands of Elvire and Alphonse, vows to save them, or die with them. Masaniello, coming in, demands who they are and what they desire. Protection from the insurgents, Alphonse explains. No one has ever sought shelter under Masaniello's humble roof in vain, and whoever they are, they shall be safe! Fenella manifests the greatest joy.

Now Pietro enters with Borella and fishermen, announcing that the magistrates and the people are coming to bring the keys of the city to Masaniello; but he is astonished to see the Viceroy's son here. Masaniello is more astonished and disturbed to learn that Alphonse is under his roof. Pietro declares Alphonse shall die. Elvire pleads for her husband's life, and Masaniello assures the beseeching Fenella that he will remember his pledge of hospitality. This quartette, in which the chorus joins, is strong and varied to suit the sentiments of the individuals. Masaniello consigns Alphonse and Elvire to Borella's care, instructing him to take them in his (Masaniello's) boat to Castel Nuovo, and, seizing an axe, threatens anyone who tries to follow. Pietro and his companions vow revenge. Alphonse and Elvire leave, looking gratefully at Fenella.

The sail in the background of the cottage being withdrawn, the magistrates and citizens enter, to present Masaniello with the keys of the city and the royal insignia. The orchestra plays a short instrumental piece, and the people proclaim Masaniello, not only hero of their victory, but their king. While they sing "Hail to Masaniello," to the *motiv* we heard in the orchestra, he is invested with the insignia. Then he sings farewell to his humble home, doubting if he will ever be so happy as he has been under its roof. Pietro and the fishermen are enraged with him. Masaniello mounts a richly-caparisoned charger and departs, followed by the magistrates and people. Pietro and his comrades look menacingly after him, and Fenella, noticing their threatening glances, gazes appealingly to heaven, as if praying for her brother's safety.

Act V. — After a short introduction, the curtain rises upon the vestibule of the Viceroy's Palace, with a view of Mount Vesuvius. Pietro, fishermen, and girls enter. Evidently they come from a banquet, for some of them have cups of wine in their hands. Others carry guitars.

Pietro, accompanying himself on the guitar, sings a barcarolle, *Voyez du haut de ces rivages*. At the end of this admired number, Pietro hears someone coming. It is Borella. "Friends, to arms! the troops are marching here, and Vesuvius, too, is roaring, — a terrible omen!" The frightened men cry, "Who can aid in this hour of danger." "Masaniello is the only one," the women reply. "Too late," says Borella, and, in answer to inquiry, informs the people that he has lost his reason; the horrors of the revolt have unsettled him. Masaniello enters in disordered attire and gives evidence of his insanity. The night is fine, the fisherman king would enjoy the short span of life!

Fenella enters, and rushes into his arms. She succeeds in rousing him. Learning of the approach of the foe, Masaniello confides his sister to Borella's care, and leads his companions once more. Fenella looks after her brother,

and, returning to the front of the stage, kneels and prays for him. Then she contemplates the scarf given her by Alphonse. She cannot destroy it, and, hearing footsteps, conceals it. Elvire and Borella enter. Fenella would leave, but Elvire begs her to remain. Borella hears shouts of rejoicing; he hopes Masaniello has been victorious. Alphonse and his suite enter, and Fenella rushes to him for news of her brother.

Alas! Masaniello was killed in the battle, and by his own comrades! Fenella faints in Borella's arms at these tidings. There is more for Alphonse to tell. Upon Masaniello's fall, the soldiers easily defeated the revolted fishermen. Fenella, having recovered, casts a look of tenderness upon Alphonse, and then joining his hand with Elvire's, rushes towards the staircase. Alphonse and Elvire turn to bid her farewell. At this moment Mount Vesuvius begins to emit smoke and flames. Fenella, standing on the terrace, contemplates the spectacle; then she throws her scarf to Alphonse, raises her eyes to heaven, and plunges into the burning lava, which is now rolling in like a river of fire. Alphonse and Elvire shriek, and the people, rushing in for safety, kneel and pray that Heaven may pity their sins. The orchestra plays a kind of postlude, closing the work in a solemn manner.

Guillaume Tell

Paris, 1829

Tell is the work of a genius — HANS VON BÜLOW

HE overture — Rossini's only dramatic overture — Berlioz said was really a symphony in four parts instead of the ordinary opera prelude in two movements. The first part, beginning with five solo violoncellos,[1] accompanied by the other violoncellos, *pizzicato* (divided into firsts and seconds), and double basses, expresses the solitude and silence of nature, as well as the repose of human passions. The Storm, immediately following, is in great contrast, as all the orchestra is in requirement; it is a realistic musical picture with the lightning darting, the thunder reverberating among the mountains, and the "raindrop" notes. It is interesting to note that Rossini does not need the clash of cymbals to produce the effect of terror. The *decrescendo* of the tempest is managed with rare skill. While this Storm has not the grandeur of Beethoven's in the *Pastoral Symphony*, nor the awe-inspiring quality of that in Gluck's *Iphigenie en Tauride*, nor the realistic effect of the *Vorspiel* to *Die Walküre*, it is full of majesty.

"To this Storm succeeds," says Berlioz, "a pastoral scene of great freshness; the melody of the *cor anglais*,[2] in the style of the *ranz des vaches*, is delicious, and the gambolings of the flute above this calm chant are of a charming freshness and gaiety. Let us remark in passing that the triangle struck at intervals by little blows *pianissimo*, is perfectly appropriate here; it is the bell of the flocks grazing quietly whilst the shepherds are singing their joyous songs.

[1] This number of 'cellos is seldom heard, in which case the parts are given to the horns and bassoons.

[2] This melody, being written in the bass clef, has perplexed some people: it was not intended for the *cor anglais*, but for the Oboe di caccia (a tenor bassoon), a now quite obsolete instrument, the voice of which well reproduced the Alpenhorn.

. . . To the last notes of the *cor anglais*, which sings the pastoral melody, the trumpets enter with a rapid, incisive fanfare on B."

The last part of the overture is brilliant. With a springing bow, the violins rapidly play a gay melody, and "the peroration of this petulant *Allegro*," again to quote Berlioz, "is of great warmth."

Act I. — The curtain rises on a village near Altorf, Switzerland, with a waterfall in the background and Guillaume Tell's cottage in the foreground. The Alps, with cottages here and there, are in the distance. Guillaume Tell, the patriot and famous marksman (baritone), Hedwige, his wife (soprano), Jemmy, his son (soprano), mountaineers and villagers are discovered. A fisherman (tenor) is rowing his boat over the lake. The chorus sing of the happiness and peace of the day (*Quel jour serein*), the accompaniment to which is in the style of a *ranz des vaches*. This is followed by the Fisherman's boat song, *Accours dans ta nacelle*, accompanied by two harps. As the Fisherman sings his second strophe, Guillaume Tell begins a measured monologue revealing his sorrows as a patriot at the oppression, and Hedwige and Jemmy comment upon the Fisherman who rows away. This number therefore becomes a quartette. A distant horn[1] echoes through the mountains. The people cease working and hail the *fête des pasteurs* about to begin.

The aged Melcthal, the Pastor (bass), and his son Arnold (tenor), enter, and the former is received with homage. Hedwige explains that three couples, long betrothed, will be united to-day, and asks Melcthal for his blessing for them. This makes Arnold sad, for he would

[1] With regard to the constant use of the horn in *Guillaume Tell*, it must be remembered that Rossini was an efficient horn-player. "The art," says M. Fétis, "of writing parts for the horn, with the development of all its resources, is quite a new art, which Rossini in some sort created."

like to marry, and Melcthal would also like to see his son wedded. Tell invites Melcthal into his house "where he, a happy husband and father, lives hidden from the wicked Gessler." Melcthal, turning to Arnold, curses the bonds that fetter him. He and all except Arnold enter Tell's house.

Arnold speaks of his love for Mathilde; he cannot even hate her brother, Gessler, who is oppressing his father and his country. Sounds of hunting-horns are heard; perhaps Mathilde may be passing! He will try to see her; but he is interrupted by Tell, who, stepping from his cottage, asks the cause of his grief (duo, *Ou vàs tu ?*); and when Arnold tells him of his love for Mathilde, Tell begs him to drive Mathilde from his heart and persuades him to fight against the tyrant Gessler. Although the sounds of the chase are again heard, tempting Arnold, he yields to Tell and curses Gessler. Rossini has well expressed Arnold's conflicting emotions in the music.

Melcthal, Hedwige, Jemmy, and the villagers enter. Melcthal, seated on a grassy bank, blesses the three couples. The people sing a nuptial chorus, *Ciel, qui du monde est la parure;* Arnold of his sadness; and Melcthal delivers an exhortation. Again the hunting-horns are heard, and Arnold leaves. Tell, thinking he will break his vow to him, follows. The chorus sings again, *Hyménée, ta journée fortunée* and after, a *Pas de Six* and a *Pas d'Archers*. Then follows an archery contest. The orchestra prepares us for this with a fugued movement, and plays an ingenious ascending scale while the arrows are being drawn.

Having won the prize, Jemmy runs to his mother in excitement, and the people congratulate him, *Gloire au fils de Guillaume Tell.* "But who is this coming?" Jemmy asks his mother. The Fisherman answers: "It is Leuthold!"

The latter (bass) rushes in breathless, crying for help and holding a bloody axe.

In reply to Hedwige's questioning, he says one of Gessler's soldiers stole his daughter; he overtook him and killed

him: his blood is on this axe. His daughter is now in Gessler's castle. Will anyone row him there? The dangers of the lake are too great, and all refuse. Tell enters, saying that Arnold has gone. He is told the meaning of the excitement; the voices of Gessler's pursuing soldiers are heard: there is no time to be lost. Tell will aid Leuthold. Hedwige is in despair, but Tell trusts in Heaven, and, entering the boat with Leuthold, rows rapidly across the lake. The people offer a prayer for their safety, *Dieu de bonté*, and just as they reach the opposite shore, Rodolphe (tenor) arrives with his men. There is the greatest excitement. The Swiss brave the fury of the threatening soldiers, and the women are alarmed and implore mercy. Rodolphe and the soldiers demand, on pain of death, the name of him who aided Leuthold to escape. Melcthal tells his flock to speak if they have no friendship in their hearts, and, of course, no one will betray Tell after that. At Rodolphe's command, his men seize old Melcthal and surround Tell's house. After Rodolphe's fury has been answered by Jemmy with the same musical phrase that Rodolphe sang, and the chorus has taken it up, the orchestra depicts the horrors of pillage with which the Swiss are threatened. The villagers rush upon the soldiers, endeavouring to save Melcthal, and the curtain falls upon the struggle.

Act II. — After a few bars of hunting-music, the curtain rises on a deep valley, with the mountains of Rutli in the distance and the village of Brunnen at their base. A portion of the lake and the Four Cantons can be discovered. Night is closing in. Huntsmen gallop across the stage and the fanfare heard in the *entr'acte* is repeated. Gessler's huntsmen sing of their successful hunt in a merry chorus, *Quelle sauvage harmonie*, during which, every now and then, we hear the tinkle of the bells of the flocks in the valley, — to produce which effect Rossini has used a little bell in the orchestra in high G.

The Swiss bagpipe is heard, and a chorus of shepherds sing a hymn to the setting sun, the horn again sounds, and the huntsmen leave.

A long *ritournelle* precedes the entrance of Mathilde (soprano), who has withdrawn from the party. Then follows a recitative of perfect diction in which she fears Arnold may not return to her and during which the orchestra reproduces fragments of the *ritournelle*. Of her romance, *Sombre forêt*, Berlioz says: "Rossini has rarely written so elegant and fresh a piece as this, a melody full of distinction and happily modulated, not to speak of the immense merit of the song and harmony. We find here a mode of accompaniment in the violas and first violins full of melancholy, also an effect *pianissimo* of the kettledrums at the beginning of each couplet which greatly excites the attention of the audience. You seem to hear one of those peculiar noises of nature, the cause of which is unknown, such as you notice at the calmest moment in the midst of the woods; one of those mysterious sounds which redoubles in us the sentiment of silence and isolation. That is poetry, that is music, that is art, noble and pure, such as its admirers would wish to have always."

Arnold enters, expresses his love, and in their duo, *Oui, vous l'arrachez à mon âme*, so full of chivalrous passion, we may note a long pedal of horns and trumpets alternating on the tonic and dominant.

Footsteps are heard and Mathilde leaves. Guillaume Tell and Walter Furst (bass) enter. We are now forced to leave all thoughts of love for patriotism. Tell accuses Arnold of having been with Mathilde, and Arnold vows he loves her. Now occurs the famous "trio of the conspirators," *Quand l'Helvetie est un champ*, in which we learn that Melcthal has been killed by Gessler's soldiers and in which the son vows to avenge his father and deliver Switzerland. Of this trio begun by Tell, Berlioz wrote: "Analyze? What? — Passion, despair, tears, the cries of a son learning the death of his father? Notice details —

grupettos, a flute solo, an obscure part of a second violin? Oh no, let those do it who have the courage I lack; I can only exclaim with the crowd, — beautiful, superb, admirable, heart-rending!"

Three Cantons now arrive, giving the composer the chance to write three pieces of different character. The first chorus, from Unterwalden, strong and robust in style, indicates a labouring people with strong arms and rough hands; the second chorus, Switzer Hunters and Shepherds, has a gentle and veiled melody in which one recognizes the timidity of pastoral folk; and the third, from Uri, are fishermen, who arrive in boats on the lake while the orchestra imitates the cadenced movements of the oars. As soon as these have landed, the three choruses unite in an ensemble rapidly sung and supported by the strings *pizzicato* and a few heavy chords from the wind instruments. The phrase: —

"Guillaume, tu le vois,
Trois peuples à la fois
Sont armés de leur droit
Contre un pouvoir infame,"

first sung by the fishermen and repeated by the others, is very dramatic. The execution of this *coro parlato* is very difficult.

Tell animates and inspires them, and promises to lead them. All cry, "To arms!" Arnold sees the first rays of dawn. Walter remarks that dawn is the signal for arms, and the chorus ends in a great outburst — the cry, "To arms! To arms!"

Act III. — A long *ritournelle* prepares for the scene between the lovers. After a short, but energetic, recitative, Mathilde questions Arnold about his despair, and learns that his father was killed by Gessler's men. She then begins her grand aria, *Pour notre amour*, with its rich instrumentation and difficult cadenzas. This number, ending in an

ensemble in which they sing their farewells, is frequently cut, and in that case Act III begins with the second scene.

The scene changes to a square in Altorf arranged for a festival. On one side a platform, and in the centre a pole on the top of which is a cap. Gessler's castle is seen in the background. Gessler (bass), Rodolphe, barons, guards, soldiers, minstrels, Swiss, and Tyrolese fill the square. The soldiers sing homage to Gessler, who, in a short solo, demands obeisance and seats himself on the daïs with his barons. During the chorus, *Gloire au pouvoir suprême*, the people kneel and render homage to Gessler's cap on the pole. A ballet is introduced here and the famous unaccompanied Tyrolienne, *Toi que l'oiseau ne suivrait pas* on two rhythms and two different themes and dominated by women's voices, is sung; a valse follows, and a *Pas de Soldats*.

Tell crosses the square with Jemmy, refuses to honour the cap, and is reproved by Rodolphe, who also tells the enraged Gessler that Tell aided Leuthold. Gessler orders his arrest, and a quartette, *C'est là cet archer redoutable*, is sung by Tell, Gessler, Jemmy, and Rodolphe. Tell bids Jemmy tell his mother to light the fire on the mountain, — the battle-signal to the Three Cantons. Gessler notices Jemmy and asks if he is Tell's son. Tell answers, whereupon Gessler, taking an apple from a basket, orders the famous archer to shoot this apple from his son's head. Tell refuses, and even kneels at Gessler's feet. Then both father and son shall perish, says Gessler. Jemmy begs his father to have courage. Tell gives instructions to his son, *Sois immobile*, in which the violoncello is given the chief part in the accompaniment. Its plaintive melody, which seems to weep with Tell, is supported by chords *pizzicato*, while the bassoons, horns, clarinets, and oboes have long holds, *pianissimo*. Jemmy takes his stand; the apple is placed on his head; and Tell, in selecting an arrow, conceals another: there is a pause, and then the arrow flies from Tell's bow, its whizzing being

described in the orchestra. The apple falls pierced through the centre. The people cry, "Victory!" and Jemmy rushes to his father. Gessler is furious. Tell faints; his shirt is opened, and the concealed arrow is discovered. On his recovery, he tells them this was for Gessler, had Jemmy perished. Gessler orders irons for Tell and Jemmy. One of the barons brings in Mathilde, who intercedes. At least, Gessler must spare the child, and she takes Jemmy under her protection. Gessler will himself convey Tell out in the lake, and drown him. Rodolphe draws Gessler's attention to the indignation of the people. Mathilde will still save Jemmy. Tell's anathema is taken up by the Swiss, who curse Gessler. Gessler and the soldiers carry off Tell, and Mathilde exits with Jemmy as the curtain falls.

Act IV. — After a short prelude the curtain rises on the interior of Melcthal's deserted and rustic home. Arnold enters and expresses his sorrow, *Asile héréditaire*, for he visits his home for the last time. This aria is reposeful and offers a fine contrast to the tumult of the last scene, as well as to the fiery chorus that follows, for the Swiss come to tell Arnold that Tell is a prisoner, and beg him to aid in his rescue. Arnold promises.

The scene changes to the lake of the Three Cantons; above one of the large rocks is Tell's house. There are indications of a storm. Hedwige enters with several women. She is going to Gessler; as long as she has neither husband nor child left, he might as well kill her, too. Jemmy's voice is heard. He enters with Mathilde, and the three sing a trio, accompanied by wind instruments, *Je rends à votre amour un fils digne de vous.* Mathilde will be the hostage for Tell. He is no longer at Altorf; he is on the lake; he must be saved. Jemmy runs to light the signal for an uprising; the growling of the storm is heard in the orchestra; and Hedwige and the women fall on their knees to offer a prayer. Leuthold, entering, informs them that Tell's boat is driven by the

tempest to this shore. This boat becomes visible: Gessler and Rodolphe are in it. Tell directs it to the shore and, as it nears a rock, he jumps to land, and pushes the boat back into the seething waters. Tell lands, and is welcomed. Gessler and his men also land in the distance; they will follow, and Tell shall die. The latter, jumping on a rock, draws his arrow and Gessler falls into the lake.

Walter, Arnold, and others enter, armed. The tempest ceases, the sun rises, and several boats, gaily decorated, appear on the lake.

All unite in honouring the liberator of the loved country. In the final chorus, "the *ranz des vaches*," says Berlioz, "floats gracefully over the large chords, and the solemn Swiss hymn of liberty rises towards heaven, imposing and calm, like the prayer of a just man." [1]

[1] The score, as now executed, differs from the original one of 1829 in certain respects. The nuptial march and three dance airs are suppressed in Act I. In the third Act, the first *tableau* which passes in the old chapel and Mathilde's air with responses by Arnold have disappeared. In the second *tableau* of the third Act they have cut an *air de danse* and nearly all of the quartette and chorus; there only remain the first bars on these words: "*C'est là cet archer redoubtable.*" The *Allegro* of the finale has been replaced by that of the overture, to which they have fitted words; and, in its turn, this has been replaced by Arnold's air which began the fourth Act. Act IV has also suffered nearly complete amputation; only Arnold's air has been preserved, which before Duprez was sung by Nourrit at the beginning of the third. Duprez never sang it but once in that place. The famous *ut de poitrail*, always anxiously awaited in Arnold's song, was never in the score. Duprez, who made his *début* as Arnold, created this Golden Fleece, in pursuit of which so many Argonauts have been lost. Every tenor has parodied Duprez, and cries have replaced the note. — Escudier, *Rossini: sa vie et ses œuvres.* (Paris, 1854.)

Robert le Diable

Paris, 1831

Robert reminds us of those monuments of the Middle Ages that were begun in one century and finished in another. As a spectacle, it is magnificent and impressive — FRANZ LISZT

ACT I. — The stage represents the Lido and Port of Palermo. Several splendid tents are in the shade of some trees. On the right of the stage, Robert (tenor) and Bertram (bass) are seated at a table, attended by esquires and many pages. Opposite is another table at which knights are seated. All are carousing, and the effect is already visible. They sing a drinking chorus, *Allegro bacchanale*, in praise of wine, women, and play. Robert and Albert interject phrases agreeing with the sentiments expressed. Albert and another knight comment on the splendour of Robert's arms and followers. Who can he be? What is he doing in Sicily? Another suggests that he has come to attend the tournament given by the Duke of Messina. Robert drinks to the noble company, and they return thanks and then repeat their rollicking chorus.

Albert directs attention to an arriving band of pilgrims and jongleurs. They must hail from France, from Normandy! The word attracts Robert's attention. "Your ungrateful country!" mutters Bertram in his ear. Robert calls the leader, Raimbaud (tenor), and gives him a purse to sing something. Raimbaud will sing the story of his young liege duke, Robert the Devil. The knights repeat the name in awe. Robert is a bad lot, devoted to Lucifer, and banished from his own country for his evil deeds. At this Robert draws his dagger, but Bertram whispers to him to control himself. So he tells Raimbaud to begin, and the chorus is listening. A *ritournelle* of horns precedes his ballad, *Jadis régnait en Normandie*, which he sings to the attentive company, who interject laughing jests and mockery as the various points are made. They learn that in Normandy once ruled a valiant prince whose

beautiful daughter Bertha was cold to all men until an unknown Prince arrived at the court and subdued the heart of the proud beauty. Fatal error! They say he came from the realm of darkness, — a demon in human shape! The knights are hugely entertained, but the minstrel proceeds. The issue of the union was Robert, the terror of the country, who quarrelled with husbands, and eloped with wives. If ever he comes here, shepherdesses beware! He has the face and form of his father and, like him, is a devil! Half in awe and half in jest, the knights repeat the last words in chorus. This is too much; Robert loses all control, *Allegro con moto;* he rises and declares himself, ordering his followers to hang the insolent minstrel. Albert and the other knights are astounded, and Raimbaud falls upon his knees, begging for mercy. Robert grants him an hour for prayers. Raimbaud pleads that he has just arrived and on a solemn mission to Robert from Normandy with his betrothed. His betrothed! Perhaps she is beautiful? In that case Robert is not hard-hearted. Bring her here; she shall plead for her lover, and then the other knights can have her! They are delighted. He is deaf to all prayers, fills up his goblet and starts the Bacchanalian chorus again.

Robert's pages bring in the lady, struggling and protesting. The chorus admires her, and she prays for mercy. The chorus is obdurate. Raimbaud must be punished, — she is too handsome. She kneels before Robert in supplication, and he recognizes his foster-sister, Alice (soprano), and recalls his promise. The chorus mockingly asks if he forgets that the best of life consists in love and wine and play. Robert is furious at the taunt; but he is firm in protecting the trembling girl, and menaces the knights, who depart with Raimbaud. Robert now asks what Alice is doing in Palermo. She brings him a message from his dead mother! Robert is shocked. Alice goes on to tell him that his mother told her to go and be his good angel, for an infernal power was seeking his ruin. Meanwhile in Heaven

his mother would ever intercede for him. This romance, *Va, dit-elle, mon enfant*, is full of sweet and tender feeling. Its harmonies possess great interest and distinction. Robert is greatly affected, and Alice kneels to present his mother's will, which he is to read when he feels worthy. He feels unworthy to receive it. Alice must keep it awhile. He is overwhelmed with grief and hopeless love for the Princess of Sicily, who returned his passion. Robert tried to carry her off in defiance of her father and the nobles who aspired to her hand. In the conflict he would have fallen but for a faithful friend, Bertram, who came to his aid. From that hour he has not seen the Princess. Alice says that Isabella will be true, and suggests that he should send a letter: she will take it. Robert calls his secretary, who enters with writing materials, and Robert dictates. How can he ever repay Alice? She suggests that he can order a priest to unite her and her beloved Raimbaud that very day. Robert will see that it is done! He seals the letter with the hilt of his sword and delivers it to her. She utters a cry of terror as Bertram enters, and asks who that dreadful being is. In her native village there is an altar-piece representing Michael overthrowing Satan, and Bertram is the image of the latter. Robert laughs at her folly and wishes her a happy bridal. She kisses his hand and retires, shrinkingly avoiding Bertram, who then teases Robert about his interesting visitor, scoffing at the word "gratitude." Robert resents his insinuations, and rebels against his influence, which is always for evil. Bertram protests his affection, which Robert hopes may be shown in future advice for good. Bertram immediately suggests that they cast dice with the knights who are now returning. The music closely follows Bertram's hypocritical tears and the changing moods of the two. They challenge the knights to the gaming table to-day, as in the tourney of the morrow. The knights eagerly accept, and will begin the game with a local song of the port of Sicily. The finale now begins *Allegro brillante* with a cap-

tivating Siciliana, *Ô fortune, à ton caprice.* Robert then starts with his gay, "Gold is a chimera." Servants bring in a table, round which the knights gather, and the chorus proceeds, interspersed with Robert's song and Bertram's defiance of Fortune in a separate quatrain. Robert successively loses one hundred and five hundred gold pieces, and then his jewels and plate. Bertram mocks him at each loss to the strains of the Siciliana, which finely contrast with Robert's anger. What is the use of so much baggage, anyhow? The winners further exasperate Robert by chorusing his own, "Gold is a chimera," with which he began the game. The orchestra accompanies each rattle and cast of the dice with original and effective music. Robert now stakes his horses and arms, Bertram again mockingly repeating Robert's song of the foolishness of those who would hoard gold. Robert loses: he is in despair, but Bertram reminds him that their friendship is still left. He is sent to deliver over the stakes, while Robert rages against his victorious adversaries. He will have revenge! The chorus tries to calm him, but he grows violent. They draw their swords and advance upon him. Having lost his, he seizes a bench and brandishes it. Bertram, who has returned, interposes, and the curtain falls.

Act II. — An apartment in the royal palace, with a gallery at the back overlooking the open country. Isabelle is alone, complaining of the vanity of human grandeur. Everything is hers but peace of mind. Her father, the Duke of Messina, has disposed of her hand without consulting her heart, and Robert abandons her! Thus the sad recitative. Her aria, *En vain j'espère* (*Andantino*), is quite ornate, in the Franco-Italian style, and sympathetically describes her desolation. A group of girls now enters with petitions, followed by Alice. Their chorus, "Let us fearlessly approach," tells how the Princess delights in deeds of kindness. Alice is timid, but finally delivers her document also. Isabelle is

greatly agitated. How she longs to see Robert again! The chorus dwells on her goodness and departs. In the meanwhile Robert has entered and stood aside. Alice retires and encourages him to approach the Princess. He does so and asks her to accept his repentance. Isabelle ironically echoes his last words. Let her not be angry with his transgressions: he will die if she does not pardon him! Gradually she relents. It is a fine and expressive duo and is suddenly interrupted by the sound of a trumpet. Isabelle asks anxiously if he hears it. He is in despair: he has lost his arms! Isabelle has already thought of that; and pages bring in a full suit of armour to Robert's deep gratitude. Now their hearts are full of joy and hope, and the duo ends brilliantly. Isabelle then departs. Then through the gallery at the back pass Bertram and the Prince of Granada, whom Isabelle is to marry, together with a Herald-at-Arms to whom Bertram points Robert out. The latter is vowing to overcome his rival in the warlike sports about to open. "If I permit!" mutters Bertram. Robert intends to slay his enemy in the fight. The Herald enters and delivers the Prince of Granada's defiance to mortal combat, which Robert eagerly accepts and accompanies him to the wood, where his rival awaits him.

The Duke enters, leading Isabelle, and followed by a brilliant court of lords, ladies, and attendants. Bertram, Alice, and Raimbaud follow, and then six bridal couples and a concourse of people. There is a beautiful chorus and ballet. The people sing bridal greetings, and offer felicitations and homage. The ballet continues, and a *pas de cinq*, in which the oboe is noticeable, is introduced with the various movements, *Moderato*, *Allegro moderato*, *Maestoso*, *Allegro leggiero*, and *Presto*. This is full of life and gaiety. Then the Master of Ceremonies enters and announces that the Prince of Granada demands the honour of being armed by Isabelle for the tournament. She demurs, but her father orders compliance; and the Prince advances with his banner, and a splendid retinue of pages and esquires, who sing

praises in his honour, while their lord is being armed. Four drums are struck for the theme, and the basses and tenors unaccompanied produce a noble effect. Alice anxiously comments on Robert's absence, in an aside to Raimbaud, who doubts not his appearance. Bertram exultingly says to himself, "All is safe, Robert will not come!" The chorus of the whole assembly then inspirits the valiant cavaliers to the fight for the love of glory, honour, and the love of their lady. Eight heralds-at-arms, within, now sound the signal for the combat, and the chorus take it up. Isabella then descends the steps of the throne and sings, "Hark, the trumpet sounds! good knights to the lists!" But where is Robert? Alice shares her anxiety, and Bertram watches them in exultation as the brilliant procession starts for the lists.

Act III. — The wild and gloomy mountain crags of St. Irene, with an ancient ruined temple in the foreground. On the right is an entrance to subterranean caverns, and on the left a columned cross. Bertram and Raimbaud appear; the latter has come to meet Alice. Bertram recognizes the Norman troubadour, and congratulates him on being alive. Raimbaud explains his appearance in that spot. If only he were not so poor, what happiness his union with the penniless Alice would be! Bertram gives him a purse: he is enraptured. Bertram despises Raimbaud: so he too can make men happy when he likes! The buffo duet, *Ah l'honnête homme*, then begins. Bertram shows a lot of effective irony in his repetitions of Raimbaud's extravagant phrases of gratitude. Then in the recitative, he tells Raimbaud how foolish he is to marry. For his part, he would wait and choose from each pretty face. Now he is rich, they will all be willing! Raimbaud is persuaded, and departs without waiting for Alice. Bertram exults over another victim he has led astray, as he prepares the materials for incantation and the fires of Hell gleam for the first time in the music. He reflects that his

own fate is approaching. Thunder mutters underground, and darkness creeps over the scene. He trembles. The king of the fallen angels awaits him; he hears the hellish mirth of the demons and their frenzied dance, a few bars of which in waltz time, where the viola is conspicuous, dominate the final notes of his recitative. Then from the mouths of the caverns rises the infernal chorus in B-minor, 3/8, in which the demons call to each other to forswear Heaven and join in dark revels. The accompaniment is scored for piccolo, trumpets, cornets-à-pistons, trombones, bass tuba, triangles, and cymbals. The chorus, *Ah! célébrons le jour*, is sung in the distance through speaking trumpets to produce a more weird effect. Savage and strident chords in the accompaniment mark the fury of the dread phantoms. Then Bertram cries, "Oh, Robert, my sole remaining joy and comfort, for thee I have braved the wrath of Heaven, and will now brave the Fiend!" The chorus sings praises to its master the Prince of Darkness, while Bertram repeats his determination and then hurries into the mouth of the cave, the recesses of which are lurid with the flicker of the infernal flames. After twelve bars of mighty uproar, the tempest that has been raging gradually dies away, till on the basses *pianissimo* the thunder merely mutters in the distance. The lowering sky gradually clears up to a gentle *ritournelle* of the wind instruments, and Alice is seen slowly ascending the mountain to meet her betrothed. She calls him, but echo only answers. Can he keep her waiting for him in this lonely place? To keep up her spirits she sings lively couplets, *Quand je quittais la Normandie*. A holy hermit told her she should be united one day to the most faithful of lovers. She prays to the Virgin for protection for her love. The heavens suddenly grow dark again and distant subterranean thunder growls. She looks apprehensively towards the mouth of the cavern, and asks what it means. Heaven protects her; it can be nothing! She resumes her romance. But the noise increases, the earth trembles beneath her, and she is about to run

away when voices howl, "Robert! Robert!" She stops in surprise; perhaps some danger threatens him; she will listen and observe! She approaches an aperture, and calls on the aid of the Almighty as the flames flash among the rocks. In choked accents she kneels and prays that He who has often made a helpless maiden an instrument of divine anger and vengeance may protect her. Then she looks into the gaping rock, recoils, screaming with horror at what she sees, and falls fainting at the foot of the colossal cross, while the cry of the infernals, "Robert! Robert!" is repeated. Bertram, pale and disordered, comes forth. In despair he cries that his doom has been pronounced. He loses his son forever, unless Robert pledges his soul to him this very night! Alice is slowly reviving and repeats, "At midnight!" and then, in suffocated tones, "Oh, misery!" Who spoke? Bertram looks about him and discovers her. He assumes kindness, and in the following duet tries to find out how much she has seen and heard. The double basses are very effective here, revealing the underlying mischief in the questions of the fiend. Alice's anguish is expressed in the figures on the clarinets and flutes and the awe-inspiring tremolo of the strings. The terrified girl denies all knowledge. This entire passage is *pianissimo*. Now in savage joy, 12/8, the orchestra breaks out with his triumph at having his prey secure, while Alice shrinks and shudders with freezing blood. Their feelings are marvellously contrasted in the duet. Now Bertram wants her to love him, but she recoils and embraces the cross. Aha! she knows him then! His fury explodes. Let her breathe a word of what she knows, and that moment shall be her last! Heaven is with her: she does not fear! Her lover dies also! and all her kindred to boot! Then he taunts her, and again asks if she has seen anything. She again denies it, and, as Bertram renews his threats and warnings, she sees Robert approaching, plunged in profound thought. In a beautiful trio, she grieves that she cannot warn him; Bertram rebels against the part he has to play in torment-

ing one he loves; and Robert broods on all that he has lost, reflecting, however, that, though all else fail, Bertram will be true. Bertram motions Alice to retire; she goes, but rushes back with fresh courage. Bertram says, "Speak out, in the name of your father, your betrothed—" In agony, she departs as Robert asks what ails her, and receives a jesting reply. Robert wants to know what is to be done. He is dishonoured and ruined, Bertram has sworn to help him. Yes, and he will do so! He explains how a snare was set for Robert to keep him away from the tournament, wandering in the forest. His rival used infernal arts, and must be met with similar weapons. He may gain a talisman of unlimited power by plucking a branch from a tree that grows on the consecrated ground of the tomb of Saint Rosalie. Has he the courage? Robert is indignant, *Si j'aurai le courage*, and in a stirring duet proclaims the bravery of the knights of his country, *Des chevaliers de ma patrie*. They tremble at nothing, but this is sacrilege! "What, trembling already!" In spite of Heaven, Robert will dare it, and Bertram will be there before him.

The scene changes to a cloister of the ruined abbey in moonlight. Through arcades to the left is seen the burial-ground dotted with tombstones. At the back is the statue of Saint Rosalie with branches trailing over it. Bertram enters. In an incantation, *Nonnes qui reposez*, he summons from the other world the nuns whose shameful lives profaned these altars dedicated to purity. Let those who made pleasure reign in virtue's halls forsake for an hour their marble sleep, fearing not the wrath of an immortal Virgin, since it is the Lord of Hell himself who calls and who, like them, is condemned to eternal woe. Let them hear his voice and arise! Lights like *ignes fatui* begin to dance about the tombstones and flicker on the treble instruments. The sepulchres open, and the nuns, wrapped in their cerements, come out and advance, while unearthly music of trumpets, muffled strokes on the gong, and two bassoons accompanies the resurrection. They exhibit no signs

of life nor intelligence beyond that of mere automatic motion as yet. By the tomb of Saint Rosalie they halt as if incapable of further progress. Gradually their eyes open, their limbs move naturally, and, but for their mortal pallor, they assume the appearance of living beings. The moonlight floods the stage. Bertram cries, "Ye daughters, once of Heaven, now of Hell, obey your master!" A knight approaches to pluck the magic branch. If he falters, their charms must allure him to fulfil his promise by hiding the abyss to which his steps lead. The nuns signify obedience to his will and he departs. The instinct of their former passions now begins to reanimate them. They are delighted at mutual recognition. Hélène, their superior (*danseuse*), invites them to profit by the opportunity and abandon themselves to pleasure. They gaily consent, and take from their several sepulchres the goblets, dice, etc., with which they killed time in their lifetime. Some make offerings to an idol, while others crown themselves with cypress-chaplets and divest themselves of their winding-sheets to engage in a dance which quickly assumes a Bacchanalian character. The orchestral voices here are piccolo, flutes, oboes, clarinets, and a triangle, lightly played.

Presently they see Robert approaching, and break off, hiding behind the columns and tombs. He advances with hesitating steps. The solitary and dark place of tombs daunts him. He tries to pluck up courage, and sees the talismanic branch, and goes to pluck it; but in the image of the saint he sees the features of his own mother when angered, and his resolution is destroyed. He is about to depart, when the nuns, fantastically and gorgeously garbed as in life, leave their hiding-places and surround him. They tender a goblet and dance around him with alluring gestures (the Drink Seduction). The music (thirty-five bars) is most seductive and characteristic, at the end of which Robert refuses the wine. Hélène incites the nuns to wilder licence, approaches Robert and tries to entice him with all kinds of wiles (fifteen bars). He gazes at her with admi-

ration (five bars), accepts the cup from her hand and drinks (ten bars). The nuns circle about him in the mad whirl of a Bacchanalian orgy, and draw him insensibly nearer to the branch (thirteen bars). Now there is a pause, the music changes from common time to 3/4, and Robert slowly approaches the branch, while the nuns laugh gleefully to each other as he is about to pluck it (six bars). Suddenly he recoils in terror (three bars and pause), and then the nuns take counsel for four anxious bars. Now the second part of the ballet (the Seduction of Gaming) begins. Hélène and the nuns again try to arouse his passions. Dancing around him, they lead him to where gold and dice are laid out (fifty bars). There they greedily gamble (twenty-five bars). Robert, who at first joined in, retires in disgust when he sees their avarice. (The dice rattle in the orchestra as they did in the first Act.) Hélène, who notices this, draws him back and plays with grace and restraint (eighteen bars). After another pause, she again leads him gradually towards the branch, while the nuns laugh among themselves (seven bars). Robert again shrinks back in terror (three bars). A pause, and the nuns again take counsel for twelve bars. The third section of the ballet now begins (the Seduction by Love) in which the violoncello has a conspicuous part. The nuns all dance enticing figures, till, at the twenty-third bar, Hélène joins in with an independent pose and displays her utmost graces and alluring gestures for twenty-eight bars, when Robert is conquered. He is permitted to steal a kiss, while she points to the branch he must break off. Intoxicated with passion, he snatches the talisman to a low rumbling in the orchestra that ends in a roar like the crack of doom. The earth trembles, the thunder crashes, lightning flashes, and all the elements are unchained. The nuns throng about Robert in wild disorder, but he breaks through them, shaking the branch. The graceful female forms lose vitality and fall away. Demons, spectres, and monsters spring up, crowd the cloisters, and hunt the vivified corpses back into their sepulchres, there to be their prey. The

shapes of hell then sing a triumphant chorus of success. Robert is theirs!

Act IV. — Isabelle in her apartments is surrounded by her ladies who are tiring and adorning her for her nuptials. In a chorus they praise her charms. Isabelle suddenly sees Alice and recognizes her. Did she not grant her petition earlier in the day? Yes! She was gracious. If Isabelle only dared question her! Then aloud, she says, "Perhaps you are leaving us to-day with Robert!" Alice explains that she must see her lord this evening. In this letter she must show him the last proof of maternal love, of which he is no longer worthy! But that is Isabelle's duty! Ah! how she pities him! What menaces him? Alice is about to explain, when Isabelle silences her for the present: people are coming. The whole court enters. In a chorus they celebrate the fortune of love and victory.

Albert enters, with rich offerings of jewels from the Prince of Granada. The chorus is repeated, while all slowly retire into the background as the Prince in person appears descending the staircase. Robert comes in unperceived. He bears the magic branch, and its power is felt, for all put their hands to their brows as if they had received a stunning blow, and begin to sing in greatly subdued tones. The nearer he approaches, the more the voices die away, till at last they are silent, and the whole company are charmed into a sort of mesmeric sleep, to the strokes of four drums *pianissimo*.

The Princess sinks on a seat. Robert advances, soliloquizing on the power of the branch that delivers the helpless Isabelle into his hands on her wedding-night. Her cries cannot bring help now! He gloats over her beauty, and breaks the spell that dulls her senses. She awakes and shudders at his glances. What does his presence mean? What caused this deathlike slumber? She appeals to Heaven for protection. He takes unholy joy in her trouble. She says some awful power must be swaying

him from his honour. Yes, he acknowledges, the evil spirit that he now controls will soon work his rival's doom! She taunts him for not having met that rival boldly in the lists that day. This makes him furious; he warns her not to provoke him; she and all are in his power now. She prays again for protection for herself, and that Robert may be restored to his right mind. Then she pleads with him to go, but he is deaf to her entreaties. Then she sings her beautiful appeal, *Robert, toi que j'aime*, which at last prevails. The first part of this long duet is full of dramatic expression musically, and remarkable for the imitation of the principal figure by a triplet accompaniment of the basses. Isabelle's cavatina in F-minor is accompanied by the harp and *cor anglais*, which pathetically imitates the voice. It is full of charming melody in the major and of highly enhanced effect by the very great power of the orchestral accompaniment at the close. She kneels to him and her tears conquer. He breaks the magic branch. The doors open of themselves, and the brilliant company in the gallery beyond gradually rouse from their trance, and in a soft chorus ask one another what has happened. They see Robert, and the instruments as well as the voices express their amazement. Albert indignantly begins the final stretta in E-major, with an exceedingly melodious theme, and the imitations of the ten vocal parts are worked out with marvellous skill. They incite one another to arrest the ravisher, and he defies them all. Isabelle wails that it is for her sake that he will die at dawn, and Alice and Raimbaud are greatly troubled, for the odds are too great against him. Valour would be in vain. Robert breaks his sword and precipitates himself among the knights, while Isabelle sinks fainting on the couch, and Alice falls on her knees in prayer. The *Presto molto* in 6/4 is of great fire and energy.

Act V. — The cloisters of the cathedral of Palermo. A procession of monks in unison solemnly invites sinners hither. The guilty may find sanctuary, and the Virgin will

watch over them. A priest announces that the people are thronging to the altar to return thanks for the preservation of their beloved Princess. The monks slowly enter the cathedral, where the organ is playing to a fine five-part chorus of divine praise. Robert enters, followed by Bertram, who is complaining of being forced to come here. Robert chose it because it is inviolable. When Bertram had rescued him, he sought out the Prince of Granada, but fate was against him. Even his dagger failed him! Bertram explains that he still stands by Robert, who so foolishly broke the branch that was to secure to him the lady who now is his rival's. How can Robert regain her? There is only one means. Whatever it is, Robert accepts! Then let him sign a solemn bond pledging himself to Bertram and his! Certainly, provided Robert is revenged! At this point the solemn strains of the organ are heard again. Robert is agitated; they remind him of his youth when his mother prayed for him, and he weeps. Distant choral singing from the cathedral and the intoning of the priests at their solemn service now reaches the pair. Robert is touched by the divine harmony, and feels his heart softened. Midnight is approaching, and Bertram is alarmed, and redoubles his efforts, protesting his devotion, while the service continues. A fine four-part chorus of nuptial-blessing for two fond hearts swells out, reinforced by the orchestra as accompaniment to the two voices, while Bertram excites Robert's jealousy. Bertram reminds him that his rival and the woman he loves are within the cathedral awaiting the nuptial-blessing. He is goaded to madness, and accuses Bertram of being also leagued against him. Then in a passionate aria, *Je t'ai trompé, je fus coupable*, Bertram reveals himself. He reminds Robert of Raimbaud's ballad that morning. (The orchestra supplies reminiscences.) The story was true, and he is the fiend-father. To unite his son to his own fate, he abuses his senses, and excites him to evil. Robert's rival, the Prince of Granada, is only a phantom,

one of Bertram's minions. He shall disappear, and Hymen shall be Robert's minister, if he will only comply and, before midnight strikes, sign the immutable bond that shall eternally unite their fates. The word has gone forth. Bertram must lose the companionship of his beloved son, and return to his dread abode unless the pact is sealed!

Robert's filial affection is excited. He will not abandon Bertram. "Hell is the strongest!" Alice hears and trembles at the terrible words, as she enters with tidings of comfort. Bertram harshly asks her business. With ill-suppressed horror she tells her foster-brother that, thanks to Heaven that watches o'er him, the Prince of Granada and his brilliant suite cannot pass the sacred threshold. Of course Robert knows that already! Moreover, the Princess awaits him at the altar! Bertram tries to dismiss her and lead his son away. Alice disregards his strenuous efforts, and asks Robert if he would forget his vows and abandon his love. Robert vacillates, but is submitting to Bertram's importunities. Now a powerful trio begins with an interesting 'cello accompaniment in B-minor followed by a sweet melody in B-major. Alice produces his mother's will, which Robert reads to an impressive chromatic trumpet accompaniment. The voice from the tomb[1] tells him that maternal love watches over him in Heaven, and entreats him not to heed the counsels of the evil being who betrayed his mother. Bertram appeals to him: can he hesitate? Alice repeats the words of the testament to an orchestral *crescendo* of extraordinary effect. Robert is torn by conflicting emotions. Bertram and Alice on either side seize his arm and try to drag him away. While he still vacillates, midnight strikes, to the extreme joy of Alice

1 "In his score the composer orders that the *trompettes à clefs* should be placed outside the orchestra; their sound should produce the effect as if coming from a distance and from beneath the earth. In Paris they are stationed below the prompter's box." — Gevaert. *Nouveau Traité d' Instrumentation* (Paris, 1885.)

and to the ruin and despair of Bertram. Thunder rolls, flames leap on the instruments, the demon disappears. Robert is saved, and sinks, overcome by his emotions, while thick clouds envelop the scene and are gradually dissipated, revealing the interior of the cathedral. Robert leads Isabelle to the altar, while a solemn and sublime chorus of the assembled multitude and of invisible spirits praises God.

Les Huguenots

Paris, 1836

The score of *Les Huguenots* is an independent, a complete, and a dramatic work in the highest sense. The instrumentation is well-contrived, the action in general so artistically thought out and so abundant, that at each new situation we are seized with a new feeling of astonishment and wonder for the art of the Master who understood how to adorn the rich web of his musical work with a thousand *nuances*, unnoticeable because of their delicacy — FRANZ LISZT

THE short overture begins *Andante*, with a Lutheran chorale announced by the clarinets and bassoons and elaborated by the other instruments. It ends *Allegro con spirito*. The organ is wonderfully imitated.

The curtain rises on a hall in the Comte de Nevers's castle in Touraine. At the back, through a large open casement, are seen gardens and a lawn, where young lords play ball; to the right, a door; to the left, a large window, closed by a curtain, looking upon an oratory; in the foreground, noblemen playing dice, and cup and ball. The Comte de Nevers (baritone), Tavannes (tenor), De Cossé (tenor), De Retz (bass), Meru (bass), Thoré (bass), and other Catholic gentlemen are watching them. De Nevers sings in praise of the pleasures of youth, *Des beaux jours de la jeunesse*, in which the chorus joins. A short movement with a melody for flutes, clarinets, and bassoons ushers in Tavannes's request to enjoy the feast. De Nevers explains that he expects another guest — a Huguenot — whom he hopes they will receive with good fellowship. His guests are sarcastic. Raoul de Nangis (tenor), entering, salutes De Nevers, he, a simple soldier, feels great honour at this reception. (*Sous ce beau ciel.*) The lords comment upon him. A table is brought in during the *ritournelle* of the next number. The guests seat themselves and sing a Bacchanalian song. *Bonheur de la table.* De Nevers proposes a toast to their ladies, and it is suggested that all shall relate an adventure. De Nevers calls upon Raoul, who describes his rescue of a lady from insult on

his way hither, singing the romance, *Plus blanche que la blanche hermine*, in the accompaniment to which a solo is played by the viola d'amore, a mediæval instrument, of enchanting and dreamy effect.[1] Raoul's servant, Marcel (bass) now appears, introduced by bassoons and double basses. To the lords' comments, he replies rudely, and Raoul offers apologies; but, excited at seeing Raoul in this scene of dissipation, he stalks forward and solemnly chants a chorale, *Seigneur, Rempart et seul soutien du faible*, composed by Luther in 1530, and accompanied by Meyerbeer on the wind and brasses. De Cossé now offers wine to Marcel, and, showing him a wound that the latter inflicted upon him at Rochelle, asks for a jovial song. Marcel then gives them the Huguenot, *Piff, Paff, Piff, Paff*, descriptive of flying bullets and the Huguenots' hatred of Catholics. The accompaniment is military in feeling, and the ophicleide and piccolo are used in an eccentric manner; two bassoons are also noticeable. De Nevers's valet is seen conducting a veiled lady through the garden; but he enters alone and addresses his master. At first, De Nevers will not go; but, learning that it is a lady who awaits him in the oratory, he excuses himself. Returning to the table, the nobles sing a *morceau d'ensemble*, *L'aventure est singulière* and each peeps through the window. Raoul recognizes the lady he has just saved. Horrified, he is about to rush into the oratory, when the knights laughingly stop him. De Nevers is soon seen escorting the lady through the garden and bowing a respectful farewell to her. He returns and informs his friends that she is one of the Queen's ladies; she came to reject his hand. The men taunt him.

[1] The viola d'amore has seven catgut strings, two of which are covered with silver wire, like the two lower strings of the viola. Passing beneath the neck of the instrument and below the bridge are seven more strings of metal, tuned in unison with the others. These vibrate *sympathetically* with the strings which pass over the bridge and which are played with the bow. The effect is mysterious and enchanting.

JEAN DE RESZKE AS "RAOUL."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

Urbain, the Queen's page (mezzo-soprano), enters, and in reply to De Nevers's greeting sings the cavatina, *Nobles seigneurs salut!* He gives Raoul a letter, which excites the jealousy of the lords and the anger of Marcel. Raoul reads the letter. The words, "A coach will be ready this evening to conduct you blindfold," astound him. "I consent," he says to Urbain. The lords laugh, but the exclamation made by De Nevers, to whom Raoul has handed the letter, creates amazement. It goes the rounds. The handwriting and seal are Queen Marguerite's. Flattery takes the place of derision. De Nevers, seizing Raoul's hand, begins the musical subject which the others take up in effective counterpoint. A long *stretta* follows, *Les plaisirs les honneurs*, in which they congratulate Raoul, and in which Marcel ironically sings a *Te Deum*. Raoul, meanwhile, comments on their change of feeling. Masqued men come for him with a bandage for his eyes. Marcel tries to prevent his going, but Urbain leads him away as the curtain falls.

Act II. — The *entr'acte*, beginning on the viola, flutes, oboes, and clarinets, with elaborate flute passages, is the introduction to Marguerite's aria. The curtain rises on the gardens of Chenonceaux, with the winding river to the right, and a stone stairway leading to the garden from the castle; Queen Marguerite is finishing her toilet; Urbain kneels before her, holding her mirror. With an ornate accompaniment, in which harps and flutes are conspicuous, Marguerite (soprano) sings her great aria, *O beau pays de la Touraine*, a song of love for her country; she hopes the bloody quarrels of Luther and Calvin will not approach her court. Urbain and a maid of honour join to make a trio, the theme of which is repeated by the chorus.

Valentine (soprano) returns from her visit to De Nevers. Marguerite bids her hope; Raoul is coming. A maid of honour invites the Queen to a shady spot. The Queen and Valentine recline under the trees whilst the bathers

go to the river. A chorus, *Jeunes, beautés*, succeeds, in which the violoncellos and harps make a lovely accompaniment, and the bassoons bear an important part. The violins and wood-wind play with the voices. Queen Marguerite reproves the peeping Urbain, the voices die away, and the bathers return. Urbain announces Raoul, who is led down the stairs, the chorus singing *Le voici*. Marguerite dismisses her suite and commands Raoul to remove his bandage. He is astonished. In the duet, *Beauté divine, enchanteresse!* he asks where he is, and offers his devoted service; the Queen thinks, were she a coquette, a conquest would be easy. The rhythm changes many times and a martial subject, descriptive of "Raoul's sword and arm for her service," is introduced. Urbain announces some noblemen, and Raoul learns that he is with the Queen. She tells him she wants to marry him to the daughter of the Comte de St. Bris. Notwithstanding St. Bris is his old enemy, Raoul consents. Upon the orchestral *ritournelle*, Catholic and Protestant knights enter. Marguerite presents Raoul to St. Bris and De Nevers, the chorus singing *Honneur à la plus belle*. A courier brings papers to Marguerite. She hands them to those two noblemen; they are summoned to Paris by Charles IX. She wishes the lords to abjure mutual hatred. The finale begins with four voices: Raoul, St. Bris, De Nevers, and Marcel in octaves *pianissimo*, the chorus and full orchestra bursting forth on the words, "*Nous jurons*." A short *Andante* of four-part writing follows. Valentine is now presented by her father to Raoul, who, startled at recognizing De Nevers's visitor, refuses her. In the terrible silence, Marcel, weeping with joy, runs and kisses his hands. In the *stretta* (one of the finest of Meyerbeer's dramatic concerted pieces), St. Bris challenges Raoul; the Queen orders his arrest; Valentine demands explanation; the Catholics are furious; and Marcel chants fragments of his Lutheran chorale, which we heard in the overture and in Act I.

ACT III. — After a short *entr'acte*, the curtain rises on the Pré-aux-Clercs, extending to the Seine; to the left, an inn, where are seated Catholic students and young girls; to the right, another inn, before which Huguenot soldiers are drinking and throwing dice. Further back, to the left, is the entrance to a chapel. In the centre stands an immense tree. The *clercs de la Basoche* and *grisettes* are seated; merchants, workmen, musicians, marionettes, strollers, and citizens walk about. It is six o'clock and a Sunday evening in August. The chorus sing *C'est le jour de dimanche*. The Huguenots sing military couplets, their famous *Rataplan*, in which Bois Rosé (a soldier), takes a chief part. Each couplet ends with a coda in 9/8 time, in which there is an energetic passage in semiquavers, strengthened towards the end by the brass. A procession of white-robed Catholic maidens, singing a litany, *Vierge Marie*, with accompaniment of flutes, oboes, and clarinets — a fragment of old Catholic music — winds its way to the chapel, escorting Valentine and De Nevers to their nuptials. St. Bris is also with them. All the Catholics kneel; but Marcel, entering, refuses to remove his hat, and utters imprecations. Here the composer shows great ingenuity. He has three subjects: the litany, the military chorus, and the indignant exclamations "*Profanes! Impies!*" of the Catholics, which he combines with the rhythm and time of the "*Rataplan*" chorus. As the procession enters the chapel, the indignation of the people is diverted by the arrival of a troop of Bohemians with their tambourines. The latter invite the people to dance and have their fortunes told. A Ronde and Danse Bohémienne follow. The triangle is also used here.

De Nevers, with St. Bris and Maurevert (bass) come from the chapel. The former, who is now married, informs us that Valentine wishes to remain in prayer and that he will return to conduct her home with ceremony. He leaves, and while St. Bris talks of the marriage and of Raoul's insolence, Marcel brings him a challenge to meet Raoul in

the Pré-aux-Clercs this evening. He consents, and enters the chapel with Maurevert.

Night approaches; the curfew begins to toll to an ancient chant, "*Le couvre feu.*" An archer and watchmen make their rounds, *Rentrez, habitants de Paris.* The people then quietly disperse, singing the same melody in unison. The Huguenots enter the inn on the right with their women; the Catholics and *grisettes* enter the inn on the left; the citizens withdraw before the watchmen; and the Pré-aux-Clercs is dark and deserted.

St. Bris and Maurevert re-enter from the chapel, St. Bris speaking mysteriously. "In an hour you may count upon our friends here," replies his companion, as they leave. The clarinets plays a short solo, accompanied chiefly by the viola and violoncello, *pizzicato*, to precede Valentine's appearance from the chapel. She has heard her father's plot to assassinate Raoul. How may she prevent it! Marcel enters to await the duel, remarking: "If Raoul falls I, too, will die." A scene and duo follow, in which Marcel expresses his fear and Valentine her love for Raoul, and in which the instrumentation is especially rich. Marcel runs to warn Raoul, but returns, unsuccessful; Valentine takes refuge in the chapel; and Raoul, St. Bris, and four others enter. Marcel, taking Raoul aside, tells him of the plot, after which the strings announced the theme of the *Septuor du duel*, begun by Raoul, "*En mon bon droit*," a bold, martial phrase. This is a very fine piece of seven-part writing, with an interruption of a few bars by Marcel, expressing his grief. The ground is measured and the swords chosen during the second part of the septour, in which the words "*Chacun pour soi et Dieu pour tous*" are constantly heard. Marcel is alarmed by a noise; it is Maurevert, who enters with armed men. The Huguenots begin their "*Rataplan*," so Marcel knocks at their inn for help, chanting the chorale, differently harmonized. They rush out, while the Catholics are reinforced from the other inn, for one student having looked out of the window has alarmed the rest. An intricate chorus

follows, in which each faction has its own themes. Guards enter, and pages with flambeaux escorting the Queen on horseback to her palace. Urbain demands respect for the Queen, and Marguerite, an explanation. St. Bris and Marcel give conflicting accounts. "Here is the lady now, who told of the plot to murder my master," says Marcel, for Valentine enters from the chapel. St. Bris, furious, tears off her masque, exclaiming in surprise: "My daughter!" Marguerite explains to Raoul that Valentine went to De Nevers to release herself. St. Bris triumphantly announces the marriage. Music is now heard from a distance, played on the stage and echoed in the orchestra. The Comte de Nevers is coming for his bride. A beautifully decorated and lighted barge moves over the river; it lands, and De Nevers steps out, saluting Valentine. This finale is magnificent. The stage is crowed with dancers, lords, and ladies; pages distribute gold at De Nevers's command and offer flowers and sweets. The music is most elaborate. The score calls for a special orchestra in the barge, composed of twenty-four pieces, of wood-wind, brass, cymbals, triangle, and drums; the two orchestras are used together, and the theme is splendidly worked up with ornate instrumentation. Although the wedding chorus, *Au banquet que le ciel leur apprête*, is joyous, the Catholics and Huguenots are muttering vengeance, whilst Marguerite tries to console Raoul and to restore peace. De Nevers and Valentine enter the barge, which pushes off, and Marguerite, mounting her horse, rides off as the curtain falls.

Act IV. — A few bars only, and the curtain rises on a large chamber in De Nevers's castle; portraits decorate the walls; a large door and window are at the back; a mantel-piece, near which is a closet concealed by tapestry; and a window overlooking the street. As Valentine, supported by the strings, bewails her fate, Raoul enters to await the blow from her husband and father. She begs him to fly. He refuses; but she persuades him to hide.

St. Bris, De Nevers, Tavannes, and other Catholic lords enter; St. Bris will reveal a plot of the Medici! He orders Valentine to retire; but De Nevers permits her to remain. Now follows the *Bénédiction des Poignards*, a pompous and thrilling melody announced by the strings. The lords agree to St. Bris's bloody proposal to exterminate the Huguenots, *Des troubles renaissants*. De Nevers is horrified. St. Bris replies that the cause is holy; Valentine voices her distress; De Nevers refuses to become an assassin and breaks his sword; Valentine wishes to tell her husband of the other plot; but the civil guards enter and lead De Nevers away. St. Bris details the plan for massacre. The signal is to be the tolling of the bell of St. Germain. Valentine (aside) calls on Heaven to protect Raoul. The doors open again and three monks enter with baskets containing white scarves, and followed by novices. They sing "*Gloire au grand Dieu vengeur*." During the richly instrumented music of descending thirds and sixths, the weapons are blessed. An *Allegro furioso* follows, in which ferocity is expressed in a most difficult ensemble, containing a notable *crescendo* aided by a terrific roll on the drum, with the addition of cymbals and the kettle-drum at the climax. The movement ends *diminuendo*, and all retire.

Raoul cautiously lifts the tapestry and tries one door. It is bolted. As he goes to the other, Valentine, entering, stops him. He replies to her questions that he will try to save his comrades. The duo, *O ciel! où courez-vous?* changes its key and rhythm several times. The orchestration is very rich in this duo, which contains a fine example of the mixture of the low sounds of the *cor anglais* with the bass notes of the clarinets and horns during a tremolo of double basses, giving, as Berlioz says, "a sonority as peculiar as it is novel, and well suited to colour, with its menacing impression, ideas in which fear and solicitude predominate." Valentine prevents Raoul's flight, and they vow mutual love. As Raoul

begs her to escape with him, the bell[1] is heard and he tears from her arms. To his dismay, she faints, but recovers, and he then jumps from the balcony. Valentine tries to follow, but gives a cry, and faints as the curtain falls.

Act V. — The movement of the last duo, with the sound of the distant bell, is continued before the curtain rises on a ball in the Hôtel de Nesle, Paris, where the Huguenot lords and ladies are gathered to honour Queen Marguerite and King Henri de Navarre. During the minuet the tolling bell creates a momentary surprise. It is again heard, but the dancers are now engaged in a gavotte, and are only interrupted by the entrance of bloody Raoul, who cries "To arms!" and relates the horrors now occurring, *À la lueur de leurs torches funèbres.* The frightened people draw their swords, and rush out.

The scene changes to a cemetery where there is a half-ruined Protestant church; to the right, a grille overlooking a public square. The orchestra plays until the wounded Marcel enters, seeking Raoul. Huguenot women, with their children, the aged, and infirm, seek safety in the church. Raoul finds Marcel, and Valentine rushes in with a white scarf for Raoul. He refuses to recant. Marcel relates that in trying to save him, De Nevers was assassinated. Learning this, Valentine wants to marry Raoul, who will not let her risk her life by becoming a Huguenot. At last he agrees to be united by Marcel. The Lutheran chorale is heard within. The lovers kneel, and Marcel gives his benediction, *Savez-vous qu'en joignant vos mains*, accompanied by a solo on the bass clarinet, — "An eloquent monologue," Berlioz calls it. The other

[1] The peculiar effect of tone which awakens the hearer's terror in this scene is accomplished by the tolling of a bell in low F, — the diminished fifth of the B played on the bassoons, which, aided by the low-notes (A and B-flat) of two clarinets give that sinister quality of tone which awakens the terror and alarm pervading this immortal scene. — Berlioz.

two singers respond. The hymn is again heard, but now the Catholics are attacking the church. Eleven brass instruments stationed within form a second band. The murderers sing *Abjurez Huguenots;* Valentine, looking through the windows, describes what is taking place. After a while there is silence. Look! Marcel is pointing to the sky: a Vision! (trio, *Ah! voyez le ciel.*) For the celestial music describing this tableau, ten harps are demanded by the composer for the two harp-parts. Murderers enter and offer the white scarf to these three, who scorn it; singing the chorale, they offer their breasts to the daggers. The lovers are separated, but return to embrace. The Catholic chorus, supported by trombones and harsh in harmony, offers a contrast to the serene music of the Huguenots, whose piety saves them. Firing is heard, and they all disperse. The scene changes to the *quais* of Paris under a starry sky. Soldiers (chorus: *Par le feu et par l'incendie*) pursue the Huguenot women and children. Raoul, mortally wounded, is led in by Valentine and Marcel. Valentine will not let him speak. St. Bris enters, ordering his arquebusiers to fire. Valentine is killed. Urbain enters, crying "*Place à la Reine*," for Marguerite is on her way to the Louvre. She sees Valentine, and checks the Catholics, while the Huguenots implore her protection. The curtains falls.

Der Fliegende Holländer

Dresden, 1843 The violent contrast between the accursed and despairing voyager, and the young maiden, loving and changed by sacrifice, who wants to drag him from the abyss, the magnetic sympathy between the immensity of this man's misery and the immensity of the love in a woman's heart, these two souls that are mutually attracted, that clasp and find supreme bliss in death — that is the whole drama — Édouard Schuré

HE overture begins with the *motiv* of the curse hanging over the Dutchman. It is several bars longs and is rhythmical rather than melodious, moving exclusively on the tonic and dominant. Here, too, by the union of horns and bassoons, unassuageable grief speaks. A tremolo of the violins high up on the tonic and dominant also depicts the agitated waters and carries us away to the open sea. From the sixth bar, this tremolo is strengthened by an up and down movement on the violins and 'cellos representing the waves. The long-drawn tones of the wind instruments swell on to billowy mounds that develop into giants, and covered with foam heave their crests like mountain tops of white sand. Now the storm rages; the wind moans and howls. The original *motiv* returns, accompanied by chromatic scales. Soon we hear separate signals and calls of distress that die away in the distance. This first picture then closes with *decrescendo*, and comes again in the second Act, when Senta relates the unhappy lot of the Captain.

Next comes a tender melodious phrase. We hear the angel of mercy bringing hope to the damned. Senta will sing it in her ballad in the second Act to the words, "The spectral man may yet find redemption." The horns now utter tones of complaint like the last sighs of a departing sorrow. The trombones play a descending passage which returns in the first Act when the ghost-ship first reefs her red sails. The original *motiv* now returns and shows us the gloomy hero himself speaking to us for the first time. Leaning against the mast, he coldly gazes at the billowy

wake of his ship. The strong east winds are his confidants. To them he complains, as once the Titan bewailed his loss to the Oceanides who surrounded him. Chained to his ship as to a floating Caucasus, this new Prometheus in plaintive monologue sings the melody that forms the culminating point of the great aria in the third scene of the first Act. The first violins, flutes, and oboes declaim the despairing passage, "*Wie oft . . . mein Grab, es schloss sich nicht?*" a part of the Dutchman's soliloquy when he first comes ashore. Then the tempest becomes more violent. The roaring of the angry waves redoubles. The outbursts of the storm and of the sorrow-burdened soul are in shrill conflict, and confused cries and voices arise from the sea. The thunder rolls with mighty force, like a dread menace, lightning flashes like the thought of Death. The hail also beats and hisses. The waves rise and fall like leviathans in combat. The Dutchman is unmoved amid the shattering of ironwork and the cracking of worm-eaten timbers, and gazes with a melancholy smile at the devastating storm, — the image of his inmost torments. He knows that his ship is the eternal plaything of the Satanic powers, and cannot be harmed. After seventy bars of *grandiose fortissimo*, we hear the approach of one of those rhythms with which sailors accompany their toil. It recurs in the first Act, when the trader casts anchor. It is followed by a sharply marked joyous strain from the sailors. Occasionally we hear an echo of the Senta-*motiv*, as if it were trying to escape from this mad tumult. The battle of the surges continues while the Senta-*motiv* strays hither and thither, like an angel of light, with wings bruised by the buffeting winds, till at last, exhausted, it sinks down on a ledge of rock which the invulnerable keel of the ship grazes. The damnation *motiv* returns with full intensity. The ship is unhurt, and sails ever onward in majesty and ghostly gloom. Suddenly a loud explosion, as of the mighty impact of a wave, drives the ship abruptly forward and holds it fast on the rock. Silence follows. Fear and stupefaction is over all.

Now like a thousand arrows, the violins storm in seven parts. The melody of the ballad glimmers and approaches like a brilliant meteor, bringing a new rhythm with it, — the same that accompanies Senta's words, "I am she, that shall save thee" ("*Ich sei's . . . erreichen*"), and again in the apotheosis at the close. The tempo in which it first appears gives it the character of a call of infinite compassion and mercy, but later a heroic and glowing rhythm transforms it into a kind of triumphant battle flourish.

Act I. — The storm still continues in the orchestra, and is visible on the stage as the curtain rises, showing the steep rocks of the Norwegian coast. It is night, and the sea is heaving violently. A merchantman is tossing in the waves. At last it finds anchorage. In his stage directions, the composer orders the waves to be "tower high." Only the flashes of the lightning allow us to see the sailors, who are working to the rhythmical strains. Daland, the captain, comes ashore to get his bearings, and finds that the storm has driven him seven miles beyond his port. Now the wind drops, and he orders his weary men to rest, also seeking it himself; and leaves the watch to a young pilot. The latter tries to keep himself awake by singing in praise of the south wind that carries the ship back to home and sweetheart. Sleepiness interrupts the song now and then, and as the wind abates the orchestra moderates and allows the tenor voice to stand out more distinctly. When he pauses, a boisterous wave again strikes the ship and awakens him anew to his song. The effective heaving, on the violins and 'cellos especially, continues till the appearance of the captain in the third scene. During a lull in the storm, the pilot finally falls sound asleep. Then the tempest increases again, and the plaintive, fatal melody sounds out of the thick clouds. Black, with blood-red sails, the ghost-ship comes into view. Swiftly it approaches amid more violent gusts of wind, vivid flashes of lightning, and rolls of thunder. It strikes the shore with a tremendous crash.

On deck are seen black-clothed sailors with long white beards. They cast anchor in gloomy silence. Paler than the others, the captain stands motionless against the mast. Then he slowly steps ashore and gazes sadly about him. From the orchestra surges up the damnation *motiv* which seems to shroud him. He leans against a rock, and in a hollow voice, fraught with the sorrow of centuries, he sings that the seven years' term is again over and the sea casts him ashore. Between each sentence, a great wave rises in the orchestra, threatening an endless succession of terms. With blazing wrath he rebels, and cries "*Ha stolzer Ocean!*" but soon he resumes his calm defiance. He will never find release on land. Sardonically he says he will remain true to the ocean. Then a gust of wind comes from the orchestra, and the waves swell — while he utters his proud complaint in the melodious *Arioso agitato* that has already appeared in the overture. The memory of suffering forces its way into the foreground. He tells how often he has vainly sought death on the rocks and courting the sword of the pirate. His anger arises, and he rebels against his lot, and then is silent and gazes boldly into the dark heavens. The 6/8 time changes to 4/4 and, to a tremolo of 'cellos and contra basses, the violins play their deepest notes. From time to time are added bassoons and clarinets and a flourish of kettledrums, and for several bars the trombones are associated with them in a deep register. The Dutchman is questioning the angel of the Almighty why fruitless hope was given to him when word was brought how to gain release. He has been foolish to try to escape his doom. Only one hope remains: let endless destruction be his lot!

The rhythm of this cry is extraordinarily effective. It is answered from the interior of the ship by sepulchral voices, as of the damned, full of secret reproach for their own ruin. The crew respond "*Ewg'e Vernichtung, nimm uns auf.*" Between the two cries, the damnation *motiv* again sounds. The plaintive monotony with which the

expressive tonality of C-flat persistently returns after the most daring modulations denotes the ever-recurring suffering. In the vocal pauses, the music accentuates unspeakable anguish.

Daland, awakened by the first beams of the sun, notices the ship that has arrived during the night. He hails it through his speaking trumpet, but without reply. Then he sees the Dutchman meditatively leaning against the rock, and goes towards him, asking whence he comes. The vocal pause between question and answer is filled by the orchestra with a striking harmony. "I come from afar!" the Dutchman replies in deep dejection. "Would you drive me from anchorage?" Daland welcomes him, rather, and tells of his own mishap, and asks, "What damage have you suffered?" Sorrowfully the Dutchman answers that his ship is safe. He cannot tell how many seas he has roved, and his heart longs only for the shore, but he never finds his native land. Daland is amazed. A baleful star must be following him! He would gladly help the Dutchman; what does his ship contain?

Starting with the words, "Driven from course by storm and wicked wind," there begins a singular cantilena of forty bars, accompanied by a figure on a single sustained chord of the violins and 'cello, supported by long sustained notes of the clarinets, horns, oboes, violas, and double basses. This sort of psalmody, or Song of Lamentation, conventional in its character, coming after the previous wild outbursts of passionate grief, produces the impression that the sufferers have become paralysed by their anguish. These forty bars bear some resemblance to the heavings of a dead sea where the waves meet as though too tired for movement.

The Dutchman begs Daland's hospitality, promising large rewards. He orders him to fetch a chest out of the ship; Daland opens it. It displays gold, pearls, and precious stones, on which Daland gazes with covetous eyes. In his delight, he asks who could possibly pay for such precious things. The Dutchman replies that it is a

mere trifle to what he possesses; the Norwegian shall have all he sees, if he will give him shelter! "How shall I understand that?" asks Daland. "Hast thou a daughter?" "Yes, indeed, a good, true child." "Let her be my wife." "What? my child your wife!" cries Daland, whose eyes are feasting more and more on the gold.

Then the Dutchman tells of his loneliness, and that if the other will help him, he will give him all his treasures.

Daland cannot resist the gold. He is disposed to be angry with himself for hesitating for a moment to close with such good fortune. It is like a dream. ("*Fast fürcht 'ich . . . schlage ich ein.*")

Here Wagner keeps down the suggestion of the tradesman in the father's expression of affection; we see Daland as he is, — an egotist who has had reproach and contempt poured upon him a thousand times for his greed, but who remains the avaricious dealer. Still, there is a streak of dignity in the man, because his love for his daughter is real. ("*Wohl Fremdling . . . in Glück.*")

The Dutchman replies in tones strange and uncanny, "*Dem Vater . . . gatten sein.*"

The word Fidelity, "*Treue*," uttered in this scene so often as to have become insipid, sounds on our ears here like a funeral bell, "*Du giebst . . . weib*," replies Daland, in tones in part suggesting paternal affection, in part the merchant's caution pricing the goods.

"Thou givest her to me?" again demands the strange wooer.

"Yes, I feel for your troubles," replies the Norwegian; awkward rustic as he is, he knows how to varnish this sale of his child with a surface of better motive. He tells the truth when he says that the Dutchman is just the son-in-law he has wanted. So he settles with the Dutchman that the moment the wind is favourable they will land at Daland's home.

The merchant now gives way to his delight, and thanks the tempest which drove him out of his course at so

auspicious a moment; he congratulates himself on getting such a desirable son-in-law. The unhappy captain, on the other hand, is oppressed by grief. What impels him to the temptation? It can only be foolish Hope lurking at the bottom of Pandora's box.

The storm has now all but passed. The wind springs up; both ships set out. Daland's goes first to show the way. While the sailors are raising the anchors, they sing again those characteristic, long-sustained notes which they had voiced at landing in the first scene: "*Hoho! Hallo! Hallo!*" and then repeat, in chorus, the whole song of the young pilot in honour of the south wind which fills full the white sails.

In the refrain, there are some suggestions of the measures of the dance which are to celebrate the return in the third Act.

The other verses are still heard upon the merchant's vessel, as it loses itself in the distance. But on the black ship with the red sails, which is handled with astonishing skill and quickness, not a sound is heard. In a silence as of death, it follows on the other's course.

Act II. — The second Act is preceded by an intermezzo. The orchestra takes hold of the song of the pilot, and then, repeating the "Chorus of farewell," we see the worthy Daland sailing away, delighted with the precious chest, which the Dutchman had brought to his ship; and with bringing a husband home for his daughter! We follow him till he reaches the harbour, when we are quickly transported to Senta's presence, and hear the whir of the spinning-wheels and some notes of the refrain which the maidens are singing.

A chamber, wainscotted in Scandinavian fashion, adorned with models of corvettes, cutters, schooners, and coloured copper-plate engravings of marine scenes, shows us a group of young women at the spinning-wheel.

They sing a charming song with *obbligato* accompaniment of the spinning-wheels. Senta takes no part in it. Sunk in melancholy reflection, her hands rest idly in her lap.

Her nurse, Mary, interrupts the chorus; but the young girls go on with their singing. The whirring of the wheels joins in with the steady trilling of the violins, to which the second violins add charming rhythms; and this goes on till the singers become impatient with Senta, who takes no notice of her companions, but keeps her eyes fixed with a steady gaze on one of those illuminated pictures which are to be found in almost all seamen's houses, commemorating some ballad or popular legend. It represents the Dutch captain as tradition has preserved him.

Mary scolds her a little. "How can she always be busying herself with that unhappy picture?" says the nurse. The girls all join in, and make fun of Senta's being so taken up with the picture, and tell her to be careful, or her betrothed, the forester Erik, will be dreadfully jealous. All this upsets Senta, who dislikes being woke out of her dreamy abstraction, and she asks her nurse to sing the ballad about the Dutch captain. But the old woman refuses with horror, and says with awful solemnity, "Let the Flying Dutchman alone, let him alone;" at which words the orchestra plainly sounds the *motiv* of the Dutchman's curse.

"How often have I heard you repeat it!" replies Senta; and she sings the ballad herself. The girls are curious, and very willing to be interrupted in their work. So they flock round Senta to hear the song, which everybody knows, but which Senta sings so beautifully.

The song begins with its refrain, which is the *motiv* of the curse, an exact repetition of the first bars of the overture ("*Io-ho hoe!*" etc.).

The girls join in the last lines, "Pray Heaven that soon some woman plight him faith inviolably kept!" But Senta goes on with increased energy, telling of his trying every seven years to find a faithful woman and never succeeding.

Her agitation increases, until she falls back in her chair exhausted. The girls have become agitated in sympathy,

and are now in a very serious mood. They fold their hands as in prayer, and sing the last words of the ballad in chorus, *pianissimo*, "Where is she, that woman who is to be faithful until death?" No sooner have they said this, than Senta starts out of her fainting condition, and with the phrase we know so well in the peroration of the overture, heightened now in rhythm, "The pale man can then only be released," she cries; "let me be the one to save; me whom the Angel of God points out, I will be the faithful saving one!" And she turns to the picture with outstretched arms, as if it were a living thing, and casts herself wildly upon it.

At this passionate outburst, all recoil in horror. The fancy is too dreadfully like reality.

At the same moment, Erik, Senta's betrothed, announces the arrival of the ship.

This news turns their thoughts, and they are all delighted. The girls hurry to meet the men, among whom is many a sweetheart, many a brother. But Mary holds them back, and tells them that they must first prepare the festive meal for the home-comers.

The girls sulk a little at this, and their ill-humour vents itself in a little lively chorus; it is not so subtle as the spinning-wheel song, but it is marked by girlish spirit and merriment.

When the girls have gone, Erik keeps Senta back, and tells her of the impatience with which he looks forward to the happy moment of their union, and entreats her to ask her father to hasten and settle that day. His address to Senta is full of that anxious tenderness which tries to convince itself that love is returned but is not certain of it.

It is clear at once that Erik has for some time felt Senta's love to be something too equable, too unimpassioned; it cannot have really filled her soul. He sees that she prefers solitude to being with him, that she regards his love as something given to her by him rather than something which they mutually share. Senta at first makes

evasive answer, and, as he becomes more pressing, she is less and less willing and accuses him of suspecting her. Erik, like all awkward lovers, says unjust things, and at last loses his temper. He accuses her of being too much taken up with that ballad, singing it so often; that she is always staring at the picture of the Flying Dutchman; and that she is altogether too sorry for that damned captain.

Erik has now injured her in all her most secretly felt sympathies. She finds herself unable to endure his reproaches quietly, and takes an attitude of opposition which passes into one of ill-will to him. She asks him with a sort of hauteur, "Am I not then to compassionate the lot of that most wretched one?"

"Does not my suffering touch you any more?" Erik asks with astonishing simplicity.

"O! boast not your sufferings, what can they possibly be?"

Senta then takes him to the portrait, and gives him the full benefit of a comparison between his humble self and the great accursed one.

"What can *your* sufferings be?" asks Senta gloomily. "Can *you* feel the agony with which he looks down on me, or how the eternal loss of his peace goes like a dagger through my heart?" She lays her hand on that heart as though it were bursting. But Erik exclaims, "Woe, woe! Miserable dream! Satan has thee in his toils."

Yes, he has had a dream! Senta, exhausted with agitation, sinks back into a chair. She closes her eyes that she may the better see the man who is always in her imagination. Her head is carelessly thrown back, her arms hang by her side, all strength seems gone from her. She seems to be falling into sleep, yet to understand every word uttered. Her sleep becomes that of the clairvoyant. She accompanies all he says with appropriate gestures, and now strikes in with speech. The accursed ship and captain are now no mere creatures of her fancy. She sees them, hears them, feels their movements, and is sure that they

are approaching; in her ecstasy she sees her father with the pale man, just as Erik has told of them; he dreamed that the two were coming, that she hastened towards them, and sank to the ground before the Dutchman, who raised and embraced her passionately. This in dialogue between Erik and the sleeper. "And then?" she asks with glowing cheeks and a happy smile. "And then," replies the horror-stricken Erik, "I saw you flee from us on the sea!"

As he utters these words, Senta rises; her eyes are fixed, wide open; the glowing cheeks become deathly pale. She stretches forth her hand and exclaims in deep tones: "He seeks me! I must see him! His doom must be mine!"

Erik is terrified; he wrings his hands and sobs: "Horror of horrors! Ha, all is clear to me! It is all over with her! My dream was true!" and dashes wildly from the room.

Senta is alone. She turns, opens wide her arms, and goes up to the picture with infinite affection in her looks, while the orchestra gives in subdued tones the *motiv* of the curse, and she sings, *mezza voce*, the refrain of the ballad: "Ah, unhappy mariner, when wilt thou find her?" While she is thus sunk in contemplation of the portrait, the door opens and the captain stands there as though in a frame. His face is identical with that of the picture.

Senta hears the door open, turns, and sees him; she utters an awful cry. Then she stands petrified, and gazes with terror in her eyes, but firmness and determination too. This being, appearing so suddenly, is he whom she has to follow, if need be to her death?

So she stands there like a creature almost turned to stone. All voice seems to have died out of her; while the *motiv* of the curse is solemnly sounded by the orchestra.

Daland is astonished at his daughter's fixed stare, and asks her why she stands there without coming to him. She embraces him, but still keeps her eyes fixed on the stranger, searching his countenance anxiously. To her question, "Who is he?" Daland answers that he is an exile condemned

to wander far from his home, possessed of illimitable wealth, and now hoping to make a new home with them.

"Will that bore you or vex you?" he adds with a little touch of sarcasm. Senta, whose gaze sinks deeper and deeper into the eyes of the stranger, bows her head with a gentle sweetness. Daland can hardly conceal his satisfaction, and turns to his wealthy guest to enjoy the admiration his daughter so plainly causes, and which, as the father thinks, clinches the bargain between them. "Don't deny it, she adorns her sex!" he says to the wooer, who now also bends his head in serious assent. The couple before him seem little willing to utter a word, so Daland tries to bring them nearer to each other by all sorts of little speeches and noddings and winkings. And he formally announces to his daughter that he has promised this noble exile her hand. She makes no reply, except by a gesture signifying consent; she shows by her manner that her heart tells her that the ruin which she was willing to incur was to be brought to her, *was* brought by her father's own hand. The father shows her some cases of jewels; she will not turn her head to vouchsafe them a single glance. As the pair persist in silence, Daland says slyly that he supposes he is not wanted, and that it would be better to leave them together. But before he goes, he turns to his guest to whisper, "Trust me! She is beautiful, but as true as beautiful!"

The long duo between Senta and her pale lover is the culminating point of the work.

The Dutchman lays his hand on his forehead to collect his crowding thoughts. Senta's penetrating eyes show that what she does she fully understands. Still, is this woman real after all? As he clasps his hand to his forehead, the hat with the black feather falls from his head, the hat with the agrafe that always calls to mind the mysterious carbuncle which, according to legend, the Prince of Darkness always wears when he takes the form of a knight for a visit to the earth.

This gesture is the first real sign of life he gives. Up to this moment he has stood rigid, like a being summoned from the grave. Now it seems as though he were becoming human, he moves; his eyes had seemed coals of fire under the broad brim of his hat, not so now; his pale temples are covered with locks of rich brown hair. But Senta remains standing with her eyes fixed upon him; and from the orchestra ascends the *motiv* of the curse. Two bassoons give the notes, three strokes of the drum mark its close.

They exchange no words, but both speak in low tones to themselves of their astonishment and anxiety at this unexpected, incredible realization of their presentiments. The Dutchman says that the girl's image speaks like the dream of times long past. Can it be love he feels for her? Ah, no! it is the despairing longing to be restored, saved, healed. Will it be through her? Yet he feels that love is rising in him, love and admiration. But the old fear comes lest this be only one more disappointment. Senta, on the other hand, whose gaze never leaves him, is thinking of the many tears she has wept for him, the many fervent prayers she has put up to God that she may be chosen for his salvation.

The colouring of the instrumentation is very temperate here. It seems as though the orchestra were unwilling to do anything to qualify the impression produced by the two noble forms on the stage. All that we hear is a restless pulsation of the horns, like the beating of two hearts. The phrases are broad, long breathed. There are few examples in all music of melodies so lengthy, or of such majesty.

At last the Dutchman approaches Senta and asks if she wills what her father has promised; whether she will be his salvation and end his sufferings. He knows that she knows the whole truth. The dumb searching of her merciful eyes has shown him from the first that this is no simple, artless girl, but a being of highest stamp. There-

fore he addresses her at once in terms befitting that superiority.

With feminine tenderness and nobility, Senta avoids all open mention of the great mystery of his life. "Whoever thou art; whate'er thy ruin; however great that ruin; whatsoever the lot assigned to me; I shall ever be obedient to my father."

At these words, spoken as though she was taking an inviolable vow upon herself, the horns speak as though Senta's heart were doubling its beats at this moment decisive of life and death. She hides the glowing of her quick, nascent love under the cloak of obedience to her father. The Dutchman exclaims, "How! so immediately, so unconditionally! Does compassion for me pierce thee so?" Senta replies: "Ah, what sufferings thine! Oh, if I could but bring thee comfort!" The unhappy man hears, and understands. And he speaks not of love, but kneels, and greets her as a messenger of Heaven, and both sing together that if he ever is to be saved, it can only be through her.

But he is too great to accept such a gift, to earn his peace and salvation at such cost, to ruin such a soul. The Dutchman rises, and singing that song of lament which he had already sung to the morning breezes, his only confidants, and which he had repeated when he landed, he now portrays the terrors of the cruel fate to which she, in all the bloom of her youth, would be subject if united to him. He tries to hold her back from sharing so heavy a burden. She knows what woman's sacred duties are, she tells him, and bids him take comfort; he may well let the decree of fate be passed upon a woman who knows how to defy it; her heart is pure, she knows what fidelity commands, and will bring to the man to whom she consecrates herself faithfulness even unto death.

The lines in which she so reassures him are given in declamatory melody at once powerful and tender. The accompanying wind instruments leave all the impress of

courage and love upon the words. Only twice do the first violins break into her answer with a figure borrowed from the melopœia of the Dutchman; this, though short, and in the same as the earlier key, is shifted abruptly to the major from minor, so that it suggests a ray of joy coming into those eyes which had so long ceased to have any fire in them. And now the two voices join in a duo full of agitated passion. Senta exclaims, "Here let him find a home, here let his ship rest in harbour!" After this outburst of devotion, follows a prayer that Heaven may support her. She is lowly now, a true handmaiden of the Lord. She cries, "Almighty one, let that which exalts me be Fidelity, Truth, and only Truth!" At love and devotion so lavish, new life streams through the Dutchman's veins. The sense of gratitude almost overturns his brain; he presses Senta convulsively to his heart. The blood comes back into his hollow cheeks; into the half-dead glance comes new life. Each loves and is loved. Stern fate has no more terrors for them. They are made happy.

Act III. — The introduction begins with the final *motiv* of the duo. Then comes that cry of Senta's which preceded her prayer, "What mighty force is this that springs up in me?" and the corresponding utterance of the Dutchman, "Thou star of woe, pale shalt thou grow!" Then comes the *motiv* of that passage of the ballad, "Ah, pale mariner, couldst thou but find her!" Then we come to the song of the mariners when the trading-ship sets out for home in the first Act. The measures of this song are strong and merry, and bring to mind all the joys which now are to be realized.

The scene shows the harbour. The Dutchman's ship is at anchor beside Daland's, which is dressed as for a festival with streamers. Like garlands of flowers of light, lamps hang among the masts and yards, and seem to be a web of light woven into the rigging of the ship. The crew are dancing and carousing on shore.

The scene is all laughter and noisy enjoyment. The song is the *motiv* we know already in the overture, where it contrasts with another that represents the awful desolation and ruin of the supernatural ship. The latter is dark and silent, as though shrouded by some impenetrable veil of horror. Its ropes are all black, its sails deep red, standing out from a background of dark clouds. It is a strange contrast with the festive appearance of the Norwegian. There is an atmosphere of terror about it. But the gay seamen do not seem to mind it at all. The feast goes on with increasing merriment, and all grow more jovial in their cups. Women arrive with baskets filled with good things to eat and drink. Then desperate flirtations occur all over the stage.

The girls, who have been with Senta and who have already heard of her betrothal, have thought that the companions of her captain lover ought to have some refreshments. But they don't see any of the strangers among the Norwegian sailors, so they go up to the quay and call to them to come. But not a living soul is to be seen on board. Daland's sailors make merry over it; they tell the girls that they are silly creatures to spend their precious cookery on those surly fellows who like their sleep below better than the girls' company. The girls call them again. Then all listen for some reply. This silent listening is admirably indicated by a *pianissimo* breathing of three deep horns on a chord of a minor key quite remote from the preceding, — C-major. Dead silence as before! The noisy, merry crowd on the stage feels it, but won't admit it, and jokes even more boisterously. The girls sing to the sleepers, "How is this, sailors? Sleepy things, are you all in bed there already, can't you come and make merry like the others?" They laugh, but it is forced laughter; there is more fear than fun in it. The women pluck up their spirits, and call in ironic tones to the sleepy fellows to come up. The men now join them in the mocking invitation, making all sorts of humorous remarks.

But, ever since that uncanny chord in the minor sounded, the merry strains of the sailors seem to be trembling with something as far as possible from hilarity. The men are becoming agitated. Again the men and women stop their cries, and all listen intently. After a dead silence again, there sounds a prolonged minor chord like the earlier one, preceded by a chord of the diminished seventh of F-minor. The men and women are now curious indeed, and not a little frightened, though they try to conceal their terror, and call loudly again to the dumb ship. Again for a third time come a pause and silence, and a third simple chord, prolonged, *pianissimo*, on bassoons and horns, preceded by the chord of the diminished seventh of C-minor.

They are all now so upset that they leave the quay and go back to their drinking. A cup or two soon restores their merriment and courage. All the baskets are emptied. The dance, drinking, and feasting go on more merrily than ever. However, after a while, the women leave, and the men sing their first song again. The orchestra now accompanies it in a different manner. The strings give us pearly shakes in the lower parts; flute, oboe, clarinet, and bassoon, sounding the upper part. At the moment when that tremolo and shaking of the violins has reached its highest point, ascending chromatically, there is seen waving on the forecastle of the Dutchman a gloomy, black-blue flame, as though hell-fire itself were coming up from the hold. The chromatic current of the orchestra dashes itself suddenly upon the *motiv* of the curse in a gloomy chord of B-minor that sounds like the death of all joy. Now the crew of the Dutchman suddenly spring up out of the gloom their ship is wrapped in, and gather round the mast, filling the air with their wild savage song: "Ioho — ho — Iohoho — the storm drives to land. In sail! out anchor! Into bay! Black Captain, to shore, to shore! Seven years gone! Woo the blonde girl, may she be true! Merry now, bridegroom, storm is the bridal music. Ocean dances

at the bridals. Ha! Ha! It whistles, the storm! Art there again, Captain? Where's the bride, the bride, the bride? Away to sea! Not lucky in love, Captain! Howl, rage, tempest! Canst not split *our* sails. They're the Devil's own sails! Won't split to all eternity!"

The music here is already of the Satanic-Bacchanalian order: hoarse cries, yelling laughter, wild curses, devilish merriment, whistlings of scorn. The modulations are as wild as possible, and six piccolos are employed, the high tones of which strike upon the ear like a flight of arrows from the hands of gnomes; and the noise of the storm is rendered by blasts of the wind instruments strengthened by blows on tamtams. It is all as though there were present a horde of invisible monsters of metal dashing their iron heads together in applauding delight. Daland's own crew have been singing on, and do not seem to notice the tremendous noise of the Dutchman, which, however, seems to come nearer and nearer to them. However, they soon become aware of the scornful refrain. They are much startled, and ask themselves whether this is an illusion of their half-tipsy senses, or witchcraft, or evil spirits. However, they think the best way to get those horrible ghastly echoings and mockings out of their ears is to go back to the wine, and sing again; but each time they are overtopped by the hellish, "*Huissa, johoho, johoho!*" of the Dutchmen, till at last a *crescendo* and *fortissimo* of really devilish power reduces them entirely to silence. After this strange competition, the supernatural chorus goes on alone in scornful triumph until the swollen stream of the savage singing dashes down in a cataract of hellish laughter, "Ha, ha, ha," prolonged until the paralyzed Norwegians cross themselves, and flee from the terrible place, when the laughter suddenly ceases.

The very air is still. The black singers have disappeared. Not a sound anywhere; it is like the deathly quiet of the churchyard in the night hours.

This curse-laden, dithyrambic song is enhanced by bringing into it (with the horns, the drums accompaning as bass)

the *motiv* of the curse. After these instruments, together with the bassoon, have made suggestion of Senta's words, "Ah, pale mariner, when wilt thou find her?" we fancy that the piece is going to end in simple unison. But that uncanny minor chord which had sounded three times to the terror of all, returns here again, and is prolonged during the deep silence that follows.

Now Senta appears. She is clad in the pretty costume of Norwegian brides. Erik, poor tiresome Erik, comes there, thinking it a good opportunity to load her with his reproachful tendernesses.

The Captain comes in while this conversation is going on; he is struck by it and remains in the background listening. In vain does Senta tell Erik that she cannot listen to him any longer. In a beautifully impressive cavatina, he reminds her of all the signs of her preference for him, mute but full of promise. He forces her in some sort to share his present tortures. The Dutchman learns that Senta has loved already. He is violently agitated by the thought that the day may come when she may shed tears for the loss of this soft, peaceful love, and repent her quick surrender to him, and at last break her oath of fidelity, and so be eternally lost.

With the swift resolve of a great nature, he hurries up to her, bids her farewell, and dashes to his ship, crying, "To sea, to sea! Farewell, forever! Thy fidelity cannot be! My salvation cannot be! Farewell, I will not be thy ruin!" The sailors appear upon the deck and repeat, "To sea, to sea!" and their Captain adds, "Bid farewell to the shore for all eternity!" Senta hurries after him, clings to his arm, and holds him back, reproaching him for doubting her fidelity. But he answers in frenzy, "I doubt of thee! I doubt of God! To sea, to sea, there is no faith on earth!"

Erik sees his betrothed, so cold to him, now turned into a creature of utter indomitable passion. He can only imagine it to be the work of the powers of darkness.

Uttering loud cries, he dashes out for help, so that Senta may be freed, forcibly, if need be, from these toils of hell.

The moment is decisive; the Dutchman sees Senta exposed to the greatest dangers; his own salvation he can never expect through any other woman. But he will not leave this beloved woman without telling her all that concerns him. So he cries out in loud tones, "Learn what fate it is I ward from thee; I stand condemned to the most horrible of fates; tenfold death were better. A woman alone can save me, a woman consecrating herself to me till death. Thou hast promised me thy faith; but not yet vowed it before the Eternal. This saves thee. For know, unhappy one, what awaits the women who have broken their fidelity to me. Eternal damnation is their lot! Countless are the victims who have come under this sentence through me. But thou shalt be saved. Farewell! and thou, my soul's salvation, farewell forever!" Senta wrings her hands in despair; she cries out to him that she knows him; she knows the duty she has vowed to fulfil, she is determined to save him.

Now, Daland, Mary, and the whole horrified crowd come in with Erik. "No," cries the Dutchman; "thou knowest me not, dost not dream who I am. Ask the sea in all the zones of earth, ask the mariner that traverses all oceans; he knows the ship, the terror of all pious souls; they call me the Flying Dutchman!"

The music of the phrase here comes very near to being the *motiv* of the curse. His crew take up the strain immediately, in gloomy tones, "*Johoho, johoho!*"

Now the Dutchman succeeds in tearing himself loose from Senta. He places her in her father's arms, springs on board in violent agitation, and the ship puts off. Senta struggles, frees herself, dashes up to a jutting point of the rocks, and cries to her beloved: "Sing praise to thine Angel and his Decree. Here behold me, faithful to Death!" — and so plunges into the waves.

At the same moment, the doomed ship is seen to sink in the waves. A few minutes after, we see the sky of Heaven opening with wonderful light, opening wide to the zenith. We see Senta and the man she has saved borne up by the clouds, crowned with a glorious halo; they are at the very centre of a mass of the Northern Lights. At the same time, the orchestra takes up the *motiv* of the ballad, in D-major. It is transformed; expiation and victory have come, and the pain of the melody is turned into the strain of devotion, while the melody remains the same *motiv*, just as in the peroration of the overture.

Don Pasquale

Paris, 1843

The music of *Don Pasquale* is probably the cleverest Donizetti ever wrote. . . . It is full of spirit and animation — H. Sutherland Edwards

In eight days Donizetti wrote the score of *Don Pasquale*, the charming *buffa* work, frank and of free inspiration, recalling the style of the good Italian masters of the second half of the Eighteenth Century — F. J. Fétis

FTER a short, but pleasing overture, formed of the principal melodies of the opera and beginning with the theme of the serenade in the last Act, the curtain rises on a room in Don Pasquale's house in Rome.

Don Pasquale (baritone) an old bachelor, economical, credulous and obstinate, but kind-hearted, is alone, in his dressing-gown and velvet cap. Looking at his watch, he reveals his impatience in a recitative. Dr. Malatesta (bass) for whom he is waiting, enters, to tell him he has found the very wife for him. He pretends that she is his sister, and describes her in such glowing terms in a romanza, *Bella siccome*, that Don Pasquale is inspired to sing of his burning ardour in a cavatina, *Un foco insolito mi sento addosso*, after which he bids Malatesta go and fetch her instantly. He must see her. Ernesto (tenor), Don Pasquale's nephew, now enters, and in the following scene and duet, *Prender moglie*, Don Pasquale offers the hand of a certain lady to Ernesto, and with it an income; but the latter, true to his own love, refuses. Whereupon Don Pasquale announces his approaching marriage, disinherits his nephew, and orders him to leave his house. The amazed Ernesto advises his uncle to confer with Dr. Malatesta; but the Don replies, not only has he Malatesta's approval, but the lady is his sister. Ernesto is furious.

The scene changes to a room in the house of Norina, a young widow with whom Ernesto is in love and whom Don Pasquale dislikes, although he has never seen her. She enters, reading a romantic passage from a book. After

singing her cavatina, *Quel guardo il cavaliere*, she rather amusingly congratulates herself upon possessing the arts of coquetry, and then begins to wonder what is the trap Dr. Malatesta is preparing for Don Pasquale. A servant interrupts her by bringing a letter. It is from Ernesto, and it gives her great distress.

Dr. Malatesta now enters joyfully; but his spirits are quelled by Norina's saying, whatever it is, she will not play that trick on Don Pasquale, and hands him Ernesto's letter, which he reads aloud. In it Ernesto abuses Dr. Malatesta, once his friend, and tells Norina that his uncle has disinherited him and driven him away from home, — therefore he must bid her farewell.

Malatesta consoles Norina; he will arrange everything; Ernesto shall be in the plot, too; and then he tells Norina the whole story, — how he tried in vain to dissuade Don Pasquale from any marriage, but, finding him determined, he undertook the task of selecting a wife for him. He has pretended to offer his sister, a simple girl brought up in a convent. Norina shall play the part of this girl, and go through a mock marriage; his cousin has promised to be the Notary. The delighted Norina begins to rehearse her rôle, and with such success that Malatesta is in ecstasies. This duet, *Pronta io son*, is always much admired.

Act II. — After a prelude, with a cornet-à-piston *obbligato*, the curtain rises in Don Pasquale's house. Ernesto, alone, bewails his misfortunes and the loss of Norina in a recitative, *Povero Ernesto*, followed by an aria, *Cercherò lontana terra*. Seeing his uncle approaching, he leaves.

Don Pasquale enters, magnificently dressed and followed by a servant, to whom he gives orders to admit no one but Dr. Malatesta and his companion. The consciousness of his approaching marriage makes him vain, and as he is admiring himself, Dr. Malatesta enters with the veiled Norina. Malatesta motions Don Pasquale to hide.

Norina acts her part to perfection, talking shyly to Malatesta, and revealing her artless simplicity. Malatesta soon fetches Don Pasquale, and formally presents him. Don Pasquale brings three chairs, and they all sit down. Norina, now known as Sofronia, modestly gives her ideas of an industrious, economical, and simple life, delighting Don Pasquale. This terzetto, *Via da brava*, is very amusing. Finally, Don Pasquale persuades Malatesta to lift his sister's veil; and, when her beauty is revealed, he is almost insane with joy. He wishes to have the marriage performed at once. Fortunately, this can be done, for Malatesta has brought the Notary with him and goes to fetch him in.

The servants bring a table, writing-materials, and a hand-bell. The Notary seats himself and writes at Dr. Malatesta's dictation. Don Pasquale makes over all his belongings to Norina, and gives her full sway in his household. The contract is signed during this quartette, but the Notary wishes another witness. Fortunately, Ernesto's voice is heard at the door. Norina drops her pen in affright; the Doctor is also alarmed, for Ernesto has not yet been told of the plot. Ignoring the company, Ernesto goes to bid Don Pasquale good-bye, and the latter demands that he shall be a witness to the marriage contract. Turning, Ernesto sees Norina and is about to spoil the whole game, when Dr. Malatesta introduces her as "his sister Sofronia," and (aside) bids Ernesto aid their strategem. Although unwilling, because he does not understand, Ernesto gives his signature. Immediately upon the signing of the contract, Norina's manner changes. She refuses Don Pasquale's embrace; bids Ernesto remain to be her cavalier; and even threatens to lay violent hands on Don Pasquale if he thwarts her. The *Adagio* of the quartette, *E rimasto la impietrato*, is most amusing. The old bachelor is alarmed; Ernesto begins to understand matters; Norina is acting her part of Sofronia; and Malatesta is delighted. Norina now rings the bell. When the three servants appear, she

promises to double the salary of the Major-Domo, and bids him increase the servants to two dozen, buy two carriages and ten horses, and order a dinner for fifty. The astonished Don refuses to pay for all this, and quarrels with Norina. The latter manages to speak to Ernesto, and the Doctor devotes himself to Don Pasquale, warning the lovers to be careful, or they will yet spoil the game.

Act III. — The curtain rises on the same room. Gowns, hats, shawls, pelisses, laces, and band-boxes are lying on the chairs, table, and floor in great confusion. Don Pasquale is at a desk contemplating a pile of bills in a state of consternation. Ernesto and Malatesta are present. Several servants are in waiting; a hairdresser passes out from Norina's rooms.

The first lady's maid brings the diamonds; a servant announces the milliner, who enters with a pile of band-boxes, and is shown into Norina's room; the third lady's maid, carrying a pelisse, a large bouquet, and smelling-bottles, orders a servant to put them in the carriage; the fourth lady's maid brings a fan, gloves, and a veil; the fifth lady's maid gives an order about the horses; and in the midst of the bustle Don Pasquale exclaims that the din will drive him mad. Left alone, he examines the accounts. Certainly he must remonstrate; and here comes Norina now! She is superbly dressed. A duet follows, *Signorina, in tanta fretta vorrebbe dirmi.* She tells him she is going to the theatre. He forbids and bars the way, whereupon she boxes his ears. He then tells her to go where she pleases; he is furious. As Norina leaves, she purposely drops a letter. Don Pasquale reads it. He is shocked; a lover will meet her in the garden and announce his coming by a song! Ringing the bell, Don Pasquale bids his servant go for Malatesta, and then he leaves the room.

A chorus of lady's maids and other servants enters, comments on the situation, *Che interminabile andiri e vieni*, and leaves.

Dr. Malatesta and Ernesto now appear at the door, making plans for the scene to be enacted in the garden. Ernesto leaves, and Malatesta soliloquizes that the fact of his being sent for shows that the letter regarding the nocturnal meeting has evidently had the desired effect; but he is unhappy at seeing the approaching Don Pasquale so sad and changed. However, he continues to dissemble. Don Pasquale, much dejected, enters. They greet, and Don Pasquale's remark, "Better have given a thousand Norinas to Ernesto than to have such a state of things!" is as Dr. Malatesta says aside, "worth knowing." Don Pasquale tells Malatesta about the box on the ear, shows him the letter, and vows revenge. He has a scheme; and, begging his friend to be seated, he unfolds it. They shall go into the garden, with servants to surround the thicket, pounce upon the guilty lovers, and take them to the mayor. Malatesta objects, and suggests that they go unattended; but Don Pasquale will not agree to this. Then Malatesta suggests they play the part of eavesdroppers, and, if the wife's treachery is proved, then he can order her out of the house. That will do! Malatesta then says Don Pasquale must give him *carte blanche* to do and say in his name whatever he thinks fit. The Don accedes, and the duetto is ended by Don Pasquale singing that "his little wife is caught in a trap," while Malatesta sings, "the Don is caught in a trap."

The scene changes to a garden, into which steps lead from Don Pasquale's house; on the right, a summer-house. Ernesto sings his serenade, *Com' è gentil*, with guitar accompaniment and a tambourine behind the scenes, with chorus from within — a favourite number, written in the suave Italian style.

Norina steals cautiously from the summer-house, and they sing a sentimental nocturne, *Tornamia dir che m' ami*. At its conclusion, Ernesto half fears the end of this trick, but Norina reassures him. With a dark lantern, Don Pasquale and Dr. Malatesta creep through the

the garden. Ernesto hides. Don Pasquale throws the light full on Norina's face: she screams for help. In reply to her pretended husband's question, Norina answers: "No one was here." While Don Pasquale and Malatesta search the shrubbery, Ernesto slips into the house.

Don Pasquale orders her to leave his home. "The house is mine," replies Norina, "and here I'll stay." Don Pasquale utters an exclamation. Malatesta reminds him of his promise to let him do as he pleases, and, in an aside, tells Norina to keep up her rôle, then aloud; "Sister, I want to save you from a blow. You had better leave, for another bride is coming." Don Pasquale listens with great interest. "Another bride!" exclaims Norina, "and whose bride, pray?" "Ernesto's: her name is Norina," answers Malatesta. "What! that coquettish widow!" exclaims Norina. "Norina and myself under the same roof! Never! I'll leave it." Don Pasquale is delighted, and Malatesta says, "I see no other way out of it; either Ernesto and Norina must marry, or this woman will not leave you." He then calls Ernesto, who enters from the house, and tells him that his uncle consents to let him marry Norina, and will give him an income of four thousand crowns. Ernesto thanks Don Pasquale. Malatesta tells the latter that there is no time to be lost, and begs him to say yes. Norina interrupts with opposition. "I agree," says Don Pasquale, and bids Ernesto go for Norina at once. "No need," answers Malatesta, "she is here." Explanations follow. The Don at first is furious; but Malatesta tells him he wanted to prevent his marrying; and he becomes good-humoured at the thought that he is free. He pardons them all, and embraces Ernesto and Norina. They all join in a rondo, *La morale è molto bella*, in which Norina sings a solo, the theme of which is, "He who when old takes a wife, will get nothing but trouble."

Tannhäuser

Dresden, 1845

Here the decisive catastrophe proceeds without the least constraint from a lyric tournament of bards, in which no other power save the most hidden workings of the soul drives onward the decisive blow, and in such a manner that even this *dénoûment's* form belongs purely to the lyric element — RICHARD WAGNER

THE overture is cast in the regular form; it is an epitome of the opera. First comes the *Pilgrims' Chorus*, grave and majestic, announced on the wind and reinforced by the strings, and developed with striking rhythmical ornaments on the violins, gradually dying away. The *Venusberg* abruptly follows, introduced on the viola, fantastic and fiery. Then comes the *Hymn to Venus* like a trumpet call, in B-major. After various developments of the Venus music, the *Pilgrims' Chorus* returns, accompanied by the insistent violin figure, and bold and brilliant chords close the overture.

ACT I. — The curtain rises upon the rosy grotto of the Venusberg. Sirens are disporting in the blue lake that extends in the background, and singing their chorus, *Naht euch dem Strande;* bacchantes and nymphs are dancing; and lovers are grouped about. Venus, queen of this underworld (soprano), reclines in the foreground, and Tannhäuser, the Troubadour Knight (tenor), rests his head upon her lap. The *Venusberg motiv* is constantly heard. The dances and songs become more lively, and mists from the lake gradually gather and hide the sirens and dancing couples. In the great duet between Venus and Taunhäuser (*Geliebter, Sag'!*), the knight, passing his hand across his brow, has memories of the earth which he left years ago, memories of the fresh meadows, of the stars, and of the beauties of spring. He fancies he hears bells; he longs to return. There were sorrows upon the earth, Venus reminds him; there is nothing but joy here with her. At her command, Tannhäuser takes his harp (harp in orchestra), and sings of the ecstasy of love in his *Hymn to Venus* ("*Dir töne*

Lob!"), but he ends by begging to leave this abode. Venus entreats and threatens. Tannhäuser repeats his *Hymn*, a half-tone higher, and a third time still half a tone higher. He beseeches the enchantress to release him. In fury, she consents. She hopes he may regret his wish and long for this abode, which she now closes forever! Then again, with all her enchanting music, in which the *Sirens' Chorus* mingles from the distance, she entreats him to remain.

Tannhäuser calls on the Virgin Mary. With a frightful crash, Venus sinks and the grotto disappears. The bewildered knight is in a familiar valley. On the right is the Wartburg, and in the background the Hörselberg, the entrance to the Venus grotto. On the left, a road; to the right, a winding mountain path, with a shrine, half-way up, to the Virgin. Herd-bells are tinkling and a Shepherd (soprano), seated on a rock, plays airs upon his pipe, represented by the *cor anglais*, and sings in praise of Frau Holda, the goddess of spring, who has brought the lovely May, and that is why he plays upon his pipe. Old Pilgrims, on their way to Rome, coming down the mountain, sing a chorus of praise, *Zu dir wall' ich mein Jesus Christ*. As they cross the stage, the Shepherd waves his hat. He would like to be remembered in their prayers!

Tannhäuser, falling upon his knees, prays for forgiveness. The *Pilgrims' Chorus* grows fainter, the herd-bells again tinkle from the distance, and Tannhäuser, weeping, vows to expiate his sins.

A hunting-call introduces the Landgrave Hermann, Prince of Thuringia and Lord of the Wartburg (bass), who enters with his knights. They are returning from the chase. Wolfram (baritone) recognizes Tannhäuser, the famous knight who used to take part in the contests at the Wartburg, and who has not been seen for seven years. He is welcomed; but he will not reply to their questions, and, remembering his vow, refuses to accompany them. (*Septet.*)

Wolfram mentions the name of *Elizabeth*, which Tannhäuser repeats in ecstasy, — Elizabeth, the Landgrave's lovely niece, who long has loved Tannhäuser, and who, since his mysterious disappearance, has never attended the tournaments of song, as Wolfram explains.

Tannhäuser now will come; he joins his voice to those of the knights; the *Septet* is repeated; the Landgrave winds his horn; the knights mount their horses; and all start for the Wartburg.

Act II. — A short *entr'acte*, and the curtain rises upon the hall of the Wartburg. The court-yard of the castle is seen through the windows and a view of the country. Elizabeth, in a rich toilet, greets the hall she has not entered for so long, *Dich theure Halle grüss' ich wieder.*

Tannhäuser, accompanied by Wolfram, enters. The latter remains at the entrance, but Tannhäuser throws himself at the feet of the lady. She is much affected. In reply to her question, he tells her he returns from a distant country. Only by a miracle he made his escape (duet: *O Furstin*).

Elizabeth is happy by his words and manner, but half embarrassed on account of her love for him. Tannhäuser is delighted that he has returned to this lovely being, and Elizabeth mingles her joy with his. Wolfram, who also loves Elizabeth, sees that his love is doomed to disappointment.

As Tannhäuser and Wolfram leave, the Landgrave enters. He is happy to see his niece again in her place and so radiant. He would like to know something about her heart! Elizabeth half confides, and he respects her modesty. A flourish of trumpets is heard, and repeated with more pomp, and a bold march is played as the knights and ladies, followed by their pages, enter. (Chorus: *Freudig begrüssen wir die edle Halle.*) They seat themselves, and the Landgrave and Elizabeth mount the daïs.

The Minnesingers enter, bow with ceremony, and take their seats. The Landgrave, rising, refers to the many noble tournaments of song that have occurred in this hall. On this occasion he wishes to celebrate the return of the poet-knight who has been so long away from the Wartburg; his songs may describe his wanderings. The Landgrave proposes Love as the subject of this tournament. He and his niece will be pleased to grant any reward that the victor may ask. The guests approve heartily, and cry, "Hail to the Prince!" and four pages bring a golden cup in which to collect the names of the candidates. The names are drawn, and the pages announce Wolfram von Eschenbach. Now the Contest begins. The harp, of course, is conspicuous in the orchestra throughout the entire scene. Wolfram rises; Tannhäuser leans dreamily upon his harp. Wolfram describes love as a spring of crystal purity. He dares not approach it (*Song of Wolfram*).

The people applaud. Tannhäuser rises. The violins, viola, and violoncello tell us what is in his mind. The *Venusberg* floats quickly from the orchestra. That is not Love! Tannhäuser tells them of the passion as he knows it. The coldness of the audience amazes Elizabeth, who wants to applaud. Walter von der Vogelweide (tenor) enters into the debate, supporting Wolfram. The people approve. This time the viola and clarinet reveal Tannhäuser's thoughts (*Venusberg*). He tells this Minnesinger that he knows nothing of Love, and his definition this time is even warmer. Now Biterolf (baritone) rises hastily and angrily. The knights and ladies approve of his remarks. The viola and the violoncello sing the *Venusberg*, and Tannhäuser, scorning Biterolf's feeble conception, tells them the delights of pagan love, and sings his *Hymn to Venus* ("*Die Göttin der Liebe*"). The knights draw their swords; the Landgrave tries to restore peace; Wolfram calls upon Heaven; and Tannhäuser, in wild excitement, invites them all to the Venusberg. The people are horrified. The men rush upon Tannhäuser, sword in hand; Elizabeth

shields him. She will save him! She offers herself a victim to heaven, if he may repent and be redeemed.

Tannhäuser hears this prayer. He falls at Elizabeth's feet. The men sheathe their swords. The Landgrave suggests that the sinner joins a band of Young Pilgrims organizing in Thuringia for the journey to Rome. If he obtains absolution from the Pope, they will forget the past. Their chant is heard, *Am hohen Fest der Gnad' und Huld*, and Tannhäuser rushes out to join the band.

Act III. — After an *entr'acte*, almost a prelude, composed of memories of the *Pilgrims' Chorus* and the *Motiv of Pardon*, the curtain rises upon the valley of the Wartburg. It is autumn; the twilight hour is approaching. Elizabeth is praying at the shrine.

Wolfram comes through the woods on the left, and gazes sorrowfully upon his love, whose thoughts are all of Tannhäuser and his redemption. It is nearly time for the pilgrims to return. Will Tannhäuser be among them? From a distance comes a familiar chant. The Old Pilgrims are now returning. (Chorus: "*Begluckt darf nun.*") Elizabeth prays that Tannhäuser may be among them. As these Pilgrims enter, she looks for her lover; but, alas! he is not in the band. Again she kneels and prays ("*Allmächt'ge Jungfrau!*").

Rising, she walks slowly up the mountain path. Wolfram approaches. He would like to join her; but Elizabeth motions him away, and seems to tell him, by means of her gesture and inspired countenance, that her path leads to another world. The sad glance with which Wolfram follows her retreating figure is accentuated by the bass-clarinet, which murmurs the *Song of Wolfram* heard in Act II. Seizing his harp, he plays a prelude (harp in orchestra) and sings his apostrophe to the evening star ("*O! du mein holder Abendstern*"), now shining through the twilight mists of the valley. The violins imitate its shimmering. May this beautiful star watch over the des-

tiny of the saintly Elizabeth! The darkness deepens, and the orchestra becomes both sinister and gloomy; the appalling theme of *The Damnation* (divided on the horns and strings) is heard, and a tattered pilgrim, supporting his tottering steps by his staff, appears through the blackness of the night. Wolfram recognizes him; it is Tannhäuser, emaciated and weak. He asks the way to the Venusberg (here the clarinet plays the *Venusberg*); he knew it well, but he has forgotten it. Wolfram is terrified; he asks if Tannhäuser has not been to Rome? As Tannhäuser narrates his experiences, the *Damnation motiv* returns, and the *Pardon* is also prominent.

His remorse led him to submit to unusual mortifications on the way to Rome. His hopes were exalted when the Pope promised redemption to all who were penitent; but when he came to confess his sins, he alone of all the multitude was rejected by the Holy Father, who solemnly said that for him hope should again blossom only when his pilgrim's staff should burst into leaf. In despair, he lost consciousness, and even now he only half lives! The only thing left for him to do is to return to Venus and her enchantments! Wolfram tries to dissuade him, but reminiscences of the *Venusberg motiv* (on the viola) and the *Sirens' Chorus* in the orchestra have told how near Venus is to Tannhäuser. She now comes at his call, amid perfumes and rosy mists and attendant dances. From her couch she calls to him ("*Willkommen ungetreuer*"), promising him the old delights anew. Wolfram's dissuasions seem to be ineffective, until he says an angel is already interceding for Tannhäuser at the throne of the Eternal, and pronounces the name of *Elizabeth*, which Tannhäuser repeats as in Act I. Venus is baffled and disappears. The voices of the Pilgrims who are bearing Elizabeth's bier (chorus: "*Der Seele Heil*") are heard in the distance. The Landgrave and his noble train slowly descend the valley, followed by the bearers intoning the dirge. They set down the bier, and Tannhäuser bows himself upon it and dies.

The Young Pilgrims (chorus: "*Heil! Heil! Der Gnade Wunder*") now arrive with Tannhäuser's staff, which is miraculously in full leaf, in token of the Divine pardon refused by the Pontiff. A chorus of praise arises, which is finally developed from the religious theme of the overture, and again we hear the striking embellishments upon the strings.

Le Prophète

Paris, 1849

Le Prophète has taken rank on a level with, and for some people, even above *Les Huguenots*, *L'Africaine*, and *Robert*. . . . It is (the work) which touches and penetrates the deepest, the one in which there is the most unity, that on which Meyerbeer succeeded in impressing the most severe and the most sustained colour. The scene in the Cathedral, which is one of the most beautiful dramatic situations that one can imagine, forms also a musical picture of the most magnificent pathos : the poet and musician here move side by side. According to my opinion, *Le Prophète* is Meyerbeer's crowning work — ADOLPHE JULLIEN

E are prepared for a rustic scene by a prelude on the bagpipe. As the curtain rises, we see a Dutch landscape in the neighbourhood of Dordrecht with the Meuse in the background. On the right is a feudal castle; on the left are dependent cottages and farm buildings; and in the left foreground are sacks of wheat, rustic benches, tables, etc.

Peasants enter for their morning meal, and join in a chorus effectively and fancifully scored, "*La brise est muette*." In the *ritournelle*, an echo is played on the clarinet with a very pretty effect, and the chorus in itself, with its drone bass and accompaniments of piccolo and triangle, is very fresh and characteristic, though somewhat reminiscent of the opening chorus in *Guillaume Tell*.

Bertha (soprano) enters from one of the houses, and, in a lively cavatina in 3/4 time, rejoices at her approaching marriage. Fidès (mezzo-soprano) enters to take Bertha to Leyden, where she and her son John keep an inn. John (tenor) impatiently awaits his bride, who is an orphan and a vassal of the Count of Oberthal; so Bertha must first obtain his permission. At the close of this recitative, they are about to ascend to the castle, when they are surprised at the boding apparition of three sombre figures, Zacharie, Jonas, and Mathisen. They are Anabaptists, leaders of a revolt in Westphalia, and have come to incite insurrection in Holland also. Their approach is announced by a lugubrious symphony of bassoons and clar-

inets, which prefaces their chant, *Ad nos, ad salutarem undam.* In a concerted piece of ponderous and sinister strains, thickly instrumented and worked up into a striking choral climax, they excite the peasants to revolt. The latter seize scythes and pitchforks, while a gradual and cleverly-managed *crescendo* leads to a *reprise* of the chant, *fortissimo* with choral reinforcement, followed by a riotous chorus, *Aux armes! au martyr*, accompanied by full orchestra, brilliantly scored, with prominence given to the cornets-à-piston in the Anabaptists' apostrophe to liberty. At this climax, the Count and his companions jovially issue from the castle, and his vassals are abashed. His eye falls on the firebrands, and he recognizes Jonas as an old drunken servant dismissed for theft. He orders them away from his domains, under penalty of the cord if they ever return. Then Bertha timidly advances, encouraged by Fidès, to make her request. In a duet of striking beauty, in F, 6/8 time, *Un jour dans les flots de la Meuse*, we learn that she is an orphan and that she loves John, who once saved her from drowning; and she and Fidès ask permission for the marriage. Bertha's beauty makes the Count unwilling to forego his seignorial rights, and, to the indignation of the peasantry, the Count's pages conduct Fidès and Bertha into the Castle, followed by the Count and his party. The Anabaptists return, and again their sinister chant is heard. The cowed people run and prostrate themselves before them, while they make menacing gestures towards the castle. Their sombre and savage strain constantly returns as a fundamental idea throughout this revolutionary drama.

Act II. — John's hostelry, with doors to right and left; an open door and windows at the back, through which we see his gay companions dancing, singing, and constantly entering to drink the beer he pours out for them (chorus: *Valsons, valsons toujours*). However, he is uneasy; it is getting dusk and his mother and betrothed tarry. He sings (C in 3/8), *Le jour baisse et ma mère*, — the accent,

modulation, and harmony of which tenderly convey his love for Bertha. Meanwhile, the three Anabaptists enter and join several peasants at a table, and are invited to drink. John has a presentment of evil. Jonas calls his brethren's attention to the extraordinary resemblance of John to a venerated picture of King David in Münster. They learn from a *convive* that John is given to exaltation and is brave; they therefore consult to make a tool of him. It is getting late, and the guests take leave in beautiful chorus. The Anabaptists then approach John and ask what ails him. He explains that the delay of his mother and bride intensifies the trouble caused by a recent dream. Beneath the arches of a magnificent temple, while a crown adorned his head, and people, prostrate before him, saluted him as David the Messiah, he read in letters of flame on the marble, "Woe to thee!" and a river of blood soon overwhelmed his ephemeral throne. The dream is prefaced and interrupted by a beautiful phrase, sung by his hearers as a prophetic interpretation, which is afterwards heard as the children's chorus at John's coronation, *Le voilà le roi prophète!* As he begins the narration, we hear a soft and aërial combination of the flute in its low octave, accompanied by muted violins with a tremolo on their highest notes, while low tones of the clarinet serve as bass, producing a beautiful, mysterious effect. Violins are stationed beneath the stage here. Drums and cymbals evoke the idea of public ceremony and pomp. Interrupted by a broken cadence, and left unfinished to add to the sense of mystery, this strain is now taken up by the Anabaptists with new combinations of horns, bassoons, violins, violas, and 'cellos. In Act IV, it reappears under various forms with developments, rendering it solemn and colossal. The Anabaptists assure John that the dream was a revelation, and he shall reign. He only smiles, and in a beautiful romance, really the coda to the dream, delightfully accompanied by the harp, dwells on his future joys with Bertha. The refrain of his couplets, *Il est un doux empire*, be-

comes a quartette with the three tempters, and ends the scene. They scorn his folly and leave, to his great relief. Approaching the window, he hears the gallop of cavalry. Bertha rushes in, dishevelled. In the orchestra, there is a cross rhythm of two bassoons imitating hurried steps; and the gallop of horses, in a march time *moderato*, executed by the clarinets, horns, violins, violas, and basses. Flight and pursuit are finely suggested. Bertha has escaped the tyrant, and claims her lover's protection. He hides her under the stairs. One of the Count's officers enters and demands her, threatening to slay John's mother unless he complies. He hesitates, while Bertha comes forward, and Fidès is brought in and falls on her knees in supplication under the uplifted axe. The notes sung by Bertha as she hides return as Fidès is menaced with death. John is horrified, and hands the fainting Bertha to the soldiers in desperation. Left alone, Fidès, in a famous aria, *Ah! mon fils, sois beni!* in F-sharp, blesses and vainly tries to console her son, who rails against the feudal lords. She retires to rest at his command. He rages at his wrongs, and thirsts for blood, when the Anabaptist chant is heard without. He calls them in. A quartette follows in which they repeat their offers of sovereignty and vengeance, working upon his feelings until they induce him to depart secretly with them. He is unwilling to abandon his mother, but vengeance draws him on. The piece begins with long recitatives that laboriously prepare the blossoming of the principal idea; but the fragment of trio that the fanatics sing to overcome John's hesitation has beautiful melodic colour. The concluding ensemble is full of vigour. He is finally persuaded to head the religious revolt and personate the Prophet.

Act III. — A frozen forest-fringed lake in Westphalia, with Münster in the distance. On the opposite shore are the tents of the rebels. Day is declining. In the distance, sounds of combat are heard, constantly increasing

till, from the right, Anabaptist troops come upon the stage and are welcomed by women and children from the camp, while other troops commanded by Mathisen enter from the left, bringing captive men and women richly attired, great barons and chatelaines of the district, a monk, children, etc. The troops sing an exultant chorus, of savage ferocity, *Du sang! que Judas succombe*, in B-minor with characteristic rhythm in 3/8. Mathisen adds fuel to the fire by proclaiming that the Prophet shall trample their enemies under their feet. The women and children then dance around the captives, who fall on their knees, and the axes are raised over their heads when Mathisen interferes, suggesting that they had better be spared for ransom. This appeals to the mob, and, as the prisoners are led away, a brilliant march is heard to the right, ushering in Zacharie with his men. In the same rhythm as, *Du sang*, Zacharie sings the stirring *Aussi nombreux que les étoiles*, a pæan of triumph. Then, just as Mathisen suggests that glory will not fill an empty stomach, celestial manna falls in the guise of provision wagons driven by women, and men, women, and children with baskets and jars on their heads, coming to the camp. Zacharie gives Mathisen a piece of paper and sends him off on a secret mission. The troops sing a chorus of welcome in C, and exchange their spoil for provisions.

An ice ballet follows to a double rhythm, for the accompaniment finely marks the movement of impulsion of the skates, and that of the melody is at the same time elegant and well marked. The contrast of the peasant dances with the savage fanaticism of the troops is very striking and effective. The military and pastoral styles are skilfully combined. The music includes a redowa, a galop, and a quadrille, and graphically indicates the gaiety and confusion of the situation. Night falls on the forest, and the girls depart. Zacharie dismisses his troops to repose; sentinels are posted; and the scene changes to

Zacharie's tent, with tables, chairs, etc. Zacharie and Mathisen enter. The latter returns from Münster discouraged. The old Count of Oberthal is governor of Münster, and will not capitulate because he is furious at his son's castle having been reduced to ashes. The Anabaptist dogma is in a bad way, if he holds out, for the Emperor is coming. Zacharie sends Mathisen to inflame the soldiers for the assault, promising them glory and pillage, by order of the Prophet. Zacharie soliloquizes that John stays in his tent, consumed by remorse, when Jonas and soldiers with Oberthal enter. They have caught him prowling around the camp, but the darkness prevents their recognizing him. He says he wants to enlist under their banner. This trio in C, *Sous votre bannière*, is one of the most striking pieces in the whole opera. It is full of dramatic humour and contrapuntal cleverness, and, moreover, it is exceedingly difficult. Jonas brings out goblets, and, masking their sinister intentions, the characteristic quality of the music allotted throughout to these profound impostors is but half concealed under the veil of boisterous hilarity in which they indulge. They explain their tenets to the Count, who tremblingly swears to all. He must respect the peasant in his cabin always; purify every abbey or convent with fire; hang every noble to the first oak; seize all their gold; and, for the rest, live ever as a good Christian. They vow good fellowship over their cups, *Versez, versez, frères*, in a rollicking, drinking trio; and Oberthal must swear to slay the old Count of Oberthal and hang the young one over the ramparts. Jonas now wants to know why such good fellows should stay in the darkness, and takes a flint and steel from his pocket. A delightful effect of imitative music occurs here. As the sparks fly from the flint and Jonas sings, *La flamme scintille*, the scintillations are heard all through the orchestra. After the mutual recognition comes a fine trio. Zacharie orders Oberthal to execution, scouting Jonas's suggestion that John had better be consulted. The latter enters; he is sick

of carnage and means to resign his mission. Zacharie is about to stab the backslider, when John suddenly sees the Count being led away. He resents not being consulted, orders privacy, and, when alone with Oberthal, questions him. He learns that Bertha sprang into the river and escaped, and has been seen in Münster by one of Oberthal's servants. John no longer thinks of resigning, but cries, "To Münster!" Oberthal is safe for the present. Bertha shall pronounce upon him! At this moment, there is a noise in the camp; and Mathisen enters to say that there has been a successful sortie from Münster, and John alone can quell the resulting disorder.

The scene changes back to the open camp, where the demoralized troops are in tumult and singing a chorus of revolt, *Trahis, trahis;* they will put their false Prophet to death. John enters and asks who ordered the assault: the three Anabaptists cast the blame on each other. John reproaches them; and orders his insubordinate soldiery to fall on their knees and implore the Divine mercy. The music here is sublime, as is the prayer and chorus that follow, *Seigneur, qui voie notre faiblesse*, and the hymn of triumph directly afterwards, *Roi du ciel et des anges*, which John sings in mighty and moving accents, is quite biblical and inspired in its colour and phrasing. When the distant trumpets sound, and he affects to see a vision, the two harps in the accompaniment are particularly striking and suggestive. He says in an aside, "*Bertha will be saved!*" and indeed the soldiers are excited by his religious chants, and march on the city as the dawn illuminates its distant walls.

Act IV. — The public square of the captured Münster, with the town-hall on the right. Citizens meet in dread, *Courbons notre tête.* Soldiers pass, crying, "*Vive le Prophète!*" The citizens join in, and then in low tones, when again alone, cry, "*À bas le prophète!*" This chorus is most happy in its contrasts. They tell each other that

the victorious Prophet is about to be crowned king, and again acclaim him to the soldiers and revile him to each other. A beggar enters and sits on a bench on the other side of the square; she asks alms to buy masses for the soul of her son, in a plaintive air in E-minor, *Donnez pour une pauvre âme*. This is full of profound sorrow and tenderness. The *ritournelle*, written for violas, bassoons, and 'cellos, is very touching. The bell rings in the town-hall, and the citizens hurry away. Bertha enters, disguised as a pilgrim, and Fidès recognizes her. Their duet is one of the best numbers of the opera. Bertha describes her escape and vain search for John, who, Fidès tells her, is dead. Fidès found his blood-stained clothes, and a voice told her that Heaven needed him; it was the Prophet's decree that she should see him no more. Bertha in fury vows to kill that tyrant who has robbed them both of him they love, "*Dieu m'inspirera*," and rushes out like one possessed.

Half the procession has already entered the Cathedral, the grand electors are passing, bearing the imperial insignia, and John follows bareheaded to the high altar. The people press after, and are pushed back by the soldiers into the lateral chapels. A symphonic march accompanies the procession; it is pompous and brilliant, of powerful and sonorous instrumentation. Fidès is left alone, kneeling in the left foreground, in prayer and revery. Suddenly a grand flourish announces the coronation, and four voices chant, "*Domine, salvum fac regem nostrum prophetam*," in G-flat, the ophicleide doubling the bass. This is then taken up in chorus by the people. The organ sounds, and, indignant at such profanation, Fidès raises her head and, in recitative of highest elevation, calls down Heaven's curse upon her son's slayer, *Grand Dieu, exauce ma prière*. The *reprises* of the chorus, grouping around this principal voice, produce great breadth and majesty. Then the music changes its character, as a band of white-robed children advance, singing a limpid and graceful melody, *Le voilà, le*

roi prophète. To the first phrase in D, succeeds a modulation in F, when the theme is repeated in a charming manner, and is followed by one of Meyerbeer's characteristic re-entries of key. On the last note, a chorus of women is heard weaving into the children's, and, being developed, it is taken up by the people, and the organ displays its full wealth and power, while the orchestra adds mighty chords. The effect is grand, solemn, and crushing. On this grand ensemble, the ceremony is completed in the distance, and then the return commences, and, as the sonorous mass dies away in the final bars, everybody falls prostrate. John, crowned, appears in imperial robes at the head of the altar steps, and, exalted at the realization of his dream, says, on the soft harmony of a few instruments, "John! thou shalt reign! — yes, it is true, then — I am the elect, the son of God!" At that moment Fidès rises; she looks at him and cries, "My son!" He is about to spring towards her, when Zacharie and Jonas approach Fidès with drawn daggers, and Mathisen says in a low tone to John, "If you speak!" The people are indignant at the woman. John sees he is powerless, and therefore calmly asks, "Who is this woman?" "Who am I?" she cries; then begin the pathetic words, "*Je suis la pauvre femme*," that give such dramatic force to this scene. The touching melody ends with that fine outburst that becomes the remainder of the finale under beautiful developments, "*L'ingrat ne me reconnait pas.*" Passing alternatively over all the parts of the choral mass, and gradually enriched by all the resources of instrumentation and all the artifices of composition, this theme, at first only a cry from the heart, becomes a mighty thought that profoundly moves the hearer. To save his mother from the threatening daggers, John now proclaims her mad, and tries to silence the mutterings of imposture by declaring his power to cure her by a miracle. He addresses her kindly, and begs her to acknowledge her mistake or her deception, appealing to those around him to plunge their daggers into his bosom if, when he has put the ques-

tion to her, she does not deny all knowledge of him. The bass clarinet supports his words, "*Tu cherissais ce fils?*" Fidès, overwhelmed by his resolution, wildly and equivocally cries, "That is not my son!" (sadly) "I no longer have one!" The crowd are satisfied that a miracle has been performed, and Fidès is consigned to a dungeon, while her son is glorified as a prophet and goes out to the shouts of, "Miracle!" Fidès, left behind in custody, suddenly remembers, and wrings her hands, crying, "And Bertha! O Heaven! She is going to assassinate him!"

Act V. — A vault under the palace with stairs leading up. The three Anabaptists are in consultation. The Emperor is approaching, and their lives will be spared if they deliver up the Prophet, says Jonas. "God's will be done!" the traitors cry in chorus, and depart by a side iron door, as soldiers bring Fidès down the steps. She first condemns and then excuses her son. The character of the principal phrase, "*O toi qui m'abandonne!*" is noble and touching, with an original rhythm. At the words, "*Mon cher enfant, mon bien aimé,*" there is a kind of dialogue between the voice and the *cor anglais* that is full of tender melancholy. The cavatina, *Comme un éclair précipite*, when the soldier announces John's approach, is also admirable. Four harps are required in the orchestra. The duet is full of fire and dramatic force, being especially energetic at, "*Mais toi, tyran, que la terre deteste,*" and the theme of the second movement, "*Il en est temps encore.*" John, who is still in imperial robes, finally abjures his imposition and obtains her forgiveness, after her indignant, "*Va-t'en, va-t'en, tu n'es plus rien pour moi.*" Bertha, robed in white and bearing a torch, comes in by a subterranean passage. Her grandfather was keeper of the palace and she knows all its secrets. She is going to blow it up with the Prophet and his followers: so she tells Fidès.

On recognizing John, she is in rapture. A delicious trio follows. Her hatred of the Prophet makes John tell

his mother that Heaven has not yet pardoned him. Fidès tries to prevent Bertha from cursing the Prophet. They will all depart together. (Ensemble, *Loin de la ville.*) An officer comes to warn John of a plot to kill him, and addresses him by his title of "Prophet." Bertha (*O spectre epouvantable*), in despair at finding in her lover the author of so many atrocities, will not listen to the imploring Fidès, curses John, and stabs herself, vowing with dying breath that though she despises she cannot cease to love him, and prefers death to the dishonour entailed by his connection. John will not depart now; he takes up his crown again and will stay to punish the guilty. He sends Fidès away under guard, gazes at the cellar of explosives pointed out by Bertha, and mutters, "*Yes, all shall be punished.*"

John is presiding at a splendid banquet in the great hall. The guests chorus, *Hourra! gloire au prophète.* There is wild dance and song. Harps are specially noticeable in the orchestra. Officers come to tell John that the foe is at the gates. He gives his final orders to these trusty friends, and then sings a Bacchanalian song, *Versez! que tout respire*, in the middle of which the three Anabaptists enter and come to his side. As he ends, the Bishop of Munster, the Elector of Westphalia, and other imperial officers enter with drawn swords. Zacharie points John out and says he delivers him into their hands. John proudly thanks this "new Judas." The great gates are now heard to clang as they shut, and John cries, "Let those brass gates be the gates of the tomb!" He is not in anyone's power, they are all in his hands! Then comes a mighty explosion and flames, and walls fall as he defies them all. Fidès rushes in to die with her son, and, in a final chorus, *O fureur! O délire!* the lords and fanatics curse one another, while the palace falls in and John and Fidès die in one another's arms.

Lohengrin

Weimar, 1850

The whole interest of *Lohengrin* consists in an inner working within the heart of Elsa, involving every secret of the soul: the endurance of a spell of wondrous power for blessing, that fills her whole surrounding with the most persuasive sense of truth, hangs solely on her refraining from the question as to the *Whence*—RICHARD WAGNER

IN *Lohengrin* each Act has its *prelude*, or *Vorspiel*. The prelude to the first Act is constructed entirely upon the *motiv* of *The Grail*. It begins on high notes of the violins in eight-part harmony, and the four solo violins are used in such combination with the first, second, and third flutes and the first and second oboes as to produce enchanting harmony. Then the eight violins, three flutes, two oboes, one *cor anglais*, two clarinets, one bass clarinet, and strings unite to describe the mysteries of Montsalvat. *The Grail* bursts forth on the trumpets, trombones, and bass tuba, and after a tremendous *crescendo*, fades away, like a vision, upon the muted violins.

ACT I. — The curtain rises on the banks of the Scheldt, near Antwerp, which winds through the landscape. Beneath a large oak sits Henry the Fowler, the Emperor of Germany (bass), surrounded by his Saxon knights. Opposite are Frederick von Telramund, a Brabançon count (baritone), and Ortrude, his wife (mezzo-soprano), with the people of Brabant. The Herald-at-Arms (bass) and his four trumpeters sound *The King's Call*, demanding the allegiance of the Brabançon people (*Hört! Grafen, Edle, Freie von Brabant*). They take the oath of fealty. The King, rising, explains the condition of Germany to his subjects ("*Gott grüss' euch, liebe Männer von Brabant*"). It distressed him to learn, on his arrival, of the civil dissensions in this province, and he asks Telramund to explain why Brabant is without a prince and what is the trouble. Telramund informs him the Duke of Brabant left a daughter, Elsa, and a son, Godfrey. Of the latter's education he had charge. To his great distress, Godfrey disappeared mys-

EMMA EAMES AS "ELSA."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

teriously when walking one day with his sister; he was so shocked at the murder Elsa must have committed, that he rejected her hand and married Ortrude. He is a relative of the Duke and now he is his heir. Ortrude is also of noble birth. He accuses Elsa of fratricide. The people try to defend her, but Telramund has another accusation; Elsa has a secret love, and she desires to be ruler of Brabant in order to cherish her lover openly. The King orders Elsa to be brought before him. May Heaven give him wisdom to deal with this case!

The Herald gives his call, and as Elsa (soprano) timidly enters with her women, the *Elsa motiv* appears on the wood-wind. *The Grail* is with it. To Henry's questions she makes no reply, but gestures show her resignation, and she softly speaks of her "dear brother." Her manner excites general curiosity, and when the King asks for an explanation, Elsa, in a trance-like state, speaks of a certain day, when, in her sorrow, she offered a prayer. She fell asleep, and dreamed of a knight in shining armour. Heaven sent him to protect her, and in her hour of need he will appear ("*Einsam in trüben Tagen*"). The *Elsa motiv* reappears, somewhat changed, however, and *The Grail;* and during her narrative, the bold, musical theme descriptive of *Lohengrin* is announced on the flutes, oboe, and *cor anglais* to the accompaniment of harp and strings *tremolo.* We also hear for the first time a *motiv* that belongs to Lohengrin, — *Glory.*

Henry cannot believe Elsa guilty; but, as Telramund persists in his calumny, the King proposes *The Judgment of God*, which *motiv* is heard on the trombones and bass tuba, followed by that of *Elsa* on the wood-wind.

He asks Elsa to name her champion. Already under his protection, she will await that mysterious knight! She will reward him with her hand, and share her crown with him! The King orders the combat to be proclaimed, and the Herald and his trumpeters sound a call at the four cardinal points.

No one answers. As Telramund taunts Elsa, the bass clarinet utters a significant phrase, — a variation of *The Judgment of God*. The Herald gives a second call. *The Judgment of God* is heard in its original form, and the clarinets utter the phrase that we heard on the bass clarinet alone. There is no response. Elsa kneels in prayer ("*Du trugest zu ihm meine Klage*"). This prayer ends with a memory of the *Elsa motiv*. Immediately the trumpets announce with great majesty and splendour the *motive Lohengrin* and *Glory*. At this moment a boat comes down the river drawn by a swan. In it stands a knight in silver armour. The astonished people hail his arrival. The King keeps his seat; Elsa looks upon the stranger with charmed gaze; and Telramund and Ortrude manifest astonishment and malevolence. As the Knight debarks, we hear the *Grail* on the strings. He bids his Swan an affectionate farewell ("*Nun sei bedankt, mein lieber Schwan*"). To his words, "*Leb' wohl, Leb' wohl, mein lieber Schwan*," the *Harmony of the Swan* is given out by the two oboes, clarinet, and *cor anglais*. Lohengrin instructs it to return to the distant country from which they came, and gazes after it as the bird sails up the river. Then he salutes the King, and announces that he has come to be Elsa's champion. Turning to Elsa, he asks her if she will entrust him with this task. Roused from her ecstasy, Elsa throws herself at his feet, replying that she has already done so; then he asks if she will become his wife after he has proved her innocence. There is one favour he craves, one condition he makes; she must never ask, nor seek to know, his name. Again the *Grail* is heard, and *The Mystery of the Name*. This melancholy and impressive *motiv* he announces himself on the words, "*Nie sollst du mich befragen*." He repeats this twice, the last time in a higher key. He embraces Elsa, and, proclaiming her innocence, places her under the King's protection. Then he calls Telramund to the combat. The latter is agitated, and his adherents suggest that he withdraws; but Telramund answers the

challenge. Henry appoints witnesses, and the Herald proclaims the laws of the combat. Here *The Judgment of God* is conspicuous. The King offers a prayer, "*Mein Herr und Gott, nun ruf' ich dich*, which is followed by a quintette with chorus. The combat takes place according to ceremony. At each thrust, *The Judgment of God* sounds from the orchestra, treated in canon, and, as Lohengrin strikes his adversary, the *Lohengrin motiv* is again heard on the trumpets and trombones. Telramund's life is spared by Lohengrin, who receives the happy Elsa. The latter hails his victory in an enthusiastic phrase, "*O fänd' ich Jubelweisen*," taken up by the chorus and developed with the *motiv* of *Glory*. This finale is elaborate. The people crowd around the victor; Telramund crawls away in mortification; Ortrude utters imprecations upon Lohengrin; and the Saxons and Brabançons carry off Lohengrin upon his own shield and Elsa upon King Henry's, while the people manifest delight. Once more, as the curtain falls, reminiscences of the *Lohengrin motiv* rise from the orchestra.

Act II. — A trill on the kettle-drums opens the prelude and continues while a new *motiv*, Ortrude's *Dark Plots*, a phrase of ten bars, appears on the violoncello. Eleven bars later a second *motiv*, also associated with Ortrude, *The Doubt*, appears on the violoncello and the bassoon. *The Mystery of the Name* is softly murmured by the wood-wind to the accompaniment of the stuffed horn.

The curtain rises upon the inner court of the Palace at Antwerp. The men's quarters in the Palace at the back, with the lighted windows; to the left, the women's quarters, with a balcony; also the porch of the cathedral; further back, the town-gate.

Telramund and Ortrude, miserably clad, are sitting on the steps of the church. Festive music is heard from the Palace. *The Dark Plots* murmur from the orchestra. Telramund upbraids Ortrude for having led him into dis-

grace; Ortrude has made him forfeit honour. Would that he had a weapon to strike her dead! Ortrude invented that story of Elsa's crime in the forest; she made him reject the heiress of Brabant; she pretended that, as the last of the Radbod line, she had a claim to the throne of Brabant!

Ortrude wonders why Telramund did not use such magnificent scorn as this upon the knight; he might have been vanquished! Still, it is not too late, for if Telramund will permit her to do so, she will use her occult power! If Elsa's curiosity should be aroused regarding the origin of the mysterious stranger, if they could only make her doubt and break her vow, the spell would be broken! *The Dark Plots*, *The Doubt*, and *The Mystery of the Name* are significantly mingled in the orchestra. Then, too, they might accuse the hero of sorcery; he would have to reveal himself! Now, if Telramund had only wounded him ever so slightly, the charm would have ceased! This revives Telramund's spirits, and he joins his wife in a terrible vow of imprecation, "*Der Rache Werk*," sung in octaves.

Thus they seal their pact. Telramund will aid Ortrude in her *Dark Plots!*

Elsa appears upon the balcony. She sings a melody expressive of her happiness ("*Euch Lüften, die mein Klagen*"). Darkness prevents her from seeing the baleful figures on the steps. Ortrude approaches, and humbly enlists Elsa's sympathy, and to such an extent that Elsa promises to befriend her. In order to talk more intimately to her, Elsa leaves the balcony.

Ortrude offers a prayer to her pagan gods, Wotan and Freïa; but when Elsa re-enters, she again becomes humble. Elsa promises that she will gain her lover's sympathy for Ortrude, and Ortrude shall be one of her bridal train.

Ortrude is so grateful that she will give Elsa a valuable hint. She had better not trust this mysterious lover; may he not depart as he came? To *The Dark Plots* and *The Doubt*, the orchestra adds *The Mystery of the Name*, played on the *cor anglais* and the basset-horn.

Elsa is disturbed; but she will not doubt her lover. Ortrude accompanies her into the Palace, and Telramund, from his hiding-place, utters maledictions.

Day breaks. Trumpet-calls answer each other from tower to tower. Telramund hides; the porter opens the gate; servants go to the fountain to draw water; four trumpeters sound *The King's Call;* and people move about. All the activity of the day begins. The Herald-at-Arms sounds *The King's Call*, and proclaims Telramund banished; any one affording him protection shall suffer the same fate! Another flourish of trumpets, and he proclaims that the strange Knight has declined the title of Duke of Brabant for that of Protector, and desires that his new subjects prepare for the King's expeditions. He will lead them. The people approve (chorus: "*Hoch der ersehnte Mann*"), but four jealous knights show signs of dissatisfaction. Telramund joins them, and craftily details his new scheme for a combat. The Herald announces that the Knight's marriage will take place this morning. As the people sing their delight, four Pages enter to clear the way for Elsa.

The bridal procession approaches. The wood-wind utters delicate phrases, and all through this bridal music the first violin sings a beautiful and impressive melody, while the people attest their good wishes ("*Gesegnet soll sie schreiten*").

Elsa is gorgeously arrayed; hardly less so is Ortrude, who follows. Just as Elsa is about to enter the church, Ortrude suddenly bars the way, and asserts her claim to precedence.

Who is this Knight? Why does he not reveal his origin, his home, his country? He must have grave reasons for keeping this secret, if he forbids his bride to demand it!

The men now clear the way for the King, who issues from the Palace with Lohengrin and his train. We hear *The King's Call*, followed immediately by the *Lohengrin motiv*. King Henry asks the reason of the trouble,

and Elsa begs Lohengrin to protect her from Ortrude. Lohengrin drives the latter away.

The procession forms again and is about to enter the church when Telramund presents to the King his accusation of sorcery against Lohengrin; he demands the name of the Knight who has robbed him of honour. At these words *The Judgment of God* rises from the orchestra.

All await Lohengrin's reply.

The only one to whom he will make answer is Elsa; if she asks it, he will reveal his origin!

Elsa is disturbed, but she will not seek to penetrate the mystery; the King and the Brabançon nobles are satisfied; but Telramund and Ortrude, standing aside, watch Elsa, noting with interest that the poison has taken effect.

Telramund, stealthily creeping to Elsa, suggests that she will accept his aid if she wishes to keep her Knight forever. He will be near her nuptial chamber; she need only call to him. Lohengrin, divining the dark schemes of Telramund, sends him off. Once more he asks Elsa if she trusts in him, and if she desires to question him. *The Mystery of the Name* is breathed out upon the flute and clarinet. Elsa assures him that she has perfect confidence in him.

The organ peals from the church, the people sing praises to the bridal pair and enter the portals, and Elsa, frightened by Ortrude's menacing glance, presses closer to her Knight for protection. *The Doubt*, *The Mystery of the Name*, and *The Dark Plots* are the chief *motive* in this scene; and, as King Henry enters the church with Lohengrin and Elsa, *The King's Call* reappears. Just before the curtain falls, *The Grail* and *The Mystery of the Name* remind us that upon this secret and its revelation the whole tragedy unfolds.

Act III. — The Wedding-March opens the prelude to Act III, and, as the curtain rises upon the bridal chamber, the bridal procession, singing an epithalamium, *Treulich geführt*, escorts Elsa and Lohengrin. The King presents

the bride to her husband, Elsa's women remove her long mantle; and pages, Lohengrin's cloak. The people de part with a song that dies away in the distance.

Left alone with Lohengrin, Elsa falls into his arms. Lohengrin leads her to the couch on the right, and they sing their duet, *Das Süsse Lied verhallt*. She had seen him in a dream before he came to her; he was led by Love to her side. Lohengrin passionately speaks Elsa's name. Alas! she cannot utter his for she does not know it!

Lohengrin pretends not to hear her, and leads her to the window to enjoy the sweetness of the night. Elsa, however, is insistent (*The Doubt* and *The Mystery of the Name*). Lohengrin tells her she need not fear; his home is one of grandeur; his rank more exalted than the King's; but he still is unwilling to satisfy her. His words increase Elsa's curiosity. Now she fancies she see the Swan (the flutes and clarinets softly sigh the *motiv* of *The Swan*), coming for her husband. Must he go? We have heard *The Doubt* constantly throughout this scene. Elsa can trust him no longer. She must know his name. She puts the question boldly now, and *The Mystery of the Name* bursts from the orchestra.

Lohengrin tries to check her. Instantly Telramund and the four Brabançon conspirators enter suddenly with menacing swords. Elsa rushes for Lohengrin's, and, taking it from her, he kills Telramund instantly. The four conspirators fall at his feet and Elsa faints in his arms. Lohengrin orders the nobles to bear Telramund to the King, and, summoning Elsa's women, bids them array their mistress, as Telramund's body is borne off. *The Judgment of God* reminds us of the combat and of eternal justice; a bell tolls, and, as Lohengrin announces to the astonished people that he will reveal his origin before the King, for Elsa has desired it, *The Mystery of the Name* is heard again, followed by *The Grail*. The curtain falls.

A flourish of trumpets is heard; and the curtain rises. Again we are on the banks of the Scheldt: precisely the same landscape as in Act I.

A martial procession hails the entrance of King Henry, who thanks the Brabançon nobles for their expressions of loyalty. In astonishment, they see a bier advancing; it is the body of Telramund. The frightened Elsa follows, and *The Mystery of the Name* from the orchestra, gloomy and sad, joined to *The Doubt* and followed by the *motiv* of *Elsa*, reminds us of all that has happened.

Now Lohengrin appears alone and sad. He wears his silver armour. Naturally enough, the *Lohengrin motiv* accompanies him. The King welcomes him cordially, but the Knight courteously regrets that he cannot lead his army; he has come to justify his slaying of Telramund; and reveals the plot of the latter. The King freely pardons the Knight's act of self-defence. With greater distress, the Knight announces that his wife, under the evil influence of his enemies, has broken her vow. She has asked the fatal question. Here he sings as he did in Act I, when he charged her not to ask *The Mystery of the Name*, but now to the words, "*Nun hat sie ihren theurn Schwur gebrochen.*" He will reveal his origin, but it will cost Elsa and himself all their happiness! To the breathless audience he describes the beauties and wonders of Montsalvat, where knights of pure and gentle nature guard the Holy Grail (*The Grail*), the mystic virtues of which are renewed yearly by a dove from the celestial regions.

The guardian of the Holy Grail must not reveal his secret to mankind; if so, he will lose the supernatural power bestowed upon him. He is one of the Knights of the Grail; his father, Parsifal, is their first priest-king; his own name is Lohengrin. Now the orchestra calls out his *motiv* in the boldest tone, and then wails forth *The Judgment of God* as the awed people grieve.

Lohengrin takes the grief-stricken Elsa in his arms to bid her farewell. She tries to keep him, and the King and his subjects add their entreaties to hers. Lohengrin must return to Montsalvat. He makes a prophecy. Owing to

King Henry's nobility and purity, Germany shall not be invaded by barbarians.

The people nearest the river are excited. They announce the Swan (*The Swan*), and now the boat that brought Lohengrin returns; it is empty. Lohengrin addresses the Swan in words that are not understood by the people; he wishes he could see it freed from the spell that holds it!

Lohengrin turns to Elsa. He had hoped to restore Godfrey; if he should ever return she must give him, in the name of Lohengrin, this horn, to protect him in danger; this sword, an invincible weapon; and this ring, from the champion of the defenceless. He kisses Elsa, who faints, and walks towards his boat. Ortrude suddenly appears. In great delight, she tells Elsa that the Swan is Godfrey; if Lohengrin had remained, he would have had power to deliver the brother transformed thus by her own sorcery!

As he is about to step into his boat, Lohengrin overhears this. Kneeling, he offers a prayer. The dove of the Grail appears (*The Grail* is uttered by the orchestra, softly but with great solemnity). Lohengrin removes the chain binding the Swan, which dives into the river. Instantly, Godfrey, the young Duke of Brabant, steps upon the bank and runs to Elsa, who is momentarily overjoyed; but again she faints in the arms of her women, for Lohengrin is now in his boat, which the dove is bearing away. The *motive* of *The Grail*, *Lohengrin*, and *Glory* are heard from the orchestra with breadth and emphasis; and now that he has departed, the *Lohengrin motiv* is sorrowfully repeated in the minor. Ortrude slinks off to die in impotent rage; the people gather around their young ruler; and the orchestra plays *The Grail*, as the curtain falls.

Rigoletto

Venice, 1851

Rigoletto was the first of a series of fine examples of dramatic art which brought world-wide fame and ample profit to Verdi, lifting him, at the same time, into the first rank of operatic composers. . . . Every *habitué* of the opera-house to-day is familiar with the sparkling beauties of *Rigoletto*, and fittingly enough, the opera finds a place in almost every season's programme. The strongest proof of its merits, however, is the fact that performances of the work, extending over a period of forty years, have neither diminished its attractiveness nor prejudiced a new and rising generation against either the book or the music — FREDERICK J. CROWEST

HE short prelude announces the terrible nature of the catastrophe that dominates all the scenes of frivolity and dissipation that lead up to it. On one of these scenes the curtain rises. It is a revel in the Duke of Mantua's palace. The dancing is accompanied throughout by orchestras on the stage. The profligate and fickle Duke (tenor) is telling a confidant, Borsa (tenor), of a beautiful maiden, *Della mia bella incognita*, who dwells in a retired quarter where a mysterious man visits her nightly; the Duke follows her to mass, feigning to be a poor student, and believes he has made an impression on her heart. He loves all the sex (*Questa o quella*). The Countess of Ceprano comes by, and the Duke's attention is directed to her charms. Her husband's vigilance is powerless to screen her from the Duke's gallantry. (Minuetto and Rigondino: *Partite? — crudele!*) She goes off on his arm to the dance, while the jealous husband follows, pursued by the mockery of the jester, Rigoletto (baritone).

In their absence, Marullo (baritone), one of the courtiers, enters and tells the rest, as a secret, that he has tracked Rigoletto, and finds that he visits a mistress every night. They have all smarted at his witticisms, and now laugh at the hunchback's expense.

The amorous Duke returns. He is annoyed at Count Ceprano's jealousy, and appeals to Rigoletto for means to get rid of the inconvenient husband. Rigoletto suggests poison, exile, and the block, and finally attacks him with biting jests, making him furious. Ceprano (bass) swears ven-

gence on Rigoletto, and the other courtiers join in and consult to abduct his mistress, for they all owe him a grudge for his sarcasms. Their cousultation is interrupted by a train of dancers from the ball-room, and presently the revelry is broken into by the forcible entry of the old Count Monterone (bass), who comes to denounce the Duke for dishonouring his daughter.

The jester diverts the assembly by mimicing his voice and speech, and the heart-broken father turns upon him and solemnly curses him, to his great horror. The audacious intruder is arrested and led away, followed by the vile abuse of the revellers, while Rigoletto stands apart, appalled.

The scene changes to the blind end of a lonely street. On the left is a small house with a little court surrounded by a wall which cuts the stage in two down the middle. In the court is a big tree and a marble seat. A door leads into the street, on the opposite side of which is the high wall of the garden and one side of Ceprano's palace. A stairway leads up to the front of the house. Wrapped in his mantle, and weighed down by the father's malediction, Rigoletto is on his way home in the darkness. (Duetto: *Quel vecchio maledivami.*) He is accosted by a bravo, who assumes from his gloom that he has an enemy, and offers to remove him for a price, half in advance. Rigoletto rejects his offer but makes a note of his name, Sparafucile; and learns that he lures his victims to his lonely inn by the charms of a beautiful sister, a dancer. The chief melodic interest of this duet lies in the orchestra, for the singers almost declaim their parts.

Left alone, Rigoletto reflects that he stabs men with words, the bravo with steel; and the curse again oppresses him. He enters his court-yard, and forgets his boding in the loving greeting of, not his mistress (duetto: *Figlia! Mio padre!*), but his beautiful daughter, Gilda (soprano). To his anxious inquiries, she assures him she has never gone out during her three months' residence in Mantua, except to

mass. Rigoletto evades her questions as to his occupation, country, and family. They blend their orisons for peace to the spirit of Gilda's angel mother, the only being in the world who felt pity instead of contempt for the hunchback. The music is beautifully contrasted here, for Gilda's graceful *cantilenas* mingle with her father's pathetic accents. Rigoletto impressively adjures Giovanna, the Duenna, to guard his treasure, in a most wonderful musical number, *Veglia, o donna, questo fiore*, and Gilda trusts to her mother's spirit for protection. He opens the door in the wall and gazes abstractedly into the street. The Duke, disguised as a student, glides in behind him, and throws a purse to Giovanna to buy her silence, and hides under the tree. Rigoletto comes back and asks Giovanna whether Gilda was ever followed on her way to church. On her denial, he says, "Farewell, my daughter." The Duke is astonished and ejaculates "Rigoletto!" "His daughter!" from his hiding-place. On his departure, Gilda tells Giovanna she is remorseful at not having mentioned the student who follows her to mass. In a duetto (*Signor nè principe — io lo vorrei*), she confesses that whatever his rank or condition she must. . . . "Love!" cries the Duke, coming forward and finishing the sentence as he falls at her feet. Mutual transports follow, and when she asks his name he invents one for the occasion, Gualtier Maldè. Their vows are interrupted by the voices of Ceprano and Borsa outside. Giovanna comes to tell them she hears footsteps, and Rigoletto may be returning. The Duke does not want his identity discovered, and therefore consents to leave the house by a side door after fond adieux. Left alone, Gilda now knows her lover's name and weaves tender fancies around it (*Caro nome che il mio cor*). As she retires, mounting the outside stairs, Ceprano and other courtiers scale the wall to carry off the jester's mistress and reward him for his sallies. Rigoletto enters, and the darkness and their masks prevent his recognizing them. One of them explains that they have come to carry off the

Countess di Ceprano from the adjoining palace, at the Duke's command, and requires his help. He submits to being masked; and, unknown to him, they also blindfold him. They make him hold the ladder by which they ascend to Gilda's chamber, and thus make him accessory to his own ruin. Here occurs the famous whispered chorus of the abductors, *Zitti, zitti!* She is dragged away with a kerchief bound over her mouth to stifle her screams. When they have all gone, Rigoletto first perceives that he is blindfolded. He tears off the bandage, and then sees the scarf Gilda has dropped in her struggle. With horrible foreboding he rushes to her room and discovers the outrage. Overwhelmed with anguish, he attributes it to the curse.

Act II. — The Duke is alone in his palace (*Parmi veder le lagrime*). He returned to Gilda's house and heard of her abduction, and grieves that he cannot help her nor comfort her. Courtiers enter and relate the night's adventure as a good joke. The Duke recognizes his charmer in their supposed mistress of Rigoletto, and when he hears they have brought her to the palace, he hastens to her to declare his rank and take advantage of her situation.

Rigoletto enters, to the scoffs of the courtiers; and the music betrays the anxiety his words try to conceal. When he undeceives them as to his relationship to Gilda, and in bitter woe demands his daughter, their sneers are silenced. From their evasive replies he gathers the truth, and in despairing fury tries to break into the room where he believes her to be, cursing those who would stay him. From fruitless effort he turns to equally vain entreaty. The *Andante agitato*, *Cortigiani vil razza dannata*, is one of the finest numbers in the work.

A transient gleam of happiness comes as Gilda rushes wildly from the Duke's room and throws herself into his arms, but his anguish returns as he learns of her ruin. He imperiously orders the courtiers to leave the room; they obey, half in fear of his menaces and half in derision.

Left alone, Gilda confesses her meetings with the student and all the fatal consequences. Rigoletto tries to console her. Their duetto, *Tutte le festi al tempio*, is written with the greatest skill for the voices. Monterone passes through to prison under guard. He pauses before the Duke's portrait to wonder that this ruthless profligate is left unpunished by Heaven. Rigoletto overhears and vows to find an avenger for both their wrongs. Gilda still loves her betrayer and tries to stop the awful oath.

Act III. — It is night. The bravo's inn, both inside and outside, is visible to us on the river-bank. Gilda cannot overcome her love, and so her father has brought her here to witness the infidelity of the Duke, who enters the house disguised as a soldier, while Rigoletto tells Gilda to watch him through a hole in the wall on the opposite side. He calls for wine, and while Sparafucile is getting it, he gaily sings of changeable womankind, *La donna è mobile*, yet owning that man cannot do without her. This facile and graceful melody maintains the same character for the Duke that his *Questa o quella* in Act I revealed. At a signal from the bravo, his sister, Maddalena (mezzo soprano), comes into the room, when he leaves her with the guest and joins Rigoletto outside. He tells of his success in decoying the young man pointed out by the hunchback, and asks if he is to carry out the affair. Rigoletto requires a few moments' reflection. Gilda watches her perjured lover make devoted love to Maddalena, who coquettishly leads him on. Tender addresses and laughing raillery inside are contrasted with Gilda's heart-broken sobs outside and her father's entreaties to tear the false one from her heart forever. The gallantry of the Duke, the coquetry of Maddalena, the horror of Gilda, and Rigoletto's compassion for his daughter and hatred for the Duke are given with splendid effect. In this remarkable quartette (*Un dì se ben rammentomi*), the two groups are so separate that we might almost consider it as two duettos. The situation de-

mands that they should be distinct. The orchestra well supports the vocal edifice, but the rhythm is especially interesting. Finally, in desperation, Gilda yields and goes to put on male attire to take horse and hasten to Verona, whither Rigoletto will follow, and where they may end their days in sorrow and obscurity. Rigoletto then pays the bravo ten crowns, half his price, to fulfil his vengeance, promising to return at midnight to pay the rest on receipt of the corpse, which none but he shall cast into the river. A storm, black as the moods of the characters, bursts on the scene. The realistic effect of the moaning of the wind is produced by the chorus behind the scenes humming with closed mouth in chromatic thirds. Other masters have tried this effect, but have kept it up too long. Verdi knew when to stop. The Duke is unwilling to brave the tempest and Sparafucile offers his own bed for the night. He accepts, and is ushered upstairs, where the host commends him to the care of Heaven and leaves him to fall asleep, unaware of the doom prepared, after again singing a snatch of his gay ditty. Maddalena has been greatly taken with the Duke, and begs her brother to spare his life; but he wants the rest of his hire, and refuses. She suggests to him to kill the hunchback on his return and take the money. But the bravo is too honourable to take what he has not earned. However, if any one comes to the inn before midnight, he consents to kill him instead of her handsome admirer, and give the body to his employer in stead. Gilda, notwithstanding her wrongs, cannot quit the vicinity forever of him whom she still loves without again assuring herself that he is false, and so she returns, dressed as ordered by her father, and once more looks through the crevice. There she overhears the above discussion, and learns that she may save her lover by presenting herself as his substitute. She immediately knocks and craves shelter from the tempest, and is admitted.

A bell tolls midnight. Rigoletto knocks and demands his prey. Sparafucile drags out his victim in a sack, and

would cast it into the river; but Rigoletto will not forego this gratification of his revenge. In exultation, he pays the balance, and is about to depart with his burden when, to his horror, he hears the gay ditty *La Donna e mobile* of the Duke, whom Maddalena has awakened, and who with her is now carelessly seeking a place of safety. This coarse insult to the father's broken heart is prolonged the whole length of the melody. At length, arousing from the stupor into which he has been plunged by the hated voice, he fearfully opens the sack and discovers his bleeding child, who prays for mercy on her betrayer with her last words. Exclaiming *Ah la maledizione!* Rigoletto falls despairingly at the side of his daughter. The panderer to another's vices and abettor of another's crimes now feels the fulfilment of the curse laid upon him by the father at whom he had scoffed when his daughter was ruined.

La Traviata[1]

Venice, 1853

La Traviata contains much of that warm, emotional, melodic profuseness which the public likes and which it demands when it throws off its working garb to take a little pleasure, sadly, as we are told, it takes this. The popular nature of the music, its freedom from technical and theatrical perplexity which the public at large is glad to be without, its ever-changing colour, variety, and expression, — all this contributes to the vitality of *La Traviata* — FREDERICK J. CROWEST

FTER a short instrumental prelude, the curtain rises on a brilliant scene in the house of the beautiful Violetta Valery (soprano), the reigning belle of Paris. She is receiving her guests. Gastone de Letorieres (tenor) presents Alfredo Germont (tenor), who soon makes himself conspicuous by singing a Bacchanalian song (*Libiamo, libiamo*), in which Gastone, Flora Bervoix (soprano,) Barone Douphol (bass), Marchese D'Obigny (bass), and Dottore Grenvil (bass), and chorus join. Violetta, glass in hand, gaily takes up the theme of Alfredo's song and sings the second verse, in which the others join as before. This popular number is in triple rhythm and a lovely accompaniment of bass voices repeating the air produces a fine effect. A waltz strikes up, and Alfredo is left alone by the guests' retirement into an adjoining room. Violetta gives evidence of consumption, and Alfredo expresses his consternation (duet: *Un di felice*), while she gives him friendly warning. The guests return to take leave as dawn is approaching (*Si ridesta in ceil l'aurora*). On their departure Violetta, abandoned to her own reflections, sings a grand scena, *Ah, fors' è lui*, expressing her love for Alfredo, and reflecting on her lost condition, and finally as a solace resolving to plunge into a whirl of dissipation, "*Sempre libera degg'io.*"

ACT II. — The curtain rises upon a country villa near Paris, where Alfredo and Violetta have been living for the

[1] The story is founded on Dumas's *La Dame aux Camélias*. The period is changed to the present, and Marguerite Gauthier becomes Violetta Valery.

past three months in great happiness, as Alfredo tells us (aria: *Dè miei bollenti*). Annina, Violetta's maid (soprano), comes in and tells Alfredo that she has just returned from Paris, where she has been to sell Violetta's jewels to pay for the housekeeping expenses. The conscience-smitten Alfredo resolves to go to Paris and repair matters (aria: *O mio rimorso*), and then departs.

Violetta enters and questions Annina regarding Alfredo's strange departure. A servant, Giuseppe (tenor), brings her a note from Flora Bervoix, inviting both Violetta and Alfredo to an entertainment, and he also announces a visitor. The latter approaches. He is Germont, Alfredo's father (baritone), who is greatly distressed at the condition of affairs, and begs Violetta to release his son. However, he is touched by her devotion when he hears that she is about to sell her property for the sake of his son, and changes his harsh manner to one of tenderness (duet: *Pura siccome un angelo*). Under his influence and for love of Alfredo, she determines to make the sacrifice and to leave Alfredo.

Germont goes out to the garden, and Violetta writes a mysterious letter, then she rings for Annina and bids her deliver this in Paris. As she is writing a letter to Alfredo, the latter comes in and questions her about it. She is embarrassed and refuses to answer; but she tells him of her love for him, and, weeping, bids him a farewell that he does not understand. Her abrupt departure does not interfere with his indulging pleasant dreams for the future. Soon after she has left, Giuseppe informs him that Violetta has gone to Paris, and a moment later a messenger brings a letter. It is from Violetta. From it he learns, to his utter despair, that his love has deserted him. Germont, coming forward, tries to comfort him (aria: *Di Provenza il mar*), in a beautiful appeal to return to his home in Provence and to his father's heart. Alfredo refuses to go, and determines to follow Violetta to Paris.

The scene changes to Flora Bervoix's house, where there is a gay entertainment. Flora is expecting Alfredo

and Violetta, and is told that they have parted. Ladies masked as gipsies come in and tell the fortunes of the guests (chorus: *Noi siamo zingarelle*). Gastone and others dressed as matadores and picadores follow (chorus: *Di Madride*). Alfredo, to the surprise of everybody, appears, and soon after him, Violetta, on the arm of her new protector, Barone Douphol. Violetta is overcome at seeing Alfredo. The Barone commands her not to speak to him, nor even to notice him. Seeing her embarrassment, Flora comes to talk to her. Alfredo and Gastone play cards. Alfredo talks unkindly of Violetta, and she becomes very ill. Supper is announced, and everybody leaves the stage. Violetta soon returns, saying she has implored Alfredo to give her a short interview. When he comes in, she begs him to beware of the Barone's jealous wrath, and also tells him that one who had the right to demand it forced her to renounce him. He asks if this person was Douphol, and she answers Yes. Alfredo then calls in the company, and, throwing Violetta's portrait at her feet, denounces her with cruel words in his aria, *Ogni suo aver*, amid general indignation (chorus: *Oh infamia orribile*).

Germont enters and begins the largo of the finale (*Di sprezzo degno*), denouncing his son's conduct. Alfredo replies, and then the concerted part begins. Violetta sings of her love for Alfredo; Flora tries to comfort her; Alfredo is still incensed; Germont says he is the only one in possession of the secret of Violetta's sacrifice; the Barone defies Alfredo; and the Dottore and chorus sing their sympathy for Violetta. The ensemble is developed at great length. Germont and his son leave, the Barone follows, the Dottore and Flora take Violetta into the adjoining room, and the rest disperse as the curtain falls.

Act III. — An instrumental prelude prepares us for a melancholy scene, for the curtain rises on Violetta's room, where she is dying of consumption. Violetta calls upon Annina to give her something to drink, and then to open

the window and let in the daylight. The Dottore enters and tells Violetta that she is better; but to Annina he remarks that "few grains of sand remain in her glass." Violetta asks Annina what are the sounds she hears in the street. The maid replies it is Shrove Tuesday and the carnival is beginning. Violetta bids her scatter some money to the poor. Soon a letter is delivered to Violetta, from Germont, who tells her that he and Alfredo are coming to see her and beg forgiveness, that Alfredo knows the whole story, and that the latter has fought with and wounded the Barone. Violetta is overjoyed, but fears she is beyond recovery and implores Heaven's pardon for the past (aria: *Addio! del passato*). Merry carnival-sounds outside contrast with her despondency; the people are singing praises to the *Bœuf Gras* (chorus: *Largo al quadrupede*). Annina announces Alfredo, who quickly follows. A loving reconciliation takes place, with vows of eternal devotion (duet: *Parigi o cara*); but, alas! Violetta grows weaker and Alfredo cannot comfort her. The sorrowful Germont, having come in and seen Violetta's condition, blames himself for all the sorrow he has caused. Violetta gives Alfredo her portrait (finale: *Prendi, quest è l'immagine de' miei*). She revives a few minutes and then falls dead, while the Dottore, Alfredo, Germont, and Annina cry out in anguish.

Faust[1]

Paris, 1859

Faust is the ideal opera of the populace. It is full of sweetness and pleasant melodiousness, qualities which the people, a body not without intelligence, can easily appreciate as part of Gounod's musical art. . . . It deserved precisely that reward, it is so openly appreciable, so clearly and unhesitatingly frank in its obviousness. It has much beauty indeed, a beauty which not the most arrogant and cheapest of critics would be prepared to deny; such a beauty pervades much of the Jewel Scene, and portions of the purely ecclesiastical music, a beauty of excessive tenderness and overwhelming celestial sweetness — VERNON BLACKBURN

HE short overture by its mysterious and somewhat gloomy character expresses Faust's dark thoughts and solitary brooding. Out of the heavy string passages a gleam of hope from the wood-wind arises. It ends with a few solemn and slow chords. The curtain rises. Faust (tenor) is alone in his study. The expiring lamp seems typical of his own sinking life. Impatiently he closes the volume: he soliloquizes upon the fruitlessness of his own learning. His sombre meditations, reflected in the orchestra, are interrupted by a cheerful melody from without, a gay air on the oboe, — easy, fresh, and piquant. This the composer has substituted for Goethe's Easter Hymn. Faust goes to the window. Another day is dawning, but there is no joy for him! Pouring the contents of a phial into a goblet, he calls for Death. The voices of young girls saluting the lovely dawn, with its dewy roses and blithe birds, *Paresseuse folle*, make him pause. Again he lifts the poison to his lips, and now a chorus of reapers behind the scenes sings a pastoral melody, *Aux champs l'aurore nous rappelle*, constructed on a drone bass, calling everyone to rejoice and pray. Faust is impressed; the cup drops from his hand. However, he remembers the inefficacy of prayer, and, cursing earth and all human passions, he summons Satan. The agitated string passages, depicting Faust's excitement, are succeeded by wind instruments

[1] Faust was written originally with much spoken dialogue and was therefore an *opéra-comique*.

in a sudden change of key, and Mephistopheles (bass) appears. "With a sword, a cap, a purse, and a gay velvet cloak, I travel," he says, "like a nobleman." First, he questions Faust if he fears him, and in the following long duet asks if it is gold or glory that he wants. Faust replies in a noticeable phrase, "*À moi les plaisirs*," that it is youth. Mephistopheles dictates his terms, and when Faust refuses to sell his soul, he shows him Marguerite at her spinning-wheel, the whir of which is described on the violins, while the harps accompany it with a mysterious harmony in which the veiled notes of the horns are noticeable. This phrase will be repeated by Marguerite in Act III.

The enraptured Faust signs the parchment and Mephistopheles hands him a goblet containing "the nectar of the sun," which Faust quaffs, and becomes young instantly. The vision fades. "When shall I see her again?" asks Faust. "To-day," replies the fiend, "away!" Faust sings delightedly "*À moi les plaisirs*," this time in another key, while Mephistopheles mockingly echoes the words and melody.

Act II. — After a few bars, the curtain rises on a tavern bearing the sign of Bacchus, just outside the gates of Frankfort. The *Kermesse* attracts a motley crowd. The students (first basses) gaily take up the theme from the orchestra and sing a drinking-song, *Vin ou bière*. Wagner (bass), a pupil of Dr. Faust, has just enlisted as a soldier, and joins in with a new theme ("*Jeune adept*"); the horns play a military strain and the soldiers (second basses) sing of siege to girls and castles ("*Filles ou forteresses*"); the old men (first tenors) in their cracked voices sing ("*Aux jours de dimanche*") of how they like to sit under the trees on Sunday — a very remarkable melody; the young girls coquette with the men ("*Voyez ces hardis compères*"), a new strain taken up by the students in another key ("*Voyez ces jeunes gaillardes*") and repeated by the matrons (second sopranos) ("*Voyez, après ces donzelles*"). Then the first

subject — the drinking-song of the students — is resumed, and all ends in an animated coda. This has been described as six choruses, but it is only one, beginning and ending with the same theme.

Trombones announce Valentine (baritone), who refers to the amulet, or medal, his sister, Marguerite, has given him for protection from danger. Wagner reminds him it is time to be marching. "Then let us have a parting-cup," says Valentine. In reply to Wagner's questions regarding his sadness, he says he regrets leaving his sister, Marguerite, unprotected. Siebel, a lover of Marguerite's (contralto), promises to guard her, and so do the others. Wagner calls for wine to dispel this melancholy, and begins his "Song of the Rat." This is interrupted by the arrival of Mephistopheles, accompanied by a rushing sound of the strings. Mephistopheles compliments Wagner on the song; he will sing one after him. "Let us have it now," demands Wagner. "Very well; but you must join in the chorus," Satan answers. He then sings his song in praise of gold (*Le veau d'or*), and in it alludes to Beelzebub who conducts the worship. The chorus join in the second verse, and Mephistopheles enjoys their unconscious homage to him.

Valentine comments upon the guest, but Wagner invites him to drink. Mephistopheles now looks at their palms. Wagner is to die at the first engagement; Valentine will perish in a duel; every flower and woman that Siebel shall pluck or love shall wither, — "Be careful of nosegays for Marguerite," warns the fiend. Valentine takes offence at this. Snatching the glass from Wagner, Mephistopheles toasts the company; he finds the wine bad — he will give them better, and calls on Bacchus. Again there is a rush in the orchestra. He fills the glasses miraculously and proposes the health of Marguerite. Valentine dashes the cup from his hand, and the spilled wine flames up. All are frightened. Valentine, Wagner, and Siebel draw their swords; Mephistopheles makes a charmed circle with his; none can approach him, although all now know the stranger

is the devil, and pray Heaven for protection. Valentine and the others think of the cross on the hilt of their swords, and all, holding this cross upright, advance, singing a chorale (*C'est une croix*). Mephistopheles winces, and all depart in safety, leaving the fiend, who is joined by Faust.

The latter begs to see Marguerite. In a very expressive phrase, Mephistopheles says he will have difficulty in winning her, for her purity protects her; however, she will soon pass this very spot. The revels of the *Kermesse* begin. Students, among them Siebel, and maidens enter, with rustic fiddlers, who take their places. To a gay waltz in the orchestra the chorus sings in praise of dancing (*Ainsi que la brise legère*). Siebel longs for Marguerite to appear, and soon the beautiful girl enters. Faust exclaims in rapture. Mephistopheles advises him to accost her, and balks Siebel from approaching his heart's idol. Faust compliments Marguerite and offers her his arm ("*Ne permettrez-vous pas*"), which she gracefully declines and passes on. It is noticeable that while she sings this lovely phrase, "*Non, Monsieur, je ne suis demoiselle ni belle*," the orchestra plays the very notes that Faust has just sung, as if he and his words had touched her heart. The disappointed Faust is reassured by Mephistopheles, while the waltz is continued and developed until the curtain falls.

Act III. — After a short introduction, the curtain rises on the garden before Marguerite's dwelling, — a garden sweet with vines and roses. At the back is a high wall pierced by a gate, through which Siebel enters. The violoncello announces the theme of his famous air, *Faîtes lui mes aveux*; he will gather flowers which will carry his message of love to Marguerite! He plucks a blossom; it withers, and he remembers the prophecy of the "sorcerer at the fair." He dips his hand in the holy water at the shrine where Marguerite is wont to pray daily. Again he gathers a flower and is happy to find that Satan's spell is broken. As he places his nosegay

upon Marguerite's doorstep, hoping the flowers will "speak the language of love," Faust and Mephistopheles enter. At the latter's exclamation, Siebel hastens away. The fiend tells Faust he will give him a gift for Marguerite that will outshine that of his rival. Faust bids him go, and, left alone, apostrophizes Marguerite's dwelling in the famous cavatina, *Salut, demeure, chaste et pure*, a graceful and tender air with an *obbligato* violin in the orchestra — it is almost a dialogue of the voice with the orchestra.[1] A progression of harmony leads back to the first theme. Mephistopheles now returns with a casket of jewels. Faust refuses to tempt Marguerite, but Mephistopheles places the casket where Marguerite will see it, and bids Faust wait and hope. Hiding, they watch Marguerite, who enters. The clarinets and violins suggest her coming song. She seats herself at her spinning-wheel and sings the old chanson of the *Roi de Thulé*, quite in the antique style and inspired with a melancholy and dreamy sentiment. Now and again she interrupts herself to muse upon the handsome stranger. Then she speaks of her loneliness, and longs for Valentine. Now she sees Siebel's flowers, but abandons them for the casket. First, she expresses her curiosity, then her misgivings about satisfying it, in accompanied recitative, which leads to an *Allegretto* in waltz time, during which she opens the casket, puts on the jewels, and admires herself in the mirror she finds there. This, *Ah! je ris de me voir si belle*, is the celebrated "Jewel Song." Her neighbour, Martha, enters, and is astonished to see Marguerite wearing such gems. From the latter's remarks, Martha gathers that it is Faust who presented them, and she persuades her to keep them. At this point Mephistopheles reveals himself. Faust follows. As Marguerite recognizes the latter, and fancies him the donor, she begins to take off the jewels. Mephistopheles bows to Martha, and brings her a pretended message from

[1] In the original score this cavatina was not preceded with the short introduction, *Quel trouble inconnu me pénètre.*

her absent husband. It is a dying message, and then, of course, he has to console her hysterical and hypocritical grief, distracting her attention from Marguerite. Meanwhile Faust is begging the latter to wear the gems. Arm in arm, the two couples now walk about, and the quartette of the promenade is divided in a very original manner, as the situation demands. Mephistopheles is flirting with the flattered Martha, and Marguerite is telling Faust the story of her simple life. The musical phrases are full of distinction, and the instrumentation is very rich and highly-coloured, for the violins, harps, and wind instruments are well blended. After the ensemble, Mephistopheles escapes from Martha, and hides in the shrubbery to watch Faust and Marguerite. There is a return of Siebel's song, this time on the violins instead of the 'cello, and Siebel enters. He is dismissed by Martha and is again baffled by Mephistopheles. Then the fiend, left alone, sings an incantation to the night,[1] and spreading his cloak above the flowers bids them bewilder the senses of Marguerite with their magic perfume, and suddenly they gleam with strange beauty. Mephistopheles retires, and Faust and Marguerite re-enter to sing their grand duet. *Laissez-moi contempler ton visage*, sings Faust, and Marguerite repeats his phrase note for note. Then she plucks a daisy and pulls its petals to see if her lover is true. She is overjoyed to find that he loves her. Faust assures her the daisy speaks the truth. She yields herself to him and Faust sings, *O nuit d'amour, ciel radieux!* Marguerite replies, "*Je veux t'aimer*," which we heard in Act I in the orchestra when Mephistopheles showed the aged Faust the vision of Marguerite.

In the next movement — an *Allegro* in a minor key — Marguerite begs Faust to leave her, and, finally, bids him farewell, promising to meet him on the morrow. Kissing

[1] Here Gounod has written sustained harmony for eight 'cellos, but there are rarely enough instruments in the orchestra to comply with the score.

her hand to him, she enters her cottage. Faust tries to go, but Mephistopheles, now at his side, forces him to remain a moment longer "to hear what Marguerite will say to the stars." At this moment, she softly opens her casement and sings of her love and longing for Faust. Her short, passionate phrases are echoed in the orchestra with lovely effect. Faust rushes to her, and Mephistopheles gives a demoniacal laugh of triumph. The orchestra plays the melodies that Marguerite has just been singing, and the curtain slowly falls.

Act IV. — The short and mournful orchestral prelude introduces the melody of Marguerite's next song. She is discovered at her spinning-wheel, awaiting Faust's return. She hears the voices of her former companions behind the scenes (*Le galant étranger s'enfuit*). She sadly remembers that once she mocked the frailties of others. She then sings her "Spinnning-wheel Song," *Il ne revient pas*, the accompaniment to which is somewhat similar to Schubert's *Gretchen am Spinnrade*. The revolving wheel is well described in the orchestra. It is almost the same melody transposed in a minor key as that which the orchestra plays in Act I, where Faust has the vision of Marguerite, and repeats in the duet in the Garden Scene.

Siebel enters and offers to avenge Marguerite. She refuses: Faust does not desert her willingly she says; it is that *dark shadow of evil* at his side that keeps him away. She talks of how Faust left her and their child. "I was kneeling by the cradle and I said to him: 'Look at this angel that God has given to us!' His companion entered and the child woke with screams. Then they left." Siebel sings a romance, Italian in character; Marguerite leaves to go to church; and Martha enters and tells Siebel that Valentine has returned.

The orchestra plays a march founded on two melodies, and the soldiers sing their chorus, *Deposons les armes*. Valentine meets Siebel, who tells him that his sister is in

the church, the soldiers' voices break forth again, leading up to the vigorous melody, *Gloire immortelle de nos aïeux*. Siebel then tries to tell Valentine about Marguerite, but fails, and as they approach the church, Faust and Mephistopheles enter, the latter with a guitar. Mephistopheles tries to lure Faust away, but Faust, still loving Marguerite, will not come. Then Mephistopheles will call her forth by a serenade! His song is very insulting (*Vous qui faîtes l'endormie*). Faust bids him cease; but he laughs sardonically. Then Valentine rushes out from the house and cuts the devil's guitar in two with his sword. A trio follows, Faust and Valentine having drawn on each other, whilst Mephistopheles presides over the duel. Valentine throws away the amulet that Marguerite gave him. This puts him under the devil's power. The first, second, and third thrusts are imitated in the orchestra, and after the fourth lunge, Valentine falls to a doleful note on the horn. Mephistopheles takes Faust away; Martha, Siebel, and other neighbours enter. They find Valentine dying, and he tells them that his sister's betrayer has killed him. Marguerite makes her way through the crowd, but Valentine curses her. The bystanders breathe a prayer for them both. Sinister harmonies are heard during this death scene, and the trombones are used to depict horror.

We hear a prelude on the organ as the scene changes to the interior of the church. Marguerite is kneeling near a font of holy water, singing a short prayer without accompaniment. She hears the voice of Mephistopheles at her side, telling her that she shall pray no more, and he calls on the demons to show her her fate. A rushing sound on the wind and strings precedes the chorus of demons who call her name. She is frightened, and now she sees Mephistopheles, who "whispers in her ear all the horrors of death."

A chorale within the church (*Quand du Seigneur le jour luira*), interrupted at each pause by a peculiar figure of triplets in the orchestra, alternates with the terrible denun-

ciations of Mephistopheles and his demons. She joins her voice with those of the worshippers whose hymn, the well-known *Dies iræ*, comforts her; but Mephistopheles calls out "Mine thou art," as he disappears. The organ resumes its melody and the curtain falls.[1]

Act V opens in the Hartz mountains on Walpurgis night, "well and wildly with shrill, short phrases, dropped from every quarter of the heaven, as it were by unseen singers," — a chorus of Will o' the Wisps, *Dans les bruyères*. Mephistopheles has brought Faust into his kingdom and restrains his terrified victim, who wants to leave. With a gesture, he illuminates the scene. The mountains open and a superb palace is seen, in which there stands a table richly served and surrounded by courtesans of antiquity. They sing a chorus (*Que les coupes s'emplissent*), and Faust, to forget his sorrow, takes a cup and sings two couplets accompanied by the chorus:

> "*Doux nectar en ton ivresse*
> *Tiens mon cœur enseveli.* . . ."

Soon the memory of Marguerite returns. He calls her. Night invades the scene, the palace and its inmates crumble away and disappear, and Faust is again in the valley of the Brocken. The wraith of Marguerite, sad and pale, appears on a rock. Faust insists upon seeing her, and, sword in hand, he drags Mephistopheles through the monsters and demons that try to bar the way. A group of

1 As the Act now ends with the death of Valentine, it may be interesting to read Gounod's own remarks about the change of order:

"The dramatic order observed by Goethe exacts that the scene of Valentine's death precedes the scene of the church, and it is thus that I also conceived my work. However, certain considerations of stage setting have inverted this order, and to-day at the Grand Opéra, it is *Valentine's death* that ends the fourth Act. It is found to be an advantage to end an act with musical masses instead of a scene with two characters."

sorcerers enter and have a dance and chorus around a cauldron from which rise wierd flames.

A long melancholy prelude is heard in the orchestra and the scene changes to the prison in which Marguerite is confined for having murdered her child. She is lying on the straw half-asleep, when Faust and Mephistopheles enter to save her from the morrow's scaffold. Faust calls her name, and Marguerite recognizes him. The music here is founded upon the melody at the beginning of Act IV, just after her conversation with Siebel, when it was played in the orchestra in 3/4 time; now it is in common time and from Marguerite's lips, *Oui, c'est toi que j'aime.* Faust begs her to fly with him; but he soon sees that her reason is impaired. The orchestra is reminiscent: we hear the waltz and the meeting with Faust in Act II, and the duet in the garden scene of Act III, — all memories passing through the minds of both lovers.

Mephistopheles now appears urging Faust to leave. Marguerite recognizes him and is terrified. "Let us go," says Mephistopheles, "before the dawn. Listen; the horses are waiting impatiently in the court-yard to bear us away." As he sings, *Viens, sauvons-là*, the galop and neighing of horses are heard in the orchestra. Faust entreats Marguerite to come; but she will not; she prays, *Anges purs, anges radieux*"; and Mephistopheles in the trio urges Faust away.

Now Marguerite suddenly sees in Faust the murderer of her brother. She recoils and sinks in a death-swoon. As Mephistopheles is about to triumph over his prey, a chorus of angels proclaim that she is saved. The walls of the prison open and the angels, singing an Easter Hymn, bear Marguerite to heaven. Faust prostrates himself in prayer, and Mephistopheles trembles under the avenging sword of the archangel.[1]

[1] The original version has been somewhat changed. The opera was found too long at its first representation; therefore a trio between Faust, Siebel, and Wagner was cut from Act II, a duo between Mar-

guerite and Valentine in Act III, the romance by Siebel in Act IV, and a portion of the prison-duet in Act V.

"The Spinning-Wheel Song" in Act IV is rarely given, and the Witches' Sabbath on the Brocken is almost always cut. This is always given in France, but with changes from the original score; for in 1869 for the first representation of Faust at the Grand Opéra, at Faure's suggestion, Gounod wrote a new ballet for Act V. At a gesture of Mephistopheles, the rocks of the Brocken opened and discovered the ruins of a gigantic palace. The ballet began after the chorus, *Que les coupes s'emplissent.*

The courtesans invite Faust and Mephistopheles to take part in the feast. They surround Faust and entice him. Soon comes Phryné, completely veiled. Little by little the veils fall away and she appears in her dazzling beauty. The others grow jealous. The fête degenerates into a terrible Bacchanale. The dancers fall upon their cushions, and the subjugated Faust holds his cup to Phryné. There are seven movements in this ballet.

Tristan und Isolde

Munich, 1865

What wondrous magic, what undreamt fulness of beauty in this ardent draught of love! — FRANZ LISZT

THE prelude to the first Act of *Tristan und Isolde* begins with a sad wail, *The Confession of Love*, a short theme on the violoncello, followed by *The Desire*, on the oboe, supported by two clarinets, the *cor anglais*, and two bassoons. This is four times repeated with significant rests between. Next comes *The Glance*, announced on the 'cello. The next two themes are *The Love-Philtre* and *The Death-Potion*, sometimes on the wood-wind and sometimes on the brass. *The Magic Casket* is heard a little later, announced on the violas and oboes, followed by a tremendous sweeping *crescendo* run and rich chords, *The Deliverance by Death*, thus introduced on the violins, and given to the other strings with superb effect. The *motive* are set against and combined with each other in such a manner that we soon realize that *Love* is to be the one theme of the drama. *The Confession of Love* now dies away sorrowfully on the wood-wind and the curtain rises to a phrase on the double bass and violoncello, ending with two *pizzicato* notes.

ACT I. — The deck of a ship richly hung with tapestry, making a kind of tent and closed at the back. A narrow hatchway leads to the cabin. Isolde, the Irish Princess (soprano), reclining on a couch with her face buried in the cushions; Brangäne, her attendant (mezzo-soprano), holding part of the tapestry open, looks over the side of the ship. A young Sailor (tenor) from the mast is singing a melancholy song, "*Westwärts schweift der Blick.*" His third phrase, "*Frisch weht der Wind der Heimat zu*," is used as a *leit-motiv* for *The Sea*. He sings of his sweetheart, his own Irish maid, but Isolde, imagining that he alludes to her, is insulted and rises indignantly, saying, "*Wer wagt mich zu höhnen?*" Her *Anger* blazes forth on

LEHMANN AS "ISOLDE."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

the violoncello, strengthened by the double bass. Then she asks Brangäne where they are. The *motiv* of *The Sea* is now heard from the violoncello. Brangäne, looking out, sees land. "What land?" Isolde asks. "Cornwall," Brangäne replies. They should arrive to-day! Isolde is in despair and greatly agitated. "Never!" she exclaims. Brangäne drops the tapestry and runs to her side. By all the power of the sorcery Isolde knows, may storms arise from the calm sea and engulf this ship! And to the wildest winds she consigns the lives of all on board! The orchestra becomes agitated; Brangäne is frightened: from the first, she has dreaded evil; Isolde has been so strange; she left home without a tear; will not her sweet lady confide her grief to Brangäne? Isolde calls for air. Brangäne draws aside the tapestry. The stern of the ship is therefore revealed and beyond it the sea and horizon are seen. Sailors are busy with ropes near the main-mast, and knights and esquires are seated in the stern. Tristan (tenor) stands somewhat apart with folded arms, gazing reflectively into the sea. At his feet lies Kurwenal, his squire (baritone). From the mast comes the voice of the young Sailor, "*Frisch weht der Wind der Heimat zu.*" This time 'cello and double bass accompany this song with a muffled tremolo. Isolde's glance has sought Tristan. To the melody of the *Death motiv* she sings scornfully: "*Tod geweihtes Haupt; Tod geweihtes herz.*" The *Confession of Love motiv* returns, although she predicts Tristan's death. What does Brangäne think of that hero?

Brangäne, like all the world, has only praise for Tristan. Tristan has neglected Isolde throughout the voyage. Isolde would like to speak to him. She imperiously commands Brangäne to order him to appear before her. As Brangäne walks past the sailors, we hear the *motiv* of *The Sea* on the wind and brasses, combined with a figure on the strings perfectly illustrative of their action with the ropes. Isolde returns to her couch; Kurwenal pulls Tristan's mantle, telling him Isolde is sending a message.

Brangäne, curtseying before Tristan, repeats Isolde's message. Tristan, who is agitated at the mention of Isolde's name, sends her a courteous answer; but he cannot leave the helm. All through this scene we have heard *The Glance*, *Desire*, *The Sea*, *Death*, and *The Love-Philtre*; now we are to hear something new, for Kurwenal, springing up, asks Tristan if he may make reply. Tristan would like to hear it first. Then Kurwenal sings that "Tristan is a hero; he has offered Cornwall and England to this daughter of Ireland; his own she cannot be; Tristan is a hero-knight and he brings his king a bride." Tristan tries to silence Kurwenal; Brangäne indignantly returns to Isolde, and Kurwenal, to a melody known as *Glory to Tristan*, sings a mocking song about Sir Morold, who came for tribute to England, where his body remains, but his head now hangs in Ireland as Tristan's tribute. The refrain, "*Sein Haupt döch hängt im Irenland*," is taken up by the men as a chorus. Brangäne closes the hangings, and Isolde rises, incensed. She had heard all. Brangäne has witnessed her disgrace and shall now know everything!

Isolde was the betrothed bride of Sir Morold, an Irish knight, who was killed by Tristan in a combat. Tristan sent the head of Sir Morold to Isolde, who discovered in it a bit of steel left by the unknown adversary's weapon. Tristan had been wounded, for Sir Morold's sword had been poisoned. Tristan, remembering that Isolde had secret balms, went to Ireland, calling himself Tantris, and asked her to cure him. One day she discovered that the notch in this knight's sword corresponded to the bit of steel she had preserved. She brandished the sword above the sick man's head, intending to kill him, but their glance met. She spared him, and, concealing the story from everybody, she cured Tristan and sent him home. But he soon returned with a royal suite to make an offer for the hand of Isolde in the name of his uncle, King Mark of Cornwall. Her parents accepted, and now Isolde is being sent to him under Sir Tristan's escort.

Isolde is grieving: she thinks Tristan loves her in secret, and she knows that she loves him, although she will not acknowledge it to herself. Her feeling towards Tristan, however, she does not impart. As in bitterness Isolde tells Brangäne how she tended *Tristan*, a new *motiv* appears in the orchestra, — *Tristan Wounded.* Tristan has shown strange gratitude to Isolde; she protests against this marriage. Brangäne tries to comfort Isolde; she thinks, on the contrary, Tristan showed his gratitude by presenting her with the Kingdom of Cornwall. Isolde grows thoughtful. Tristan fills her mind; how sad her fate to live near one who will never love her! Brangäne thinks she is referring to King Mark. Why not resort to the *Magic Casket?* Among those wonderful philtres that her mother gave her at parting there is one that subjects any one who drinks it to love. (*The Love-Philtre.*) Isolde bids Brangäne bring the *Magic Casket.* From it she selects a phial containing a *Death-Potion.* This she will make Tristan drink!

Glory to Tristan, *Desire*, *The Glance*, *Anger*, *The Magic Casket*, *The Deliverance by Death*, *The Love-Philtre*, and *The Death-Potion* are all narrated by the orchestra, which therefore tells us the whole story in its own language.

Brangäne is alarmed. The sailors are calling to each other ("*Ho! he! ha! he!*"); Isolde knows that they are nearing land. Kurwenal comes to bid them prepare for landing: the flag on King Mark's castle can be seen. Isolde, first agitated, becomes composed. Kurwenal must tell his master that Isolde bids him sue for her pardon. With a defiant gesture (intensified by the strings), Kurwenal departs. Isolde bids Brangäne farewell; she must greet her parents for her. Now pour out the *Death-Potion:* Isolde intends to die!

As Brangäne is entreating her to forbear, and Isolde commanding obedience, Kurwenal announces Sir Tristan. Brangäne retires to the background and Kurwenal departs. As Tristan enters, a new *motiv* is announced, *Tristan the*

Hero, the first phrase of which is played on the wood-wind and the second phrase on the strings. This is repeated again and again (reinforced by the brass), and increasing in intensity. The lady may demand what she will! Isolde wishes to know why he has avoided her? "It is honour," Tristan replies.

Isolde now reminds him that there is a debt of blood between them and refers to the death of Morold; once she had Tristan at her mercy! Tristan offers her his sword: his life is at her disposal. No, Isolde will pardon him! He will, perhaps, drink a cup to seal their friendship? All through this dialogue *Tristan Wounded* appears.

Tristan suspects poison; but, nevertheless, he will drink. Isolde commands Brangäne to hand her the draught. The distressed maid, meanwhile, has substituted a *Love-Philtre;* she will not be the means of murdering Isolde.

The songs of the sailors break in. There is no time to be lost. Quick with the cup! As Tristan takes it from Isolde he sings his own *motiv* "*Tristan's Ehre, höchste Treu; Tristan's Elend, kühnster Trotz*," supported by the *cor anglais* and clarinet. He is drinking it to the dregs, when Isolde snatches it from him and finishes the elixir, throwing the cup away. Now they await death. Their eyes meet. *The Confession of Love* and *Desire*, scored for violoncello and wood-wind, are followed by a chord on the harp. Now *The Glance* (from the viola and 'cello) grows more and more expressive as the glance of the two lovers becomes one of mutual fascination, and, calling each other's name tenderly, they embrace. Brangäne rushes from the side of the ship, wringing her hands in despair at the result of her work; the people cry, "Hail to King Mark!" The orchestra is filled with supreme love and passion, and at the same time describes all the confusion of arrival. While Tristan and Isolde are singing of their rapturous love, the curtains are parted and the whole ship fills with people. Now is seen the shore with King Mark's Castle. Brangäne

summons Isolde's women and places a mantle upon Isolde, trying to separate the lovers, who, mutually entranced, are bewildered by the commotion. They take no notice of the salutations to King Mark (with additional cymbals, trumpets, and triangle on the stage). Kurwenal approaches Tristan, reminding him of his duty; the sailors continue their joyful cries, for King Mark and his retinue are approaching; but Isolde, murmuring Tristan's name, sinks fainting upon his breast. The people, who have let down the bridge, cry, "Hail to Cornwall!" and as the curtain quickly falls, once more the *motiv* of *Desire* sorrowfully rises from the orchestra.

Act II. — The prelude to Act II first announces the *motiv* of *Day* on the wind with a tremolo on the string quartette; then follows *Impatience* on the 'cello, to which the broken triplets on the violins add a feeling of restlessness. To this, *Ardour* is soon added, introduced upon the flutes and wood-wind. The *Desire* from Act I next appears, generously distributed on various instruments. This symphonic introduction, so marvellously treated, gradually dies away, and as the curtain rises sounds of distant hunting-horns are heard, producing a poetic effect.

The scene is a garden near Isolde's apartment to which steps lead. A torch burns near the door. It is a beautiful summer night. Brangäne, on the steps, is listening to the sounds of the horns echoing in the distance; King Mark has a hunting-party.

Isolde excitedly enters from her chamber. She thinks the horns have ceased. Brangäne insists that the party is still near; she hears the horns. Isolde listens. No! Brangäne hears the fluttering of the leaves and the murmur of the stream! Here the clarinets *pianissimo*, and the second violins and violas muted, describe the flowing of the stream and the fluttering of the leaves. Her loved one hides in the darkness! Brangäne cautions her mistress. On Isolde's arrival, she noticed that Sir Melot observed Tristan and Isolde! He is Tristan's enemy and is laying

a snare for him; he planned this nocturnal hunt, but his game is a nobler one than is imagined! Isolde has faith in Melot. He is a friend to Tristan. How Brangäne deplores that love-philtre! Far better have obeyed Isolde and ended all troubles with death! Isolde does not blame her. The goddess of love, Frau Minne, has willed this, and as she sings of her the harp is heard. Isolde extinguishes the torch on the ground to a descending chromatic scale on the violins, viola, and 'cello. This is Tristan's signal. Brangäne withdraws. Now the *motiv* of *Impatience*, a melody on the 'cello, accompanied by the broken triplets on the violins, is employed in all its force and to it soon is added *Ardour*. Isolde peers through the foliage and waves her scarf, to the rhythm of the wood-wind. Her great joy informs us that she sees Tristan, and, in order to see him the better, she runs to the steps and beckons to him. A new *motiv* now occurs, — *Passionate Transport;* and, to a tremendous climax of this, the lovers rush into each other's arms. (Duet: "*Bist du mein? Hab' ich dich wieder?*") They sing of the cruel *Day* that separates them; and of Night that brings them together. The orchestra has partaken of their rapture; it is a symphony of all the themes we have heard; *Desire*, *Ardour*, *Impatience*, and *Passionate Transport;* and a *Song of Love*, first played by the violins and viola, joined by the 'cello, and *Glory to Tristan* are also heard. They talk of the past, of the potion and of their eternal love protected by the mantle of Night. Night is intoxicating, and the harp now adds its magic. Tristan leads Isolde to a flowery bank and sinks on his knees beside her, resting his head upon her arm. Night and love weave mystery and enchantment around them. Tristan softly sings, "O night of rapture" ("*O sink' hernieder, Nacht der Liebe*"). Isolde joins him, repeating his words to the syncopated chords of the muted strings (*Invocation to Night*) and gentle sighs from the wind. Every now and again the harp casts its mystery upon the lovely hour. The lovers sigh for death, — now, while heart to heart and lip to lip! Toward the end of his ensemble,

the *motiv* of *Death the Liberator* appears, which they sing to the words, " *Liebeheiligstes Leben.*"

Brangäne (invisible) calls from the tower, to a harp accompaniment, that the day is breaking (*motiv* of *Day*); but the violins and viola, to a bass furnished by the violoncello, are weaving that beautiful melody of *Felicity*, and the lovers are calling for Death to unite them in this supreme moment.

Tristan begins the *Death Song* to the words, " *So stürben wir um ungetrennt*," a *motiv* that will frequently be heard throughout the rest of the drama. Isolde repeats this after him.

Brangäne warns them again, but they pay no heed. They still sing of this perfect night; there shall be no awakening! Their *Death Song* grows more passionate, and now ornamented with a graceful turn becomes almost a new phrase, and is given to various instruments.

Brangäne rushes in with a cry of alarm, and Kurwenal also appears, sword in hand, telling Tristan to save himself.

A few notes of the hunting-horns usher in Sir Melot (baritone) and King Mark (bass), with knights. They pause before the lovers. Tristan tries to shield Isolde with his mantle. Brangäne stands by her side. The 'cello and the double bass loudly proclaim the *Impatience motiv*, for the lovers are disturbed. The orchestra further arouses our sympathy by the ominous *Death Song*, and as their enemy Day, now reddening, has brought discovery, the *Day motiv* is again heard. Sir Melot is the first to speak. He addresses King Mark. His suspicions were well grounded! The bass clarinet proclaims the grief of the latter (*King Mark's Grief*), as he addresses his nephew, for whom he has always had such love and respect. His heart is stabbed through and through! The bass clarinet also delivers another theme, *Consternation*, and upon these two *motive*, with the addition of *Anger*, *The Confession of Love*, *Felicity*, *Death the Liberator*, and *The Invocation to Night*, the rest of the Act is developed.

Tristan tells Isolde he will return to his birth-place, a gloomy spot, where his mother died in giving life to him; will Isolde follow him? Did not Isolde follow Tristan to this strange land? He has only to tell her the way; Isolde will come! Tristan kisses her brow tenderly (*Invocation to Night* and *The Death Song*), which so enrages Melot that he attacks Tristan. Tristan reproaches his false friend, he is jealous of Isolde, and therefore betrayed him to King Mark! He draws, and calls Melot to guard; and as the latter attacks, a rushing movement on the violins, viola, and 'cello describes the action. Tristan lets his own guard fall and sinks wounded in Kurwenal's arms. Isolde, weeping, falls upon him; King Mark restrains Melot; and the curtain quickly falls upon the chord of D-minor.

Act III. — The prelude to the third Act is of extreme sadness. It introduces a new *motiv*, *Solitude*, the beginning of which is very like *Desire*. It is played on the violins and ends with an ascending passage. It is followed by a sad phrase on the horns and 'cello, *Tristan's Distress*, which will be heard when he is talking to Kurwenal. *Death* is also present. On the third occurrence of this ascending phrase of *Solitude*, the curtain rises.

The scene is the melancholy and rather neglected garden of the castle, Karéol, in Brittany, supposed to stand on a high rock. The castle is on one side, and the gate and a low breastwork, broken by a watch-tower, on the other side towards the back. Beyond is seen a wide sea-horizon. In the foreground, sleeping upon a couch under a lime-tree, lies the wounded Tristan, over whom Kurwenal keeps anxious watch. From behind the scenes, a Shepherd (tenor) pipes a sorrowful tune (on the *cor anglais*, unaccompanied). This is the *motiv*, *Sadness*. The Shepherd, leaning from the breastwork, asks Kurwenal if Tristan still sleeps. Kurwenal fears if he awakes it will only be to take leave of them,

unless the lady comes to cure! Has the Shepherd seen a sail yet?

If he had, he would play a gay tune, the Shepherd answers. Kurwenal sends him to watch; the moment a sail appears, he must play a merry tune. *Solitude* is conspicuous in the orchestra. The Shepherd, shading his eyes with his hand and peering across the horizon, replies that the sea is a blank; and departs playing his ditty.

Tristan awakes. Why should he hear this familiar tune? Where is he? At this moment, *Kurwenal's Joy* is expressed on the strings. When Kurwenal replies he is at Karéol, the *motiv* of *Karéol* is expressed on the first and second violins. Kurwenal explains to the sick knight that he still owns his ancestral home and that he brought him here from Cornwall. The most conspicuous *motive* are, naturally enough, *Glory to Tristan* and *Karéol*. The dying hero sings that he has been wandering in the kingdom of darkness; Isolde is still his sunshine; and the door of Death is open for him. How he yearns for Isolde! Then his mind wanders: will she not extinguish the torch? How long the light glows! The flutes reveal his *Ardour*. We also hear *Impatience*. During this rambling and excited speech, the *Invocation to Night*, *Day*, *Desire*, *Death*, and reminiscences and *Death the Liberator* are heard, sometimes in the vocal part and sometimes in the orchestra. Tristan sinks exhausted upon his couch. Kurwenal tells him that he has sent for Isolde, and he recalls, to his regret, that once he defied her. He is now nearly as impatient as his master for her arrival. Tristan shall soon see her!

Tristan, wandering in his mind, faintly sings that the beacon still burns; the house is not dark yet; and that he hears Isolde's voice. Kurwenal explains again that he has sent for Isolde to cure the wound made by Melot's sword. Isolde cured him once before (*Tristan Wounded*).

The key and time change and *Joy*, a new *motiv*, is heard as Tristan in delight calls "Isolde comes!" Then he thanks Kurwenal, embracing him, for his friendship. Kurwenal has always been a true friend and shared his sufferings! All through this conversation *Tristan's Distress* is emphasized by the orchestra. He bids Kurwenal run to the tower, and in delirium fancies he sees the ship. She nears, the flag waves from the mast. Hurrah! Hurrah! She reaches the bar. Does not Kurwenal see her?

Kurwenal hesitates to leave Tristan, and again the Shepherd's pipe is heard, accompanied this time by a *tremolo* on the strings. Again we hear *Solitude* as Kurwenal says there is no ship in sight, and a doleful trill is made on the kettledrums. Tristan remarks pathetically that it was always thus. He heard that tune on the evening breeze when he was told of his father's death, and in the morning mist he heard it when he learned of how his mother died. This ditty is associated with his own fate. Here he lies dying and yearning! He heard it too when he was carried wounded in the boat that took him to Ireland to be cured by Isolde. She healed him, but she opened another wound; then she presented him with poison, and, as he welcomed that relief, a fiery elixir rushed through his veins — the *Love-Philtre*. How sad he is! *Night's* joy is denied; *Day* is unblessed. Ah, cursed draught, for he who quaffed it is accursed! He sinks as if dead upon his couch. Kurwenal is in despair. Has the noblest of knights breathed his last? He lays his head down to listen. Ah, no! he lives, his lips move gently. Suddenly he calls: "The ship!" Does not Kurwenal see it?

"It will soon arrive," says the faithful squire. Again Tristan sings, "She floats on the ocean so gracefully" ("*Wie sie selig hehr und milde*"). O what relief she brings! Isolde is upon her! Why does not Kurwenal run and look?

The Shepherd now plays the gayest tune he knows and comes running in to announce the ship. The tune on the *cor anglais*[1] is repeated by the entire orchestra.

Tristan breaks out in joy. Kurwenal tells him how she skims the waves, how her sails fill and how her pennon flutters! now the rocks hide her; Tristan fears the rocks. Now she is safe, Kurwenal cries. Tristan is wild: Kurwenal shall inherit his lands for this news! Does he see Isolde? The ship is in port, Isolde waves, now she springs to land!

Tristan bids Kurwenal leave the watch-tower and assist her. Kurwenal orders him to be quiet and goes out.

In the greatest excitement, believing that Isolde can heal his wound, Tristan springs from his couch and tears off the bandage. Isolde enters, he staggers to her, and she receives him in her arms.

Isolde tenderly calls his name, but realizes that she is too late. *Desire* is again heard and *The Glance*, this time it is Tristan's parting gaze, for gently breathing "Isolde," he dies. Isolde tries to call him back to life. Kurwenal, who has entered, is in great distress.

A noise is heard; the Shepherd climbs over the wall and announces to Kurwenal that another ship is coming. Kurwenal looks over the ramparts. He prepares for defence. Despite Brangäne's call, he attacks what he supposes to be an invasion of King Mark. Melot is among the first to enter; Kurwenal kills him, and, being wounded, runs to the side of his master to die.

Brangäne, who has clambered over the wall, runs to Isolde, and King Mark, who has forced his way in, sorrowfully comments upon the lovers. Brangäne tries to inform her lady that she told King Mark about the *Love-Philtre*,

[1] Wagner gave directions in the score that a special *cor anglais* should be made on the model of the Swiss Alpenhorn to render the effect as rustic and natural as possible. In this place he wished it strengthened by oboes and clarinets.

and he has come to give her to Tristan. King Mark's words substantiate this.

Isolde does not hear. She is looking upon Tristan, and, recovering a few moments, she sings her "swan-song"; "*Mild und leise;*" her lover smiles sweetly, he is calmly resting, she hears his tender words, she is sinking and finding bliss (*Passionate Transport*).

She falls upon Tristan's body and dies in Brangäne's arms. King Mark invokes a benediction upon the dead lovers, and everyone is overcome with grief.

Once again *Desire*, slightly transformed, appears on the flute, oboe, and *cor anglais;* and the curtain falls upon the last chord with its long pause.

Die Meistersinger

Munich, 1868

It is a comedy full of wit and tender emotion — Albert Lavignac

THE overture is a majestic and superb composition. Heavy chords introduce the *motiv* of *The Meistersinger* on the full orchestra, and after it is worked up at some length, there follows the expressive and tender theme of *Waking Love*, on the flute and clarinet. The oboe takes it up, then the flute and clarinet again, and, after fourteen bars, occurs a *motiv* associated with *The Meistersinger*, — *The Banner*, a pompous theme on the oboe, clarinets, horns, trumpets, trombones and harps, accompanied by an emphatic run of the strings. The violins then amuse themselves with trills. There are beautiful developments of *The Banner* and *The Meistersinger* until the first violins announce a graceful melody, *Love Confessed*, which will be heard throughout the work, reaching its highest development in Walter's song in Act III. Wagner calls it "a secretly whispered declaration of love." A few bars further, they sing *Impatient Ardour*, also associated with Walter, of which great use will be made towards the end of Act II. All of these *motive* are wonderfully combined in a superb fugue, full of variety, humour, playfulness, and grace, while beneath all lies the heavy solemnity of the burgher poets.

After several modulations, *Impatient Ardour* is interrupted by the *Meistersinger motiv* in a gay mood, upon the wood-wind and horns. The strings enter with a Bach-like figure, full of fire and energy, which some critics have named the *Derision motiv* and which will be heard in Act III to the words, "*Scheint mir nicht der Rechte.*"

The original *Meistersinger* returns upon the trombones, viola, and 'cello; and the violins excitedly elaborate it until they sing, with the 'cello, clarinet, and horn, *Love Confessed*, while the other instruments insist upon *The Meistersinger.*

The woven melodies grow broader and louder until the whole orchestra culminates in a magnificent outburst of the *Meistersinger*, on the last bars of which the curtain rises.

Act I. — The interior of St. Katharine's Church, Nuremberg, showing the last pews in the nave. The people are singing to the organ, a hymn, "*Da zu dir der Heiland kam*," the *Chorale of Baptism*, a grave and measured melody, in the style of Bach.

Walter von Stolzing, a young knight (tenor), stands behind a pillar, looking in rapture upon Eva Pogner (soprano), seated in the last pew with her nurse Magdalene (mezzo-soprano). He shows his feelings by an expressive gesture, while *Waking Love* is played by the violoncello. In the next pause of the hymn, Eva replies with a timid glance, to her *Waking Love* on the clarinet. The oboe proclaims *Impatient Ardour*, in the next pause, and in the last, *Love Confessed*.

The hymn being finished, the congregation disperses. Eva, accompanied by Magdalene, advances, but is stopped by Walter. Eva sends Magdalene to look for her kerchief. This enables her to have a conversation with Walter, during which *Waking Love*, *Impatient Ardour*, and *Love Confessed* are heard. He asks if she will accept his hand. Hospitably received in Nuremberg by Pogner, he fell in love with Eva at first sight; is she free?

Magdalene returns. Eva sends her to look for a brooch.

Magdalene returns, and fortunately she has left her own book in the pew.

Magdalene asks Walter why he has not been to see Pogner lately, and when Walter explains that his love for Eva has kept him away, Magdalene protests against this public avowal. She tries to take away Eva, who begs her to help her to reply to Walter's question.

For a moment Magdalene is distracted by the entrance of David (tenor), her own sweetheart, who enters from

the sacristy to prepare a meeting of the *Meistersinger* (suggested in the orchestra).

Eva is promised to the successful Meistersinger of tomorrow's contest, but vows she will have only Walter. Magdalene is shocked. Walter walks about in agitation, and Eva begs Magdalene to help her gain him. She thinks him like David. "Like David!" Magdalene exclaims; but Eva refers neither to Magdalene's lover nor to King David, patron of the Meistersinger, who appears on their banner with his harp, but to Dürer's David.

Magdalene's David returns with a rule in his belt and a piece of chalk on a string. Hearing his name, he thinks they talk of him. *David* is now heard on the oboe and clarinet. Magdalene exchanges a few tender words with him, and learns that there is to be a trial meeting of the Meistersinger in a few moments. Magdalene has an idea. The knight might become a candidate! David can instruct him! Magdalene promises David a reward from her larder, and refuses Walter's offer of escort. Walter promises to see Eva this evening, and as she leaves, the love *motive* assume importance; all through this scene they have been heard in connection with *The Meistersinger* and *The Banner*.

Walter throws himself into the chair, fetched by two Apprentices, and now others, to merry, tripping music, bring in benches and arrange a platform for the "Marker," and tease David. As David asks Walter to begin, the "*Guild*" trills on the strings. He soon finds that his pupil knows nothing, and, amazed, invokes Magdalene. David is a pupil of Hans Sachs in shoemaking and poetry; and in his musical phrases he shows off his knowledge. The music to his "*hab'ich das Leder glatt geschlagen*," will be used whenever there is a reference to his punishment by Sachs. He enumerates the requirements for the grade of *singer*, and describes the modes, including the Short, Long, Red, Blue, Green, Fennel, Rosemary, Rainbow, and Nightingale; and laughingly says he is familiar with the Strap

mode administered by his master, and the Bread and Water mode, unless Lena takes pity on him. In order to be a Meistersinger, you must be both *singer* and *poet*. "What is a poet?" Walter asks.

A poet is able to write words to these rules. When one can compose both poem and music, and invent a new mode, he is pronounced a Meistersinger! David turns. What are the Apprentices doing? Everything is wrong. He makes them construct a new curtained platform, upon which they place a chair, desk, a slate, and chalk. They tell David that he knows the "Whack" tune and the "Hunger" mode, and that his master frequently plays the "Kick" tune for him.

Walter learns that the "Marker" sits in this enclosed box and scores the mistakes. Only seven are allowed. Good luck to his singing! May he win the crown of silken flowers! Here David sings *The Crown*. The Apprentices dance in a circle, taking up *The Crown*, which they hope may fall to the knight. The strings play a fragment of the *The Meistersinger*, which leads into *The Assembly*, announced by the violoncello, a pretentious melody, ridiculously descriptive of this Guild. Veit Pogner, goldsmith (bass), and Sixtus Beckmesser, town-clerk (baritone), enter. The Apprentices stand respectfully. Pogner tells Beckmesser that this trial is undertaken especially for him. Beckmesser begs him to plead his cause with Eva; Pogner will try; and Beckmesser wonders how he could bear disappointment. Walter and Pogner greet; Walter would like to become a Meistersinger!

Meanwhile others have entered to the pompous *Assembly*. Pogner speaks to Kunz Vogelgesang, furrier (tenor), and Konrad Nachtigall, buckle-maker (bass), presenting Walter. Beckmesser, aside, informs us of his intention to serenade Eva; then he notices the stranger. Pogner, glad to see Walter, will befriend him; Beckmesser's enmity is aroused. The Meistersinger have assembled, — Fritz Kothner, baker (bass), Balthazar Zorn, pewterer (tenor), Ulric Eisslinger,

grocer (tenor), Augustus Moser, tailor (tenor), Hermann Ortel, soap-boiler (bass), Hans Schwarz, stocking-weaver (bass), and Hans Foltz, copper-smith (bass); lastly the famous shoemaker and poet, Hans Sachs (bass), arrives. When Kothner calls the roll, each rises, answering with a joke on his own name. An apprentice replies for Nicholas Vogel, who is ill. Kothner wishes him speedy recovery, which the Meistersinger second. At Sachs's name, David calls: "There he is!" Sachs reproves him and answers for himself. Beckmesser always sits near Sachs, so that he can "have a rhyme to flower and wax!"

Now the "Marker" must be selected; but first Pogner has something to say (*Das Schöne Fest, Johannis-Tag*). The first violin plays the beautiful *Saint John*, which the wood-wind takes up, and the other instruments develop into a fugue. Pogner says to-morrow will be Saint John's Day; a festival will be held on the meadows, and there will be prizes for songs. For the honour of Art and Germany he offers Eva, his only child, with a dowry. The Meistersinger are delighted. Pogner adds that she may reject any unwelcome suitor, but she must have a Meistersinger. Sachs would like the people to have a voice, but Pogner and others are unwilling. Beckmesser accuses Sachs of always trying to please the common people; and, aside, says he never could bear the cobbler! Sachs tells Beckmesser they are both too old to woo Eva, giving fresh offence. The orchestra has been chiefly occupied with *The Meistersinger*, *The Crown*, and *Saint John*; now, as Pogner presents him, *Walter* appears on the wood-wind.

Beckmesser, fearing this rival, wishes to adjourn, but the Meistersinger will try him. Pogner offers to be guarantee for Sir Walter von Stolzing, a Franconian knight who has come to settle in Nuremberg. Long ago it was decided, says Sachs, that lord and peasant should be equally welcomed into this brotherhood. Art is liberal! As Kothner wishes to know Walter's master, Walter sings to a lovely accompaniment, in which the harp joins, an inde-

pendent song, composed of two strophes and an *envoi*, — *Walter's Masters* (*Am stillen Herd in Winterzeit*). In winter, shut in the house, he studied poetry in an old book by Walter von der Vogelweide! "A good master!" Sachs interjects; but Beckmesser thinks he has been too long dead; he was unable to profit by the rules of the Meistersinger! Kothner asks if Walter studied in any school. In the next verse Walter tells them that the forest was his music-school. Beckmesser thinks the finch and linnet extraordinary teachers. Vogelgesang remarks that he has really sung two perfectly correct stanzas! Beckmesser is surprised that Vogelgesang will praise anyone who has learned music from the birds. After discussion, it is decided that Walter shall sing a trial-song. Beckmesser is appointed "Marker." He reminds the knight that only seven mistakes are permitted, and with a malevolent wish and scornful nod, he disappears behind the curtains. Kothner reads the laws from the "Leges Tabulature," *Ein jedes Meistersingers Bar*, ending each line with a florid passage, which the violins take up and finish with an emphatic trill.

Now Walter must sit in the chair and improvise his song. Aside, he says he will do this for the sake of his loved one. Beckmesser calls out, "Begin!" Then Walter sings his *Hymn to Spring*, into which are mingled fragments of *Impatient Ardour*. The harp is conspicuous. The words describe the wakening of spring and of the heart to love, *So rief der Lenz in dem Wald*. Meanwhile, Beckmesser has been scratching on his slate; he opens the curtains. Is that song finished? His slate is used up. Walter has yet another verse, — in praise of his lady. Beckmesser rushes out to the jerky, *Quarrelsome Beckmesser*, contesting with *Walter*, in the orchestra, and accompanied with *Impatient Ardour*. The song receives adverse criticism. To *Sachs's Good Nature*, on the violins, Sachs claims the privilege for Walter to be heard to the end. Besides, is it quite fair for a rival to judge him? Beckmesser is furious. He turns on Sachs. Sachs is even a bad shoemaker!

—and Beckmesser exhibits the slits in his shoes. If Sachs will hurry with the long delayed pair, he will praise the cobbler's verses! *Saint Crispin* occurs maliciously here.

Pogner tries to restore peace. Walter attempts his second verse; but Beckmesser excitedly exhibits the slate, and the Meistersinger refuse Walter admittance. Walter, rising, criticises them. He will leave these croaking ravens, and goes out in disgust.

Sachs comments on the beauty of the new song and the nature of the man who could make it. The Apprentices dance about the "Marker's Box," singing of the *Crown* with sarcastic reference to the knight. Beckmesser makes the Meistersinger pronounce the sentence "rejected and outsung," and all leave in confusion. Sachs gazes at the empty chair until the Apprentices remove it, then he makes a gesture of disappointment and leaves as the curtain falls.

The orchestra has been weaving the familiar *motive*, and fourteen bars before the curtain falls, the bassoon ridicules the *Meistersinger*.

Act II. — A chord on the strings and a trill on the oboe begin the prelude, after which joyful reminiscences of *Saint John* run through the entire orchestra.

The curtain rises upon a street in Nuremberg, intersected by a narrow winding alley. Opposite to Pogner's dwelling, with its flight of steps, lime-tree, shrubs, and stone-seat, is Sachs's shop, shaded by an elder-tree.

David is putting up the shutters; other Apprentices do likewise at the other houses, singing about Midsummer Day (*Johannis Tag! Johannis Tag!*). David, to *The Crown*, wishes that wreath might be his. Magdalene, entering from Pogner's with a basket, calls David. David, thinking the Apprentices are calling, is sulky. His companions laugh: it is *Johannis Tag* and he does n't see Lena!

When he tells her that the candidate was rejected, she snatches the basket and runs into the house in distress. The Apprentices dance around David and taunt him about his old maid sweetheart. As David retaliates, Sachs comes down the alley. The Apprentices disperse and the second violin, viola, and 'cello sing *Saint Crispin*. David begins to explain, but Sachs bids him go into the house. As David asks if he is to have a singing-lesson, the strings recall the *Guild*. No; as punishment for his behaviour he must put some shoes on the lasts! The oboe and clarinet revel in his punishment by playing the music of Act I, when David spoke of his acquaintance with Sachs's strap.

As they enter, Pogner and Eva come down the alley, returning from a stroll. David brings a light to the window and begins to work. Pogner wonders if Sachs is at home; Eva thinks so, for she sees a light. Pogner peeps through the shutters. On second thoughts, he prefers to talk quietly with his daughter; and they go to the stone-seat under the linden-tree. The clarinet plays a little solo. Eva evades her father's question as to how she feels about to-morrow's contest. She does not want to remain here, for she is expecting Walter. As Pogner speaks of the people of Nuremberg, before whom Eva will appear, the *Patronal motiv of Nuremberg* is announced on the violoncello, followed by the viola, then the wood-wind, and, lastly, all the strings.

Eva asks if only a Meistersinger is eligible. Pogner replies that a Meistersinger must be her fate.

Magdalene appears at the door and beckons to Eva. Eva says they must go in to supper. Pogner enters first, and Magdalene tells Eva that David brought bad news of Sir Walter. Perhaps Hans Sachs can tell the details! Eva resolves to ask him. Magdalene suggests waiting until after supper. There is other news! "From the knight?" "No, Beckmesser!" Here a reminiscence of the Meistersinger trial — the *Guild* — appears. Eva pays no attention, and they enter.

Sachs comes out and tells David to place the work-bench outside and go to bed. *Saint Crispin* appears on the second violin and viola. David says, aside, that he would like to know what ails Magdalene and why Sachs intends to work at night! Then he bids his master "good-night." The viola continues *Saint Crispin*, the clarinet softly murmurs *Impatient Ardour*, which gradually assumes importance as Sachs talks. He speaks of the fragrance of the elder-tree and tries to work. Again *Saint Crispin* sounds, but that lovely spring song haunts him; it was like the birds in May! Reminiscences of the trial-song occur in the orchestra until it is so vivid in Sachs's memory that at his words "*Lenzes Gebot*," the sweeping harp introduces *Walter's Masters*. Sachs concludes his monologue with *Dem Vogel der heut' sang*, a song of but nine bars, introduced by triplets on the horns and ending in a full close, — the bird that sang to-day has the right throat; the Masters did not like it, but it pleased Hans Sachs!

Eva now enters. Her *motiv*, *Eva*, on the clarinet, will be the principal theme during the following dialogue in which are mingled *Saint Crispin*, *Walter*, and *Quarrelsome Beckmesser*. No, Eva has not come to talk about the shoes Sachs has made for her to wear as a bride to-morrow; and, resting on the seat under Sachs's window, she coquettishly speaks of to-morrow's contest. She learns that Sachs is making shoes for Beckmesser. Eva would prefer a widower to a bachelor! Sachs tells her he is too old. But Eva reminds him that age has nothing to do with to-morrow's success. She learns that Sachs loves her, and hears of the afternoon's contest. Sachs, seeing into Eva's heart, is somewhat jealous, and takes pleasure in criticising Walter's song. Eva leaves with hasty words about the stupid Meistersingers, and joins Magdalene, who has been calling her. Sachs closes his door and watches the succeeding events. Eva suggests that Magdalene receives Beckmesser's serenade in her place. (Here *Quarrelsome Beckmesser* appears, somewhat changed.) Magdalene, thinking to

arouse David's jealousy, agrees. Pogner calls them, but Walter is now coming, so Eva runs to meet him. As he tells her he has failed, the *Meistersinger* is heard, and the harp introduces the *Hymn to Spring* in the orchestra. Eva assures him of her love; an ox-horn sounds; Walter quickly seizes his sword; but Eva, telling him it is only the Night-Watchman, leads him under the linden-tree to hide. Here the violins sing *The Peace of the Summer Night.*

Magdalene, from the door, calls Eva, who goes in. The Watchman enters. His curfew song is an imitation of a mediæval watchman's song. Again he sounds his horn and retreats. Immediately *Saint Crispin* follows on the viola, and Sachs, opening his window, fearing an elopement, will prevent it! Eva comes out in Magdalene's clothes and suggests to Walter that they elope. The Watchman's distant horn is heard and *Sanit Crispin* is continued by the 'cello. The lovers fly, but Sachs throws a light upon them and they decide to run the other way. But this leads past Sachs. Beckmesser arrives and is tuning his lute.[1] Eva and Walter hide under the linden; Beckmesser begins to play and sing; and Sachs brings his work out of doors and hammers upon his last, while singing his *Biblical Song* about his Eva's shoes made by her angel shoemaker (*Als Eva aus dem Paradies*). Beckmesser wonders why Sachs is at work. Sachs is making those shoes that Beckmesser wants so much! Walter draws his sword, furious that Beckmesser dares sing to Eva, but as Magdalene appears at the window in Eva's clothes, he is highly amused.

Sachs interrupts Beckmesser, who finally proposes that Sachs shall be "Marker" and only strike to score a fault. Will he hear the song for to-morrow? Sachs makes two blows; Beckmesser testily asks if he is wrong? Then he begins again. The *ritournelle* and *Serenade* "*Den Tag seh'*

[1] The effect for this lute is obtained from a specially-constructed harp with thick iron wires.

ich erscheinen," are highly ornamented. Sachs soon asks if he hasn't finished, because the shoes are done, — a happy parody of Beckmesser's behaviour as "Marker." Beckmesser is furious, and now the lady shows displeasure. The noise has aroused the neighbours. Can't that braying donkey go into some other street? David, opening his shutter, sees Magdalene, and, rushing out with a cudgel, beats Beckmesser. This alarms Magdalene, and the neighbours run out, half-dressed, to stop the fight. The Apprentices enter, increasing the row and the stage is soon filled with citizens, Meistersinger, and women. It becomes a regular street-brawl. Meanwhile, the orchestra has derived a new *motiv*, *The Beating*, from Beckmesser's *Serenade*, just as the riot itself grew out of his disturbing presence; and a fine vocal and instrumental fugue is worked up. Walter, sword in hand, tries to make his way with Eva through the crowd, but Sachs, running out, holds him. Pogner, having already pulled in Magdalene, supposing her to be Eva, sees Eva, and thinking she is Lena, calls her in; Sachs pushes Eva into Pogner's house, and, brandishing a strap, kicks David into his shop, and then drags in Walter. Beckmesser, freed, runs down the street.

At the sound of the Watchman's horn, everybody scatters, leaving the stage empty. The *Beating* gradually dies away and the Watchman enters, rubbing his eyes. He repeats his song to different words, now accompanied by the flutes which play *The Beating*. Then he slowly walks away, sounding his horn, and disappears around the corner. The full moon shines serenely upon the quiet village. The flute, *pianissimo* and *staccatissimo*, plays *The Beating*, while the violins sing *The Peace of the Summer Night;* then the clarinet softly remembers the *Serenade*, which the bassoon takes up as if chuckling to itself. On its last note, the orchestra plays a loud chord and the curtain falls rapidly.

Act III. — The prelude opens with the new *Sachs's Profound Emotion*, on the violoncello, followed by *Sachs's*

Chorale, which the people will sing at the festival. Here it is uttered by the four horns and two bassoons, strengthened by the heavy brasses. Next follows Sachs's *Biblical Song*. The curtain rises during the last bars, revealing Sachs in his workshop reading a large folio. The sun streams in the back window, on the sill of which stand flowers. *David* is heard and David runs in from the street. Sachs is too absorbed to notice him. From a basket he lifts out flowers and ribbons, a sausage and a cake. He is about to enjoy these when Sachs noisily turns a leaf. David greets his master. The violoncello continues *Sachs's Profound Emotion;* David says he delivered the shoes to Beckmesser; but Sachs pays no heed. David fears Sachs is angry and begs forgiveness. If he only knew Lena as David does, he would understand his anger last night! When the knight was rejected, she took back the basket; but when he explained why he beat Beckmesser, she sent him all these flowers and ribbons! The orchestra suggests *The Serenade* and *The Beating*.

Sachs shuts his book and wonders how these flowers and ribbons came here. David, astonished at his master's good-humour, reminds him of the festival. "Is it a marriage? Perhaps last night was David's *Polterabend!*" David replies it is Saint-John's Day, whereupon Sachs requires him to sing his verses. He begins *Am Jordan Sankt Johannis stand*, but to the tune of Beckmesser's *Serenade*. Sachs is amazed. The orchestra quickly follows with *The Beating*. David begins afresh with his own melody in the style of a folk-song, *The Chorale of the Jordan*. When Saint John christened all the world on Jordan's banks, it was discovered that in Nuremberg Johannes is Hans. "Why, Master! it is your name-day!" David exclaims at its close, and then offers all the contents of his basket to Sachs, who declines them, and bids him go and dress, for he is to be his herald. Here the *Meistersinger* is heard from the horns. David would rather be his groomsman, certainly Sachs will defeat Beckmesser, and bring home the

bride! David kisses Sachs's hand. His *motiv* disappears with him.

The 'cello and the double bass play *Sachs's Profound Emotion*, and then it is delivered by the bass trombone in its softest tones. Sachs begins his monologue, *Wahn! Wahn! Überall! Wahn!* Reviewing the events of last night, he believes all the world mad. When he mentions Nuremberg, the *Patronal motiv of Nuremberg* becomes *Nuremberg en Fête;* at his words, "God knows how it all happened!" there is a pause, and, to the accompaniment of the harp, the violins sing *The Peace of the Summer Night.* A Kobold must have been about! Here clarinets suggest *The Serenade*, and oboes, *pianissimo*, *The Beating.* Perhaps it was the elder-tree's charm on Midsummer Eve! Now *Johannis-Tag!* and *Saint John*, richly scored, appears. *Waking Love* and *Nuremberg en Fête* are also present. The harp then plays broad *arpeggios* and Walter enters. *Sachs's Good Nature* is heard from the 'cello; the book falls, and Sachs greets his guest. Walter has slept well; he had a wonderful dream! Sachs would like to hear it. Walter is afraid it will melt away if he tries to describe it! It is the poet's art to fix dreams, Sachs replies; if he turns it into a Meister-song, it may win the prize. No, Walter can gain no inspiration from that Guild! Sachs begs him to think more kindly of the Meistersinger. Then he instructs Walter in the rules. Sachs explains in *Memories of Youth* that in the Spring of life song is natural, but when the other seasons come with cares and sorrows, he who sings must be a *Master* of the art. Suppose Walter sings his dream according to rule; Sachs will help and write it down. After a pause, the harp introduces Walter's song, *Story of the Dream* (Prize-Song), and is conspicuous throughout its accompaniment. In a lovely garden rosy with dawn a maiden led him to the Tree of Life, *Morgenlich leuchtend in rosigem Schein.* Sachs is delighted and requests a second stanza, which relates that in the evening the Tree of Fame blossomed with golden stars. Sachs requests an after-song.

Walter will sing this another time! The *motive* have been *Sachs's Profound Emotion*, *Nuremberg en Fête*, *The Patronal Motiv* of *Nuremberg*, and *Love Confessed* which begins the third strophe of Walter's *Dream*. Now they must go and dress! *Nuremberg en Fête* appears *fortissimo* and brilliantly scored. Sachs opens the door for his guest.

Fragments of *The Beating*, *Quarrelsome Beckmesser*, and reminiscences of the lute and *Saint Crispin* lead us to expect the town-clerk. He peeps into the shop, and, seeing no one, enters. He limps. He sits down, but jumps up quickly and rubs his aching limbs. The orchestra is very sympathetic; it cries out for him. He gesticulates with wrath at the house opposite. The wind instruments remember *The Beating* and *The Serenade*. Suddenly the horns deliver *Sachs's Profound Emotion* and the second violins, muted, a phrase from *The Dream*. Beckmesser sees Sachs's manuscript, exclaims it is his trial-song, and pockets it. Sachs, in holiday attire, enters. He greets Beckmesser. Has he come to complain of the shoes? No, although the soles are thin! That could n't be helped, Sachs answers, they were beaten thin in marking Beckmesser's mistakes! Beckmesser abuses Sachs for the events of last night and his bruises. He will not believe that Sachs has no intention of competing to-day; he has a proof. Sachs asks if he has taken the song he left here. Bechmesser admits it; is n't this Sachs's writing? It is, and he may have and use it! Beckmesser becomes affectionate, then suspicious; but when Sachs promises that he will not claim it, he thanks him profusely, and joyfully limps away to learn it. *The Beating* accompanies his exit. *Saint Crispin* appears as Sachs comments on Beckmesser's evil nature; then the *Patronal motiv of Nuremberg* and *Saint John*.

Eva enters in her bridal gown to the *Eva motiv*, and *Eva's Anxiety* appears upon the oboe. Her excuse to see Walter is that one shoe is uncomfortable. As she places her foot upon the stool, *Saint Crispin* joins *Eva*. Sachs can find nothing wrong with the shoe, but he takes it off,

and as Eva stands in this position, with Sachs kneeling before her, Walter enters, handsomely dressed. Eva is delighted, and Sachs occupies himself with the shoe, remarking that "the cobbler must stick to his last." Then he asks for a song; Walter begins the third stanza of the Prize-Song. Sachs tells Eva as he puts the shoe on her foot that this is a Meistersong. Eva, now understanding the sacrifice that Sachs has made, weeps, and embraces him. Walter grasps his hand; but Sachs, composing himself, moves away, leaving Eva on Walter's shoulder. Here the *Guild* appears, and *Eva's Anxiety* is also conspicuous. Sachs remarks he has much to do besides shoe-making and verse-making, for instance, helping maidens to become brides' Now he is troubled about David. Lena has turned him into an ass and a glutton. He must go for David. Eva stops him with her "*Sachs, mein Freund, du theurer Mann!*" She expresses her gratitude. If she were free, he should win the prize to-day. In reply, Sachs remembers the story of Tristan and Isolde; Hans Sachs is clever and would not like to imitate King Mark. At this point are quoted two *motive* from Wagner's *Tristan und Isolde: Desire*, on the oboe, and *Consternation*, on the first violin and also sung by Sachs.

Magdalene enters from the street, and David, from within. Sachs called them both in to a christening. A *Meister-lied* has been created by Sir Walter. Eva and he are to be sponsors for the new mode. David and Lena must be witnesses. Of course no Apprentice can be a witness, so David must kneel, and he receives the accolade with a box on the ear. Sachs names the new mode "*Die seelige Morgentraumdeut-Weise*" (The happy Morning-dream mode). Eva must speak first. She begins the theme of the *Quintette of Baptism* (The Prophetic Dream), an elaborate ensemble. Sachs, Eva, and Walter hope this song will win the prize, and David and Magdalene, happy at David's new prospects as Companion, sing of their coming wedded happiness. At its close, Sachs

says they must go to the fields. Eva and Magdalene depart, and Sachs bids David close the shop and leaves with Walter. David closes the shutters. The orchestra develops *Nuremberg en Fête* into a march and the curtain rapidly falls. The orchestra continues *Nuremberg en Fête*, *Saint John* and *The Guild motive* and a joyous fanfare on the horns and trumpets, accompanied by drum-beats. The march grows broader and more brilliant until the curtain rises, revealing an open meadow, with Nuremberg in the distance. Through it winds the Pegnitz.

Gaily-decorated boats arrive and land citizens with their wives and families. People crowd around the tents, merry-making. The Apprentices, gay with ribbons and flowers, receive the new arrivals and conduct them to their places. First come the Shoemakers, the orchestra playing *Saint Crispin*, and they sing in honour of their patron saint, *Sankt Krispin lobet ihn!*

Town-pipers with lute and Toy-instrument makers usher in the Tailors, playing the fanfare heard in the orchestra. The comic effect of the toy instruments is obtained by a piccolo, trumpets, muffled and blown loudly, a triangle, cymbals, a *Glockenspiel*, and the strings played with the stick of the bow. The rest of the orchestra plays chords in syncopation. The Tailors sing a song of a tailor who, when Nuremberg was besieged, dressed in a goat-skin and skipped about on the wall; the enemy, thinking he was the devil, fled. "*Als Nuremberg belagert war!*" In their refrain, they imitate the bleating of a goat, "*Me-e-e-e-e-eck!*" The Bakers quickly follow, joining their song to the Tailors' "*Hungers-noth!*" As all three guilds are singing their refrains, the Apprentices call the pipers to play, for a boat is now coming with maidens from Fürth.

The Apprentices help the girls ashore and waltz with them, while the Companions try to capture the girls from the Apprentices. The *Glockenspiel* lends its silvery chime to this waltz of peculiar rhythmic effect. Although in regular 3/4 time, the waltz consists of a period of seven,

instead of the ordinary eight bars.[1] David joins the dance, but stops when the boys say Lena is coming. Learning this is false news, he resumes the dance. The Companions announce the Meistersinger. David leaves his partner with a kiss; the dancing ceases suddenly. To the *Meistersinger*, strengthened by trumpets on the stage, the Meistersinger enter, followed by *The Banner*. Kothner carries it, and Pogner leads Eva, followed by Magdalene and maidens. The Meistersinger take their places on the raised platform to the right, where Kothner plants the banner. The people receive them with cheers and wave their hats. The Apprentices cry "*Silentium!*" As Sachs rises, all salute him and sing the *Chorale of Sachs*, "*Wach' auf, es nahet gen den Tag*,[2] the theme of which was announced in the prelude to this Act. Then they sing, "Hail to Sachs."

The 'cello describes *Sachs Profound Emotion* in the long silence that follows, when Sachs stands motionless. Then he bows to the people and thanks them for their esteem. He also formally presents Eva as the prize of the contest. Afterwards he shakes Pogner's hand. Pogner is deeply moved. (*Sachs Profound Emotion*, *Saint John*, *Nuremberg en Fête*, and *Meistersinger*.)

Meanwhile the Apprentices have heaped up a grassy mound for the singer; and Kothner calls upon Beckmesser to begin. Beckmesser leaves the platform, and, as he clambers awkwardly upon the hillock, the people laugh at the ridiculous suitor, saying, "*Scheint mir nicht der Rechte.*" (He does n't seem the right one.) The viola and 'cello immediately take up the Bach-like figure of the overture (*Derision*). The other instruments follow. Beckmesser attempts Walter's words, *Morgen ich leuchte in*

[1] In the first production in Munich, Wagner was particular that the escape of the couples from the attacking Journeymen should occur at the eighth bar, *i.e.*, the beginning of a new period.

[2] The words are by the real Sachs from his Reformation Song, "The Wittenberg Nightingale," meaning Martin Luther.

rosigem Schein, but to the time of his *Serenade* changed in time. He forgets his words, peeps at the manuscript, begins afresh, and sings silly jargon, at which the people laugh and the orchestra with them. Beckmesser, abusing Sachs, says he gave him this song, and takes refuge in flight. The Meistersinger ask an explanation. Sachs picks up the poem Beckmesser dropped. It is a beautiful song; Beckmesser could not sing it! Is there anyone here who can? Walter steps forward to the *Walter motiv*. The flutes and clarinets, and after them the first violin and viola play *Walter's Masters* and *Eva's Anxiety* appears on the horns. The Meistersinger, recognizing him, says Sachs is sly. Sachs bids Walter sing it, and hands Kothner the poem that he may follow. No need to call "*Silentium*," the Apprentices say as Walter mounts the hillock. The harp introduces the *Story of the Dream*, which here becomes the Prize-Song. In a beautiful garden in the morning-light, the woman he loves, Eva, keeps for him the delights of Paradise; next, he sings of the pure fount to which his Muse from Parnassus guides him; and lastly of love and poetry, — the Muse appears under Eva's form; she is his inspiration. The people are delighted; he must have the prize! The Meistersinger agree, and Pogner thanks Sachs for what he has done. Walter kneels to receive the crown from Eva's hands; then he leads her to Pogner, before whom they kneel for his blessing. The Meistersinger wish to enroll him among their brotherhood, and Pogner offers him the gold chain bearing three medallions. Walter refuses it. The Meistersinger appeal to Sachs, and Sachs, with a plea for German Masters and German Art, begs him to accept. Eva takes the crown from Walter and places it on Sachs's brow. The *Meistersinger*, *Nuremberg*, *Saint John* and love *motive*, which have been mingled ever since Walter finished his song, continue while Eva, Walter, and Pogner do affectionate homage, and the people cry, "Hail to Sachs!" as the curtain falls.

Aïda

Cairo, 1871

Aïda is a wonderful, purely artistic, and greatly surprising work. One is well rewarded by a diligent reading of the score; it reveals a succession of musical beauties, which under the sensation of a first hearing are lost — EDUARD HANSLICK

Works are rare which, like *Aïda*, join to power and wealth of inspiration a dramatic feeling pushed to its farthest limits, and the qualities of a style full of grandeur, of nobleness, and of majesty — ARTHUR POUGIN

CT I. — A short fugued introduction played *pianissimo* precedes the rising of the curtain and produces a feeling of vague mystery which will frequently be experienced throughout the work. This scholastic form is continued as the curtain rises upon a Hall in the royal palace, Memphis.

Ramfis, the High Priest (bass), is significantly telling Radamès, a young Egyptian warrior (tenor), that the oracle has been consulted and Isis has declared that a young commander shall lead the troops against the Ethiopians, who have now reached Thebes. Left alone, Radamès sings his graceful romanza, *Celeste Aïda*, in which the dreams of love and glory are mingled in melancholy beauty. Radamès pictures Aïda crowned by the valour of his arm, and ends his song in a tender *pianissimo*. The *staccato* chords of the accompaniment, in which the clarinet is conspicuous, have a peculiar effect.

Amneris, Pharaoh's daughter (mezzo-soprano), enters to question Radamès about the coming war. In "asides" he hopes she has not discovered his love for Aïda, and she hopes his heart is free. This duet, *Quale insolita gioia*, leads into a trio on the entrance of Aïda, an Ethiopian slave (soprano). Amneris watches the greeting of Radamès and Aïda, and her suspicions are aroused, although Aïda says her tears are for her native land. In the trio, *Vieni, o diletta*, Amneris dissembles and appears friendly to Aïda; Aïda is sorrowful; and Radamès, suspicious.

The King (bass) and his court enter. A Messenger appears announcing that the Ethiopians have advanced and

are led by Amonasro. "My father!" Aïda exclaims "aside." The King sings *Su! del Nilo al sacro lido*, and the chorus takes up the theme of this Egyptian hymn. To Aïda's grief, Radamês is appointed general; Amneris presents him with a banner; and the King encourages the soldiers. All leave in great excitement over the approaching war.

Aïda, alone, gives full vent to her anguish, *Ritorna vincitor!* This war must be fatal to father or lover, and her heart is torn with divided love and anxiety. Suppose they should meet in battle! Then in despair she calls upon her gods, "*I sacri nomi di padre*," and goes out.

The scene changes to the Temple of Ptah, where an elaborate service is taking place. The Grand Priestess (soprano) sings a hymn to Ptah,[1] with harp accompaniment, and is answered by a chorus of priestesses, *Possente Fthà*. Ramfis and his priests invoke the God, and answer the strange wail of the women with their heavy chant.

During the dance of the priestesses (ballet) Radamès enters and is consecrated by Ramfis, and a veil is placed upon him, while the fantastic hymn and clouds of incense ascend to mighty Ptah. Here Ramfis sings *Nume custode*, in which the priests join, and the curtain falls on the chant to mighty Ptah.

[1] Verdi has rendered the national colour in his music with great cleverness, and employed it just as modestly as characteristically; the dances and chants of the Temple have the peculiar lamenting melody of the Orient with its augmented fourth and diminished sixth, its meagre harmony and simple heterogeneous instrumentation. Two original Egyptian melodies are used in the first finale, — in the chant of the priestesses with harp accompaniment and in the dance melody in E-flat-major. In the ideal presentation and charming manipulation of these two national *motive* the true hand of a Master is revealed. Of strange local colour we have, as is well-known, a surfeit to-day; but Verdi has distinguished himself particularly here for his musical sense of beauty. . . . The Oriental feeling is not brought to us with photographic truth, but is idealized through the grace and fulness of our modern European tonality. — Hanslick, *Die Moderne Oper* (Vienna, 1874).

ALBERT SALÉZA.

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

Act II. — Preceded by strange, deep chords on the harp which throb in melancholy and beautiful monotony, the curtain rises upon the apartments of Amneris. She is being attired for the great festival of welcome to Radamès, who is returning victorious from the war. Her women sing to her, *Chi mai*, but now and then she breaks through their chorus with an "aside," — a beautiful phrase, *Ah! vieni, amor mio, m' inebbria*. Proud Princess that she is, she cannot restrain her joy at the thought of Radamès's return. Is he not to be her lover? The slaves bring jewels and perfumes, and hold the polished mirror before her; and, exulting in her beauty and full of anticipation, she joins in their chorus. Then for her diversion black boys enter to execute a *Moorish Dance*, a peculiar melody in which there is a passage of consecutive thirds and sixths on the pedal-point, G.

At the approach of Aïda, who brings in the crown, Amneris dismisses her slaves. She fears a rival in Aïda, but pretends to have respect for her grief as the daughter of the conquered. As Aïda enters, we hear the opening *motiv* from the prelude, — a happy thought, for this is a climax of the drama. This fine duo between the daughter of the King of Ethiopia and the daughter of the King of Egypt begins with melodic phrases, *parlante*. Amneris counterfeits affection and sympathy, and, with a most caressing phrase, succeeds in deceiving the unhappy captive. She makes Aïda betray her secret love for Radamès by falsely announcing his death in battle, and after Aïda has allowed her grief to be seen, Amneris triumphs over her with cruelty and insolence: She loves Radamès herself! At this moment, from within, the voices of warriors are heard demanding the death of the King of Ethiopia. With a phrase full of pride and hatred, Amneris haughtily leaves Aïda to her anguish, taking no notice of her entreaty for pity. Aïda turns to her gods. She cries, *Ah! pieta! Che più me resta?* Her sorrowful notes "*Numi pietà!*" are heard as she walks slowly away, and her voice echoes behind the scenes, — an effect Verdi used in Gilda's exit in Act I of *Rigoletto*.

The scene changes to the entrance of Thebes, — an avenue of Sphinxes bathed in the dazzling light of a tropical sun. A temple to Ammon, right; a throne, left. This is one of the most brilliant and gorgeous finales ever written. Verdi has used the brightest colours of the musical palette for orchestra and chorus; he has been compared to Veronese in brilliancy.

First Pharaoh and his court enter, then Amneris, Aïda, and slaves; then Ramfis and the Priests; and then Egyptians. (Chorus, *Gloria all' Egitto.*) To the strains of the pompous March, the troops pass by. Their military band plays upon long, straight Egyptian trumpets (specially made for *Aïda* by Adolphe Sax), and later during the procession a second band of these trumpets affords opportunity for a startling modulation from A-flat to B. Dancing-girls follow with the spoils, and trophies are brought in.

The stage presents a brilliant spectacle when filled, and a fever of excitement runs through the choral and orchestral masses. It seems as if a nation was assembled to witness the results of its prowess, and the cry that bursts forth, *Vieni, o guerriero vindice*, appears to be spontaneous; it is not only broad and noble, but it is patriotic. People and priests alike mingle their voices. Radamès is borne in triumph before the King, who salutes him. Amneris places the crown of victory upon his head. The majestic Pharaoh will grant any boon that the conqueror may ask. First, Radamès will have the prisoners brought in. Among them Aïda recognizes her father, Amonasro (baritone). He quickly bids her not to disclose his rank, and informs the King that he is merely an officer who has fought for his country. His principal phrase in this great ensemble, "*Ma tu, Re, tu Signore, possente*," expressing his secret thoughts and his hope to conquer his liberty and kingdom, is a *motiv* subject to beautiful developments. He pleads for the lives of the prisoners, in which they all join. The Priests demand their death, but the people pray for

clemency for the vanquished. Radamès asks their life as his boon, and obtains it, nothwithstanding the opposition of Ramfis, who, however, induces the King to detain Amonasro and Aïda as hostages. Now what can Pharaoh find as a more brilliant reward for the valiant hero than the hand of Amneris? To the delight of the latter, Radamès is made heir to the throne of Egypt, and she is bestowed upon him. Radamès and Aïda are grieved and dismayed; and while all sing their triumphal chorus, Amonasro promises Aïda vengeance.

Act III. — The introduction to the third Act is of a strange and fascinating monotony. How can an *Andante* movement in G-major express a moonlit scene on the banks of the Nile? If we say that the effect is produced by the peculiar arrangement of the muted strings, with the first violin playing remarkable *arpeggios*, the second violin tremolo, the viola *pizzicato*, and the 'cello and double bass harmonics, while the flute has the melody, — will this explain how Verdi has given the effect of the mystery of an Oriental night? During the last bars of this short prelude the curtain rises upon the banks of the Nile, one of the most poetic sites of the island of Philæ. A temple to Isis is hidden among palm-trees, to the left, from whence comes the wierd chant of female voices, singing hymns to the goddess, *O tu che sei d' Osiri.* The green river flows sleepily in the silvery moonlight, as the orchestra has already told us. What a beautiful contrast this poetic night affords to the dazzling day of the last Act! A boat slips down the river and stops. Ramfis and Amneris, closely veiled, and followed by her veiled women and her guards, land. Ramfis exhorts Amneris, and enters the Temple with her. Amneris will keep vigil to Isis, on this eve of her marriage. The sound of flutes and oboes upon the silence of this dreamful night increase the sentiment of solitude and peace. Aïda enters, veiled. Radamès has asked her to meet him here; if to

bid her farewell, she will drown herself in the Nile! While waiting, she sings her melancholy prayer, *O cieli azzurri, o dolci aure native*, accompanied with great delicacy. It is followed by her romanza, *O patria mia*, a song of longing for her native land, each strophe of which is separated by a pastoral *ritornello*, of extreme grace and freshness.

Turning, she sees her father, and one of the most beautiful duets in the whole operatic *répertoire* occurs. The music is full of warmth and varied emotion, most easily expressed in music by the composer. Amonasro knows Aïda's love for Radamès, and by means of it perhaps their race and country may be delivered. Can she not draw the secret of the path the Egyptians will take to quell the new uprising? The Ethiopians will then be able to surprise the foe! Aïda is in despair: to restore her father's crown, to see her beloved country again, to break the bonds of serfdom, — what happiness! But then! — to deceive treacherously Radamès and to yield him to Amneris? No, Aïda, cannot agree to this command. Amonasro sings with fire and sentiment, to a thoroughly Italian phrase, *Rivedrai le foreste imbalsamate*, painting alternately a picture of their odorous forests, fresh valleys, and golden temples; then he describes the carnage of battle and the murder of his family; and finally, he invokes the shade of her mother, to effective rhythms and harmonies. A tremendous *crescendo* accompanies his malediction. Aïda falls at his feet and the fury of the music stops suddenly for her plaintive murmur, *O patria! quanto mi costi!* a sudden and effective *pianissimo*.

Amonasro, seeing Radamès in the distance, hides.

Radamès enters, and passionately expresses his love in the famous duet, *Pur ti riveggo, mia dolce Aïda*, a phrase, full of love and tenderness, which will be repeated at the ensemble closing this number. It is accompanied by two cornets-à-piston.

Aïda begs him to fly with her to her native land, *Fuggiam gli ardori inospiti*. He yields to her caressing song, *La . . . tra foreste vergini*, and a passionate ensemble follows.

As they hasten away, Aïda pauses to ask what path the Egyptians will take. Thoughtlessly he replies: "The gorges of Nápata." Amonasro now reveals himself. Radamès is greatly agitated that he has been overheard, and astonished beyond measure that Aïda is the daughter of the King of Ethiopia. In the following trio Radamès is distressed that he has betrayed his country; Aïda begs him to calm himself; and Amonasro promises that Radamès shall be honoured in Ethiopia and have Aïda. Just as Amnasro is pulling him away, Amneris and Ramfis come from the Temple. Pharaoh's daughter denounces the traitor. Amonasro rushes forward to kill her, but Radamès protects her and begs Aïda and Amonasro to flee. Amonasro drags Aïda away, and Ramfis charges the guards to follow. Radamès yields himself up to Ramfis.

Act IV. — A Hall in the King's Palace. A portal on the left, leads to a subterranean Hall of Justice; a passage on the right to the prison where Radamès is confined.

Amneris stands near the portal in a mournful attitude. Although she remembers that Radamès was about to fly with Aïda, and that she delivered him to justice, she now wishes to save him. The melody heard during her first duet with Radamès in Act I is repeated. She bids the soldiers bring Radamès before her.

Radamès enters proudly. She reminds him that the judges are waiting for him in the Hall of Justice and that she can obtain pardon from Pharaoh. Radamès must know that Aïda still lives, although Amonasro has perished. The price of her intercession is his renunciation of Aïda. Radamès refuses. In this duet, *Già i sacerdoti*, the bass clarinet lends its doleful, penetrating voice. Amneris cries for vengeance and Radamès scorns her. As Radamès leaves her forever, Amneris falls. She has sealed his sentence. The priests cross the hall and descend to the Hall of Justice.

Amneris covers her face; she cannot look upon those to whom she has delivered Radamès. Ramfis and the priests are heard below praying to the gods. Amneris cries out in anguish. Radamès enters with the guards and descends. Soon from the crypt is heard the voice of Ramfis addressing Radamès. The despairing Amneris, with broken sobs, calls down for pity. Finally, Ramfis is heard pronouncing the doom. "*Radamès, Radamès, discolpati! Egli tace*," thrice repeated, each time a half-tone higher, has great effect. Radamès, the traitor, shall find a living sepulchre!

The priests return, and Amneris upbraids them in fury. "Radamès was a traitor and deserved death," they answer, and pass out. Amneris utters maledictions upon them and leaves.

The scene changes. Again we see the Temple of Ptah, resplendent with light and ceremonies. Incense wreathes beneath the implacable and indifferent Ptah, the priests and priestesses sing their strange, harmonious chant, *Immenso Fthà, noi t'invochiam*, and the dancing-girls reverence the deity with steps and postures. Below is a dark crypt and in its shadows Radamès is seen. The stone is closing in upon him; he bemoans Aïda. Aïda steals to his side; she heard his doom and crept in, unseen, to perish with him. Their plaintive farewell to life and love, *O terra addio*, which they repeat alternately to the accompaniment of a poignant *tremolo* in the orchestra, is a rapturous duet entirely Italian in character. Life cannot last long under such conditions, therefore Verdi has made this scene very short. The monotonous and beautiful hymn continues above the lovers; and now a figure enters, wrapped in a mourning veil; it is Amneris; she has come to wail above the sepulchre of Radamès. The love-song grows a little fainter, and the curtain slowly falls as the dying Aïda sinks in the arms of Radamès.

"The work," to quote Camille Bellaïgue, "finishes in serenity and peace, and such terminations are the most beautiful. Above, the temple, full of light, where the cere-

monies continue immutable in the sanctuary of the indifferent gods; below, two human beings dying in each other's arms. Their song of love and death is among the most beautiful of all music. Who knows? Perhaps some day will see the decay of fugue, counterpoint, and the scientific combinations of harmony; the musical world may be destroyed: but beneath its ruins, it seems to me that certain melodies will soar: — the *Voi che sapete*, of Mozart, the final sextuor of *Der Freïschutz*, and a few others. The last melody of *Aïda* will be one of these."

Carmen

Paris, 1875

What abundance, what profusion of ideas! *Carmen* is a treasure, a miracle of the imagination. Merely to think of it is to call up a swarm of melodies almost too numerous for the memory. . . . Dramatic and picturesque, this in two words is the definition and the eulogy of *Carmen*, the most varied, the most popular, and the last of Bizet's masterpieces — CAMILLE BELLAÏGUE

HE prelude to *Carmen* is built on several characteristic themes; it is the sketch on which the colours of the picture are tried. Without preparation, on a rhythm, symmetrical and even hard, a fanfare bursts forth, — an almost vulgar figure, but joyous and dizzying: it is the fanfare of the bull-fight. This is really the *motiv* of Escamillo, the refrain of a bully and a dandy, well-made like the brilliant *torero*, but, like him, without nobility, and almost without thought. After this musical portraiture come the action and the heroine. An abrupt silence arrests the resounding brass; then to a fierce *tremolo* on the violins is clingingly attached — and with a kind of hatred — a short phrase of strange intonations, which resembles a caress, but a savage and deadly caress. This phrase is Carmen's device: it announces the coming of the Gitana and follows her until death.[1]

One of the peculiar effects throughout the work is the predominance of the monotonous Moorish minor scale with the *refranes* which are used as a kind of choral *obbligato* in Spain. This gives an Oriental and *farouche* quality to the work.

ACT I. — A public square in Seville; right, the gate of a tobacco manufactory with a stairway leading to a bridge at the back; left, a guard-house before which the Dragoons of Almanza are smoking and idly commenting in their chorus, *Sur la place*, upon the people who pass. As Micaëla (soprano), a young girl, enters, the orchestra becomes animated, and quite in sympathy with her timidity, embar-

[1] Camille Bellaïgue.

CALVÉ AS "CARMEN."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

rassment, and coquetry. She informs Morales, an officer, that she is looking for Don José. Morales thinks he may belong to the guard, soon coming to replace them. Micaëla refuses the soldiers' entreaties to remain, and leaves.

A distant march is heard with trumpets and bugles on the stage. The soldiers take their lances and form, the march sounds nearer, and the relief-guard enters across the bridge, followed by street boys who imitate the Dragoons and sing, *Avec la garde montante*, a chorus remarkable with regard to rhythm, melody, and instrumentation. "Quick at their heels we follow the guards; sound the trumpets, *Ta, ra-ta-ta*. Shoulders back, chests forward, left foot, right foot, follow the guards, *Ta, ra-ta-ta!*" The officers salute, the sentry is changed, and Morales tells Don José that a pretty girl, with flowing hair and dressed in blue, was asking for him. "It must be Micaëla," Don José replies. The first detachment of soldiers march out, followed by the street boys repeating their chorus. The arriving officer, Zuniga (bass), breaks ranks and the Dragoons, placing their lances in the rack, enter the guard-house, leaving Don José and Zuniga. The latter remarks that cigarette-girls are employed in the opposite building. Don José cares nothing about them! Zuniga knows who occupies his thoughts, — a fair young girl named Micaëla, who wears a blue petticoat! Don José acknowledges that he loves Micaëla, and doubts if any such beauty may be found across the way. But the girls are coming out. The factory-bell rings and the Square fills with young men. The soldiers also enter. Don José, seated, works at a chain. In the chorus, *La cloche a sonné*, the men admit that they have come to see the girls. The girls enter, smoking cigarettes. How boldly they stare! They will not cease smoking! The cigarette-girls sing in praise of smoke, *Dans l'air nous suivons des yeux*. "Carmencita is not here!" the soldiers say, but now she comes; and, with an acacia flower between her red lips and a bouquet in her bodice, a swinging gait, and an indifferent, yet conscious,

manner, Carmen enters. The young men surround her; Don José looks at her and resumes his work. The men ask, "Will she ever fall in love?" Carmen does n't know; perhaps never, perhaps to-morrow; but not to-day! After these strange phrases of laughing mockery and scorn, Carmen sings her *Habañera*,[1] a Spanish song, *L' amour est un oiseau rebelle*, the idea of which is "Love is a wilful bird; who can tame him? Sometimes he chooses the coldest heart and refuses ardent homage. Ah, love! Ah, love!" Her refrain, *Je t'aime, prends garde à toi*, is taken up by the chorus. At the end of her song, she throws the flowers from her bodice to Don José, who has not noticed her. As she runs away, the orchestra bursts forth with an explosion of passion. Don José rises suddenly; the girls and people laugh; the factory-bell rings; and every one disperses.

Don José, alone, picks up the flowers. What a saucy air she had! The flowers have fallen into his heart! How sweet they are! If there are enchantresses in the world, surely she is one! Don José is seized with a sudden passion for the beautiful, audacious Carmen.

Micaëla enters. Don José is delighted to see her. Micaëla brings a letter and some money from his mother, — a Dragoon has never too much! His mother bade Micaëla take the little trip to Seville and seek out Don José, and give him the letter and a kiss. Don José and Micaëla sing a duet, *ma mère, je le vois*, reminiscences of home in the valley. How Don José wishes to see his loved mother! Then, looking towards the factory, he hopes that if ever he is led into evil, his mother may save him. Micaëla does n't understand. She will return home this evening! Then she must give his mother this kiss with fond messages! He also kisses the letter, and Micaëla leaves, promising to come back. Don José reads the letter, and exclaims: "Do not fear, mother I love Micaëla, and

[1] This song is borrowed from Iradier's *Album des Chansons Espagnoles*," but, of course, the orchestral accompaniment is new.

she shall be my wife!" He is about to take Carmen's flowers from his waistcoat, when a great noise is heard within the factory. The time changes to *Allegro vivace*, the orchestra is agitated, and the cigarette-girls rush out. Zuniga is told that Carmencita is the offender. There has been a quarrel and a fight. Zuniga bids Don José take two Dragoons and investigate. The soldiers clear the Square. Presently Don José appears with Carmen, and says the girl is wounded, and by Carmen. At Zuniga's charge, Carmen insolently refuses to confess, singing mockingly, "*Tra, la, la.*" He speaks to a soldier, who brings a rope, during which Carmen still sings impertinently. "It is a great pity," Zuniga remarks, "but pretty as she is, she is headstrong, and her hands must be tied." Her hands are fastened, and she is left alone with Don José.

Carmen wants to know where she is to go. "To prison," Don José replies, "and I am to take you." Carmen is sure he will not; she knows he loves her; the flowers have already done their work! Don José commands silence; but Carmen has determined to charm him, and sings her *Seguidilla*. "Near the ramparts of Seville is Lillas Pastia's inn; there she will go to dance the gay *Seguidilla* and drink *Manzanilla*" (*Près des remparts de Séville*). Don José again commands silence. Carmen is singing to herself, — not to him! She is thinking of a handsome officer whom she could make very happy. Don José unties her hands, confessing he is bewitched. The orchestra follows Carmen sympathetically, and when Don José is really in her power, it breaks out with a hard and harsh accompaniment, culminating in a cry of wicked triumph. The officers are coming; Carmen seats herself, with her hands behind her back; she will push Don José and he must fall! She goes off with the Dragoons and Don José; the crowd enter and are kept back by the soldiers; and Carmen sings gaily that "Love will stand no fetters, and whoever loves her, — beware!" (*Prends garde à toi*). At the bridge she pushes Don José, who falls, and

in the confusion Carmen escapes, stopping on the bridge to throw away the rope. Then she runs off, while the cigarette-girls laugh.

Act II. — A short *entr'acte*, containing Don José's song *Halte-là* and the quintette, *Nous avons en tête une affaire*, treated symphonically, leads into a gipsy dance with Basque tambourines and castanets. The curtain rises upon Lillas Pastia's *posada*. Frasquita and Mercedes, gipsy girls, Zuniga and Morales are with Carmen. Other officers are smoking, two gipsies play the guitar, others dance and look on. Carmen is ignoring Zuniga's attentions. Suddenly she rises and sings her trio with Frasquita and Mercedes, *Les tringles des sistres tintaient*. During the burden of the song, the gipsies dance, and Frasquita and Mercedes join in the "*Tra la la la*." Carmen dances towards the end, and sinks exhausted on a seat. Frasquita announces that Pastia wants to close the inn. Carmen persists in staying. As Zuniga tells her that the officer put in prison on her account has just been released, a song is heard in the distance. The chorus sings, *Vivat! vivat le Toréro!* Zuniga, going to the window, thinks it the victor of the bull-ring of Granada. The chorus is repeated, and Escamillo, the famous bull-fighter (baritone), enters.

Certainly Escamillo will be delighted to drink with them, *Votre toast je peux le rendre*. "Soldiers and *toréadors* alike delight in combats. How splendid when the Circus is crowded with spectators and every one, wild with excitement, is cheering and clamouring — begging him to be on his guard, *Toréador, en garde*, bright eyes are looking, and love is the prize!" At his pause, Carmen fills Escamillo's glass. Escamillo begins his second verse. "There is silence in the arena. Why? Here comes the bull, leaping furiously from the *Toril;* already he has gored a horse and a *picador* has fallen. Bravo, bull! The people are shrieking. He rushes about madly, the ring is full of

blood. Every one throbs with terror. *L'amour attend, O Toréador. Toréador, en garde!*

All drink and clasp the Toreador's hand. The officers prepare to leave, but Escamillo approaches Carmen, whose expressive "*l'amour*" has attracted him. He would like to know her name. "It is Carmen or Carmencita." "But, if one loved her, what then?" "He must not!" Escamillo will wait and hope. Zuniga tells Carmen he will return, and all leave, singing, "*Toréador en garde.*" Escamillo departs. The three gipsies stay. Lillas Pastia shuts the windows and goes out.

Il Dancairo and Il Remendado, smugglers, enter. They want the help of these girls. "Whenever there is a question of cheating, women ought to be of the party." The *buffa* quintette, *Nous avons en tête une affaire*, is a swift and half-whispered chatter between the smugglers and gipsies.

Carmen refuses to accompany them, for she is in love. They beg her to go, but she intends to stay here. The Dragoon is coming. There is his voice! In the distance Don José is heard with his *Halte-là!* This is his characteristic melody. All look through the shutters. Yes, he is handsome; he would make a good smuggler! Carmen must make him join them! They leave. Don José's voice draws nearer and he enters. "Thou hast come at last!" is Carmen's greeting. She learns that he was two months in prison and that he adores her. The officers were here a short while ago; Carmen had to dance for them! Don José is jealous. Carmen will dance for him (duet, *je vais danser en votre honneur*). Don José sits down and watches her with fascinated gaze. Carmen accompanies herself with castanets. Suddenly the bugle sounds. Don José starts. He must go. Carmen continues dancing; the bugle sounds nearer. "That is my order to return to quarters," says Don José, catching Carmen by the arm. Carmen is furious. She throws his cap to him. Take cap, sabre, pouch, and go then! Carmen thought he loved her! Don José, still holding Carmen, shows her

the flowers she threw to him, *La fleur que vous m'avez jetée.* Carmen joins the duet. If he loved her, he would go with her far away into the mountains; no more disturbing officers, no more trumpets separating lovers! "*Là-bas, là-bas dans la montagne*, liberty — freedom — if thou lov'st me!" Don José will not be a deserter. Then go, and farewell forever. Carmen hates him! A knocking is heard. The finale begins with "*Qui frappe*," from Don José. Zuniga enters, is furious, and bids Don José leave. He refuses. Zuniga strikes him, and Don José draws his sword. At Carmen's call for help, the smugglers enter, and she points to the officer, whom they seize. Carmen mockingly sings, *Bel officier.* The smugglers draw pistols and control Zuniga; it is his turn to march. Carmen turns to Don José. Will he come now? Don José cannot refuse, "*Es-tu des nôtres maintenant?* It is a pleasant life — under the sky, a wandering life, lawless and free. O liberty, liberty!"

Act III. — After a prelude, the curtain rises upon the retreat of the smugglers in the mountains. It is night. Carmen, Don José, Frasquita, Mercedes, Il Dancairo, and Il Remendado are grouped about the rocks. Smugglers with heavy bales ascend the peak. The opening chorus, *Écoute, écoute*, is in praise of smuggling. Il Dancairo and Il Remendado leave. The gipsies light a fire, near which Frasquita and Mercedes seat themselves; others wrap themselves in their mantles and go to sleep. Don José goes to the back; Carmen asks what he is looking at. Below in the valley dwells a woman who believes in him, — his mother! Carmen suggests he goes to her. No, if she says that again — he lays his hand on his knife — it will be death.

Carmen joins Frasquita and Mercedes, who have drawn out a pack of cards. Don José throws himself upon the rocks.

Frasquita begins the famous trio, *Mêlons! coupons!* They tell their fortunes. Carmen, who has been watching,

would like to know hers. "Diamonds! spades! *En vain pour éviter les responses amères.* In vain; the cards deceive not — death (*La mort!*), a grave, first to me, then to him; but," she lays the cards down, "Carmen will defy it, even if it must come!"

The chief smugglers enter again. Don José must remain and watch the bales; the girls must go and distract the three coastguards. The latter is Carmen's suggestion, and a *morceau d'ensemble* follows, *Quant au douanier.* All leave, followed by Don José, examining his gun.

A guide appears, beckoning to some one and exit. Micaëla enters (recit., *C'est des contrebandiers*). While waiting to see Don José, again with a message from his mother, she sings her aria, *Je dis que rien ne m'epouvante.* Micaëla is frightened in this lonely place; she appeals to Heaven for protection; perhaps, too, she shall see that dreadful beauty for whom he has sacrificed honour! There he is on the rock! Her heart fails. Heavens, he fires! Micaëla runs away.

Escamillo appears, then Don José. Escamillo showing his hat says if the aim had been a little higher, he would have been killed! Don José demands his name. "I am Escamillo, toreador of Granada," is the answer, *Je suis Escamillo.* Don José welcomes him. In the fine duet Don José learns that Escamillo has come here in search of his love, a handsome gipsy; her name is Carmen; she was lately in love with a Dragoon who deserted for her, but she is tired of him now. Although Carmen's love lasts but six months, he loves her madly! Don José makes himself known, and they prepare to fight, drawing their knives and each wrapping his left arm in his cloak. Carmen enters with Il Dancairo and checks Don José. "*Holà! Holà, Don José!*" The other gipsies and smugglers enter. Escamillo thanks Carmen for saving his life; he will meet Don José again, and, inviting all to a bull-fight at Seville, he nonchalantly saunters away. The smugglers

keep Don José back. He turns to Carmen, but she shrugs her shoulders scornfully and moves off. Some one lurks about. Il Remendado goes to investigate, and enters with Micaëla. She has come for Don José; he will not leave Carmen, although she bids him do so; this life is not for him! When Micaëla says his mother is dying, Don José decides to go. He will come to Carmen again; she belongs to him! At this moment the "*Toréador en garde*" is heard in the distance. Escamillo is singing that the brightest of all eyes are waiting for him with the prize of love. Don José hesitates, but accompanies Micaëla. Carmen leans against a rock, watching him, and the gipsies prepare to move.

Act IV. — The *entr'acte*, with its wild rhythms, prepares us for the day of the bull-fight. The curtain rises upon a square in Seville near the entrance of the arena; the square is crowded with vendors of fans, water, oranges, cigarettes, programmes, and various articles, singing *À deux cuartos*. Zuniga and Morales enter with Frasquita and Mercedes, and the vendors besiege them. Then others dance a Fandango to the tambourine and castanets. Suddenly they stop, for trumpets are heard. They exclaim: "Here come the bands of the Toreadors, *Les voici*. First will come the Alguazil, — let us hiss him, *À bas l'Alguazil;* then we will salute those brave and handsome *banderilleros*, with all their banners, — here they come now! Just look at their beautiful gold lace! Then the most important of all, — here he comes, *C'est l'espada*. Hail to him and his brave sword! Hail to brave Escamillo! Long may he live!" Escamillo enters with Carmen on his arm, both in brilliant costumes. If Carmen loves him, she will be proud of Escamillo presently! Carmen replies, "May death be my lot, if my heart loves any one but thee!" The trumpets blare, and soon trumpeters enter, followed by the Alguazils. "Place for the Alcalde!" is the next cry, and this dignitary enters. Frasquita and Mercedes steal to Carmen and beg

her to leave, for Don José is lurking in the crowd. Carmen is no coward to tremble at Don José! Let him speak if he will! The cavalcade defiles to the exciting march of the picadores heard in the opening prelude, and all the spectators pass in. Carmen remains alone. Don José joins her. Carmen informs him that she was warned about him, but she does not fear. Don José has come to weep and implore, not to threaten: a new life must begin for them! Don José will turn smuggler, — anything for her! Carmen knows not falsehood; all is ended, Don José! "There is time, Carmen, I would save thee," he answers. "No," says Carmen, "I know the hour has come, but, in life or death, my heart is not thine!" The trumpets play gaily in the Circus, the cries of the people, whom we imagine are sitting under the blue sky in the dazzling sun, describe the furious bull, the fine fight, and the bravery of the *espada* whose sword has pierced the raging animal. Carmen and Don José listen. At the praises to Escamillo, Carmen exclaims in joy and moves nearer to the Circus. Don José intercepts. "Let me pass!" Carmen commands. No, she shall not go to the man she prefers to Don José! Carmen angrily and passionately declares her love for Escamillo, although she must die for it! Again fanfares break through this stormy scene, and the people cry, "Victory!" Carmen throws a ring which Don José gave her to him, and Don José draws his poniard. Now the toreador song is heard — "the brightest of all eyes await him, the prize is love!" Don José stabs her, and as the people stream from the arena, he yields himself a prisoner and drops near Carmen. Escamillo now appears. Don José calls sorrowfully upon his "adored Carmen," as the curtain falls.

Das Rheingold

Bayreuth, 1876

We now come to the creation of the most colossal and surprising, if not the most perfect, work of the poet-musician. Everything here is extraordinary and illimitable: the subject, the idea, the form, the proportions, — the whole work. Its strangeness defies comparison and its audacity violently opposes all the traditions of the contemporary drama. . . . The author of the Tetralogy has wished to give to it a new life and a symbolical meaning at the same time. The value of such an undertaking could not be determined until after it was represented. We are not dealing here with an ordinary drama. In order to accept the marvellous and the vast symbolism, the magic of the music and the plastic splendour of the representation are indispensable — Édouard Schuré

THE curtain rises on the rocky bed of the Rhine wrapped in greenish twilight. The water, blue above, is lighter, and flows to the right. In the centre, towers a conical peak around which the Rhine-daughter, Woglinde, is gracefully swimming, singing her watch-song. Her sisters, Flosshilde and Wellgunde, join her and sport among the crags.

The *Rhine motiv*, of ascending scale, corresponding to its rise in tint, begins on bassoons and double basses two parts each); at the seventeenth bar the eighth horn takes it up. It is followed on the seventh and then distributed among all eight horns for twenty-four bars, when the wave movement begins on the 'cellos.

The *motiv* of the *Rhine-daughters* is a swimming movement given by the violins; it runs through this entire scene.

From a dark chasm, issues Alberich, the Nibelung (baritone), who halts and delightedly watches the sports of the Nixies. The bassoons and bass clarinets cry out at his entrance. He wants to join the maidens, and, after their first alarm, they encourage his advances and successively mock his desires; and then all laugh at his discomfiture. His impotent cry, "*O schmerz!*" accentuated by the strings, is the *motiv* of *Bondage*. He vainly chases them in his passion till, exhausted, he shakes his fist at them in his fury. Just then the harp sounds, and, above on the central peak, the gold blazes forth to the salutation

VAN DYCK AS "LOGE."

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of the second horn. The Rhine-daughters forget the dwarf, and swim about the rock with their *Adoration of the Gold*. The first section is accompanied by violins in eight parts: the second, by only four parts violins and the other strings. Alberich is dazzled. On inquiry, he learns its virtues. Fashioned into a ring, it would endow its possessor with omnipotence. Wellgunde, in unison with the first oboe, utters the *Power of the Ring*, "*Welt Erbe gewänne zu eigen*," accompanied by the second oboe, horn, bassoon and strings. Flosshilde tries to check her sister's revelations, but is reminded by Woglinde that the gold can only be gained by one who forswears love. *Renunciation* sounds in her words: "*Nur wer der Minne Macht entsagt, nur wer der Liebe Lust verjagt*," accompanied by tubas and drums, *pianissimo*, and light strings. There is nothing to be feared from Alberich, for he is faint with the fires of love till the very waters hiss! Again their mocking laughter exasperates the dwarf. But the *Power of the Ring* on piccolos, *cor anglais*, and horns, and *Renunciation*, on flutes, oboes, and clarinets, reveal his secret thoughts. With swift resolve, he bids them laugh on, and scales the peak, while they scatter as they suppose from his amorous pursuit. However, he clutches the gold. They were mistaken! Let the water witness how he curses love and will weld the gold into the mighty *Ring!* (Bassoons and drums softly give the *motiv*.) Then he plunges to his cavern and disappears, while darkness falls; and the Rhine-daughters frantically pursue the robber with despairing cries that mingle with his fiendish laughter.

The heavy gloom gradually clears away, and we see a plateau among the mountain tops. Day breaks gradually, and the battlements of a castle glitter on a distant peak separated from us by a deep valley in which is the unseen Rhine. Wotan and Fricka are sleeping on the flowery sward. The *motiv* of the *Ring* gradually assumes a more majestic character and is developed into *Walhalla* on the tubas; gradually the rest of the brass is added, and harps,

'cello and double bass join in. Fricka awakes and sees the splendid castle, and is surprised and alarmed. She shakes her husband, who murmurs in his dreams of the glories of the structure; also depicted in the music. Then he awakes and acclaims the accomplishment of his idea; — the first trumpet sounding *Hail to Walhalla* at his final "*herrlicher Bau.*"

Fricka says that 's all very well, but how about Freïa? Payment must be thought of. The *Treaty* is heard on the bass strings at "*Der Burg ist fertig.*" Fricka reproaches Wotan for trading her flower sister to the giants for the work. From their mutual recriminations, we gather that Fricka wanted a lordly abode of delight to induce her husband to stay at home, but he wants to turn it into a stronghold. His phrase "*Wolltest du Frau in der Feste mich fangen?*" forms the theme of *Love's Fascination* (horn, clarinet, bassoon, violin, and viola). The notes had been sung twelve bars earlier by Fricka. Wotan will not give up his freedom. He knows he worships woman too much for Fricka's wishes; but she must remember that to gain her for his wife he left an eye in pledge. Besides, he does not mean to desert Freïa, who now dashes in, praying for protection from the pursuing Fasolt. The *motive* of *Freïa* and *Flight*, on the violins, enter with her. Wotan says, "Don't mind him; where 's Loge?" Fricka carps at his trust in that crafty fellow; but Wotan expects him to find a way out of the difficulty as he swore he would. Then Fricka is bitter at his keeping out of the way. Freïa calls upon her brothers, Donner and Froh, to come to her aid. Fricka comforts her by saying that they, too, are linkers. Fasolt and Fafner, armed with heavy stakes, now enter to the heavy *motiv* of the *Giants*, loudly announced on the bass strings, drums, trumpets, trombones, and tubas. Fasolt is spokesman. While the Gods slept the *Giants*[1]

[1] It should be understood that the *motiv* is heard when the word occurs in italics.

toiled; now take possession of the completed work and pay up! Wotan tries to wriggle out of the dilemma. He was not serious in his intention to give up Freïa. The Giants are speechless with rage. Are the runes on Wotan's spear, that bound the bargain, written in sport? And the *Treaty with the Giants*, on horns and bassoons, solemnly recalls the pact. Wotan jests at the idea. Why, the glances of the flowery goddess would blind the Giants! So! he mocks them! Have they toiled to gain the sweetening ways of a woman only to find themselves tricked? Fafner turns to his brother. Wealth they do not want, but the goddess has in her beautiful garden *Golden Apples* (a soft graceful *motiv* on horns, drums, *pianissimo*, and double basses). She alone can grow them and they give eternal youth. Her absence will wither the gods! At this, Wotan mutters, "Loge 's a long time coming." However he must make up his mind. Won't they take anything else? Nothing but Freïa! And they advance towards her. Her cries bring in Donner and Froh, who try to protect her. Donner swings his hammer and threatens the Giants, but Wotan extends his spear between them, and the *Treaty with the Giants* solemnly sounds on the trombones. Freïa wails that Wotan forsakes her; and Fricka comments on his hard heart. But at last here comes Loge! His leaping and flickering *motiv* on the violas and 'cellos announces him. It is immediately followed by the *Flames' Spell* on the first and second violins to Wotan's first words. Loge is scornful; he prefers heights and hollows to houses. However, he has examined Walhalla, and finds all sound and satisfactory. Wotan calls him to the point. How about his oath to get out of the bargain? To the reproaches of Fricka, Froh, and Donner, he denies anything more than a promise to try. The Giants are impatient. Wotan wants to know what has kept Loge so long. He has been over the world to find a ransom for Freïa, but finds that nothing weighs against woman's worth! At his "*Weibes Wonne und Werth*" we hear *Love's Regret* on the *cor anglais*, horns, and

strings. The only exception was the Nibelung Alberich; and he tells the tale. The Giants are interested. The Nibelung has already harmed them, and his possession of the Rheingold is serious. They and the gods learn its virtues, and decide that the dwarf must be deprived of his ring. Loge says that the Rhine-daughters are coming to ask Wotan to make him restore it. Wotan is troubled. The Giants now consult, and then tell Wotan that they will accept the ring in lieu of Freïa. He scouts the notion; so they seize and hurry her away, deaf to her cries, saying that they will give him till evening for reflection.

A pale mist begins to thicken and settle like a blight. Loge remarks on its withering effects on the gods. They are growing grey and haggard. Yes, they confess all vitality is failing them! The *Golden Apples* are heard on various instruments. Loge explains that the need of them is withering the gods. Freïa never gave him any of her fruit, for he was only a demi-god, so he does not suffer as they do! In desperation, Wotan decides to have the gold for the ransom. Loge must accompany him to Niebelheim! Sadly they bid him farewell as he enters a cleft whence a sulphurous cloud immediately arises and obscures the whole scene. When it clears, a subterranean cavern is seen with narrow passages leading away in all directions. The music accompanying the descent reveals the thoughts of the gods. We have *Loge*, *Bondage*, *Gold*, *Flight*, and the rhythm of the *Forge* gradually becoming more distinct. It is first heard on the oboes, clarinets, horns, and gradually taken up by eighteen anvils behind the scenes, all tuned to F. A forge becomes visible, with smoke and flames. *Bondage* is repeated five times by the bassoons as Alberich drags his shrieking brother Mime by the ear out of a side cleft: he will scourge him unless his task is done! Mime whines; it is ready, but he does not want to give it up. However, he hastily drops the piece of metal-work he has been concealing when Alberich becomes violent. The latter carefully examines it; it is perfect. It is the

Tarnhelm that he ordered Mime to make for him. He puts it on, and stuffed horns give forth the *Power of the Helm*. He softly says, "Night and cloud, know me not," and vanishes. His voice is heard asking Mime if he can see him. Mime looks about in amazement. He cannot. "Then feel me!" and blows from a whip fall upon him as he writhes and screams. His brother ironically thanks him for the work whereby all the Nibelungs shall now kneel to Alberich, who can watch then himself unseen! His voice grows faint in the distance, and howls arise in the side galleries as his invisible whip falls upon his other brethren. Mime lies groaning on the ground as Loge and Wotan enter. His reflections are sad; two bassoons give forth *Reflection* to his words, "*Wer hälfe mir*," as they ask what ails him. He explains how Alberich forged the ring out of *Rheingold* and forces all the Nibelungs to pile up treasure for him; also how he made Mime forge a brass helm which Mime wanted to retain, but unfortunately did not know its virtue, or he would have stolen the ring; and so he only got blows for his pains. He gains little sympathy; and they realize that their errand will not be easy though Wotan trusts in Loge's craft. *The Forge* is now heard; and Alberich returns driving before him a herd of Nibelungs, loaded with ingots, which they pile up while he abuses them. The Tarnhelm is now in his hand. He sees Wotan and Loge, and is angry. He drives Mime in among the others, and threatens them all if they don't work well for him. Drawing his ring off, he waves it threateningly, and *Alberich's Power*, on the oboe, *cor anglais*, and clarinets, emphasizes his words, "*Zittre und zage, gezahmtes Heer!*" To a return of the *Forge*, they scatter to their tasks in terror. Then he scowls at the intruders. What do they want there? They have come to behold the wonders of which they have heard. But he mistrusts them. Loge reminds him of all he owes to fire: — he is his friend. Alberich says that Loge's favours now go to the light instead of the dark elves, but

now he fears nothing. He points to the hoard of one day's work, but that is the least. The bass clarinet and three bassoons tell of the *Amassing of the Treasure*. He will fall on the gods and their women shall suffer! Wotan is furious, but Loge warns him to control himself. Here occurs the *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*, made up partly of *Walhalla*, on oboes, and *Loge*, on piccolo and violin, showing the components of Alberich's exultation. Loge suggests that if the ring were stolen, Alberich's power would be gone. Yes! But he has provided against that by having the *Tarnhelm* made, so that he may sleep invisible and escape that danger. Loge is full of admiration, but is somewhat incredulous as to the power of that same helm. Alberich is insulted. In what form shall he appear to them? Any he pleases! He selects that of a terrible dragon, at which Loge feigns intense fright, to the huge enjoyment of Alberich. The *Dragon* roars and undulates fearfully on the bass tubas. So far Loge is convinced, but can Alberich also assume minute as well as mighty proportions? Of course he can, and immediately transforms himself into a toad that hops on the clarinet and *cor anglais*. At Loge's hint, Wotan sets his foot upon it, while Loge seizes the Tarnhelm, whereupon Alberich resumes his own form and is promptly bound and dragged to the upper world, to which the scene gradually changes.

The orchestral interlude includes an ironical reminiscence of the *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*, the *Ring*, *Bondage*, and the *Forge* on the anvils, growing gradually fainter. Then comes *Flight* on violins, and the *Giants* in the distance on the bass strings. *Walhalla* follows on horns and bassoons, and *Bondage*, combined with the *Giants*, loudly and threateningly, on trombones. Lastly comes the *Adoration of the Gold*. Thus the situation is fully pictured.

Wotan and Loge issue from the cleft, dragging their infuriated captive. Loge gleefully skips about him with a sympathetic figure on the strings as he lies on the ground.

They mock his impotence and baffled dreams of power, while he vows revenge. But first he must pay ransom! They demand his hoard of gold, and he consents after vain opposition. The violins and 'cellos imitate the rubbing of the cords as Loge unbinds his right hand. He murmurs a command with his lips to the ring and immediately the *Forge* is heard on the 'cellos *pianissimo*. The Nibelungs come in with the treasure and pile it, and then depart to their toil at Alberich's orders. Now will they unbind him? Loge throws the Tarnhelm on the heap. Well, he reflects, let it go: Mime can forge another! Now will they free him? To his horror, they demand the ring. Let them first take his life! But he is forced to submit, in spite of his rage and revilings. Wotan forcibly removes it from his finger amid horrible shrieks, and puts it on his own. Now at last he is master of masters! Alberich may go now. The cords are loosened (with imitations again on the violins and violas), and immediately the *Nibelung's Work of Destruction* begins on horn, clarinets, and 'cellos. This undermining *motiv* of menace is perpetually recurring henceforward. Now the dwarf launches his dire *Curse of the Ring* largely to the above *motiv* and drum tremolo. *Alberich's Power* and *Bondage* also occur some twenty bars before the conclusion. May the gold of the ring give death to its wearer; may no gladness dwell with it and no luck accompany it; may it be a burden to its possessor and a gnawing pain to him who owns it not. All shall crave its gain, but none shall gain wealth by it; it shall not profit its owner, but shall light the thief to his throat. Its dread shall make him feel forfeit to death. Though he live long, he shall die every day, and shall be the slave of the ring he seems to rule. And this shall be until it returns unto Alberich! Then he dives into the cleft, as Loge sneers at his loving farewell, which neither disturbs Wotan's contemplation of the treasure.

Now the clouds in the foreground begin to clear away. Loge sees Freïa approaching with the Giants; we hear *Golden*

Apples prominently, and Froh, Donner, and Fricka hurry in to welcome Wotan and Loge and hear of their success. Harps accompany Froh's joyous words. They all feel restored vitality, and the mist now hangs over Walhalla alone. Freïa comes in and runs to Fricka, who warmly embraces her. Fasolt interposes to his ponderous *motiv;* she is not free yet. In any case he is loth to give up the beautiful goddess; but, if the ransom is paid, here she is! The hoard must be heaped between the Giants' two spears till it conceals Freïa, standing behind, from their eyes. Froh and Donner pile it up. Fafner packs it down tight, and it leaves Freïa's hair still visible. But there is no more gold; and the gods are indignant. Wotan turns away in disgust at the greed of the Giants, and Fricka reproaches him for Freïa's predicament. The Tarnhelm must be added; and, finally, Loge contemptuously throws it on the heap. Fasolt steps up to inspect, and discovers a chink through which the light of Freïa's eye streams. He will not free her so long as he is lighted by her glance! There is nothing left but the ring, and that must stop the hole. But Loge explains that they cannot have that; Wotan must restore it to the Rhine-daughters! No such thing, Wotan snaps that he won it and will keep it! Then Loge is sorry for the comforting promise he gave the maidens! Wotan is stubborn before the prayers of all, and the Giants are about to carry away the distressed Freïa as forfeit. Darkness overspreads the scene, and suddenly from a chasm at one side a blue light shines, and Erda rises half way from the depths. Stretching out her hand to Wotan, she appeals to him not to retain what is accursed. The ring will soon ruin its owner! "Who is this?" cries Wotan. The muted violas and stuffed horns enter with the *motiv* of the *Norns* as she declares herself. She is the prophetess of the present, past, and future; to Wotan she bore the three *Norns* who tell him at night what she sees. His danger has brought her to-day to warn him that all things must end and a day of gloom will dawn for the gods. Let him give up the ring! Her

words are accompanied softly by the Norns, the *Nibelung's Work of Destruction*, and "*Ein dust'rer Tag*" introduces the new *motiv* on violins and violas and gong, the *Fall of the Gods*. As she sinks, Wotan wants to know more; but she has said enough and disappears, while the others remonstrate with his insistence with the hallowed Wala, and beg him to heed her words. All anxiously awaits his decision. After deep reflection, in which the trombones firmly utter the *Treaty with the Giants*, he calls Freïa to him; she is free! He wishes the Giants joy of their ring as he throw it on the pile. The gods all caress the youth-giving goddess, as Fafner spreads a big sack for the treasure. Fasolt wants his half, but his brother says Fasolt cared more about Freïa than the gold; would he have shared half of her with Fafner? Fasolt appeals to the gods to decide between them, but Wotan turns contemptuously away. Loge mischievously suggests that he take the ring and leave the rest. Thereupon he snatches it from Fafner, who stretches him lifeless with a blow of his stake, to a *fortissimo* chord of the full orchestra. The strings accompany his fall and give the *Ring*. Fafner puts the ring into his sack and leisurely proceeds to gather up the rest, while the gods stand transfixed with horror. Wotan shudders, and mutters how terribly he feels the might of the curse. To the *Nibelung's Work of Destruction*, Loge tells him how lucky he is to have transferred the evil to his foes; but his mind still misgives him, and he will go to consult with Erda! Fricka tries her blandishments to lure him to Walhalla, but he broods over the wrong by which it was paid for. Donner points to the background, where mists still obscure the castle; he will clear the air with a storm! He mounts the rocks and begins to swing his hammer, calling the mists and clouds around him. His *Incantation of the Thunder* begins with hurrying passages on the violas and two-part 'cellos. The other strings join in till there are six parts each of the first and second violins. Horns, two parts, are added at the seventh bar; and then come

flutes, oboes, clarinets, and bassoons, as Donner disappears among thick storm-clouds, and then the crashing brass follows. As the lightning flashes, all the instruments cease except two 'cellos and a drum *fortissimo*. Donner calls Froh to him to mark out the way for the bridge to Walhalla. Meantime Fafner had packed up his treasure and departed. Then the clouds part and reveal Donner and Froh, with a brilliant rainbow stretching from their feet to Walhalla. Froh tells them it is fit for their passage. The *Rainbow* glitters with scintillations on all the strings, including eight parts violins and six parts harps. Flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns, and bassoons also render assistance, and, as Froh ends, *Walhalla* rises from the tubas. The *motive* of the *Ring* (trumpets), the *Rhine* (oboes and *cor anglais*) act as commentary, while Wotan says he has had to work hard since the dawn to win the walls, and now the night is at hand and the walls shall shield them all. Here the *Sword*, which Fafner has left behind and Wotan picks up, breaks forth on the trumpet. He takes Fricka's hand to cross the bridge and the others follow. Loge lingers behind, and soliloquizes that they are hastening to their end, and he is unwilling to share their doom. He would rather return to fire and destroy them all; and his flames roar on the strings. He will ponder it well! As he turns to join them on the bridge, *Rheingold* arises from the valley below. Wotan halts. Whose sorrow reaches him? The Nixies are mourning its loss, Loge explains. Wotan is remorseful and angered at the same time. Why can't they keep quiet? So Loge mockingly calls to them in the Rhine below, "Wotan hopes that, having lost the gleam of the gold, ye may find happiness in sunning yourselves in the Light of the Gods." But their wail follows the steps of the latter to Walhalla in the glory of the *Rainbow*.

Die Walküre

Bayreuth, 1876

The first drama places Wotan clearly before our eyes as the hero of the tragedy. In *Die Walküre* it is still he who is the principal actor, using the word actor in its etymological meaning; it is still he who occupies the stage the longest, and, moreover, half of the drama is filled with events of which he is the remote cause. . . . What characterizes *Die Walküre* is the categorical manner in which the different scenes which compose this work distinguish themselves from each other — H. S. CHAMBERLAIN

THE prelude opens with the *motiv* of the *Tempest* with gusts of wind, and rain pattering on the strings. At the 17th bar it is intensified by four more double basses. The flutes, oboes, clarinets, *cor anglais*, horns, and bassoons join in at the 37th bar, and at the 63d bar comes the big brass with the *Incantation of the Thunder*. The storm dies away as the curtain rises, showing a large hut built around an enormous ash-tree whose branches pierce the roof and whose knotted roots straggle over the ground. To the right is the hearth, behind which is a room to which steps lead up. The entrance to the hut faces us at the back. To the left is the door of the sleeping chamber to which steps also lead. Between it and us is a table with a broad wooden seat attached to the wall behind it, and wooden stools in front.

The outside door opens and a man staggers in. The six descending notes of the *Tempest*, by a change of rhythm, become *Siegmund's Fatigue*, on the 'cellos. Seeing no one, he totters to the hearth and casts himself down beside it on a bearskin. Whoever owns the place, here he must rest; and the bass strings repeat his exhaustion. Sieglinde thinks her husband has returned, and enters from the room on the right. The sight of a stranger surprises her. She approaches and bends over the half-sleeping man. The violins speak her *Compassion*. He calls for water. She takes a drinking-horn and goes out of the house, presently returning and handing it to him, when he drinks greedily. *Compassion* is repeated in her absence. As he returns the horn, he gazes

at her with interest. Five 'cello parts and the double bass give *Flight* and *Love* in explanation of the feelings of the fugitive. He thanks her and asks who she is. The woman and the house are Hunding's, let the stranger borrow the roof till the master's return! He says Hunding will not grieve to harbour a wounded and unarmed guest. She asks where are his hurts. He springs up with fire. His wounds are not worth mentioning; if only his weapons had served him, he would not have fled! With his sword in splinters, and pursued by the storm and foes, he came here, but now he is better. She fills the horn with mead; it will refresh him. (*Compassion*, on clarinets and, then, horns.) Let her sip it first! Then he takes a long draught and hands back the horn, while they gaze at one another with increasing interest. He says she has met a hapless man; may sorrow be far from her! He springs up to depart. Why so soon? Because misfortune always follows him; he will not bring it upon her! Then wildly she cries to him to stay, for he cannot bring sorrow where it already dwells. Softly and sadly the double basses twice give the *Race of the Wälsungs*, each time followed by *Compassion* on violas and violins, as they search each other's faces. At length he says, "I said I was Wehwalt; I will await Hunding." Here the *motiv* of the latter is partly announced on the horns and strings. The *Race of the Wälsungs* and *Compassion* fill the long pause as they gaze at each other until Sieglinde goes to the door, as she hears Hunding taking his horse to the stable to his full *motiv* on the bassoon and bass strings. She opens the door, and Hunding halts on the threshold on seeing a stranger. His *motiv* sounds powerfully on the tubas and strings. Sieglinde answers his inquiring look with an explanation; and he also makes the guest welcome. He takes off his arms and hands them to his wife with a request for the meal. She hangs them on the ash, and sets the table. Hunding scrutinizes the guest, and is struck by his likeness to Sieglinde. He asks him whence he came, and receives answer. They sit at the table. Hunding tells

LILLIAN NORDICA AS "BRÜNNHILDE."

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his own name; what shall he call his guest? His wife is anxious to know, as Hunding remarks, and as she acknowledges without embarrassment. The 'cellos repeat softly the *Race of the Wälsungs*. Then he begins his tale. Friedmund, he cannot be called; Frohwalt would that he were; but to Wehwalt only he answers. Wolfe was his father, and he had a twin sister. Once when he and his father returned from hunting they found their hut in ashes, the mother dead, and the sister gone; — the work of the Neidings, from whom father and son had to flee, and live for years like outlaws in the woods.

Yes, Hunding confesses, he has heard of Wehwalt the Wolfing! Sieglinde wants to know where his father is now.

The hunt grew hotter till one day he found his father's fallen wolfskin and never saw him more. (Here, *Walhalla*, on the trombones, *pianissmo*, tells us who and where his father is.) Now all are against him; none welcomes his wooing; what the world finds right he thinks wrong, and vice versa; and so he came to call himself Wehwalt.

Hunding says the Norns (horns and bassoons) cannot love Wehwalt; and Sieglinde, to *Compassion* (strings), says none but cowards would fear an unarmed man. How did he lose his weapons?

A hapless maid called to him for help; she was to be forced to marry a man she hated. He defeated her brethren, but other kinsmen came, slew her, and overcame him by force of numbers. (The *Tempest* returns on the strings.) Now Sieglinde knows why Friedmund is not his name! The horns, bassoons, and strings then announce the *Heroism of the Wälsungs*.

Hunding rises. He went to help his kinsmen to a deed of vengeance; and now, on his return, he finds the foe a guest! Till the dawn the Wolfing is safe, but at sunrise he must fight and pay the debt for the dead! Sieglinde tries to interpose, but he fiercely orders her to bed, after preparing the night-drink.

Thoughtfully and reluctantly she obeys, taking spices from the cupboard, with *Compassion*, repeated on clarinets and then violins. At the top of the step she turns to take a last look at Siegmund, giving a meaning glance at a certain spot in the trunk of the ash; when the bass trumpet blares with the *Sword*, which is repeated by the oboe.

Hunding notices her delay and imperiously waves her away; she goes in and shuts the door as the *cor anglais* again gives her meaning in the *Sword*.

Hunding, to his menacing *motiv* on the tubas, then takes down his weapons and repeats his challenge for the morrow. Let the Wolfing see to himself! Then he too retires and bolts the door after him.

It is now dark night; the fugitive sits down near the expiring fire and broods. His father promised him a sword in his need, and he is weaponless in the house of a foe; a woman also warms his heart. "Wälse, where is thy sword?" The dying embers suddenly leap up and illuminate the hilt of a sword buried in the ash-bole, while the trumpet responds with the *Sword*. What is that glittering there? Is it a gleam of her face left behind? The fire dies down as he returns to his brooding.

The entrance of Sieglinde in night-robes startles and delights him. She has drugged Hunding's posset, and he is heavily sleeping while she comes to help the guest to a sword for his defence. At the time of her hated wedding, a grey-haired stranger (the horns cry *Walhalla*), in a blue cloak and hat with broad brim covering one of his eyes, strode into the hall to the terror of all the wassailers. She alone was unafraid, but rather drawn towards him. He raised his *Sword* (horns) and drove it into the stem of the ash up to the hilt, saying it should belong to him who could draw it forth. Since then, though many have tried, none have succeeded. (*Sword*, trumpet.) She has a premonition that her guest is the man who shall gain it and bring her comfort for all her sufferings!

He embraces her with fire. Whatever he hoped for and lacked, he finds in her! Suddenly, to a gust of wind on harp arpeggios, the outer door swings open and reveals the forest flooded with moonlight. "Who went out?" asks Sieglinde. "No one went," he replies, "but one has come. Spring smiles in the hall." Six harp parts enrich the orchestra as he draws her down beside him on the couch and sings his passionate *Hymn to Spring*. It is prefaced by a prominent 'cello passage, muted as well as the other strings. Sieglinde tenderly responds; she has found her heart's longing. *Delight* mingled with *Love*, *Freïa*, and *Spring* breathes on all the strings. They fancy they have seen each other's faces in dreams; each has a haunting memory of the other. His eyes have the glance of the old grey-beard (*Walhalla* twice on the horns); can he really be Wehwalt? No, not since he has found her! Friedmund does not befit him either; let her give him a name! His father was Wälse with a glance like her own. She knows now who drove the sword into the tree. Siegmund is the name by which she will love him! Siegmund be it! He springs up and grasps the *Sword* (twice repeated and developed on the bass trumpet) that Wälse promised him in his sorest need, calling it Nothung, and wrenches it out with a mighty effort, while we hear the *Race of the Wälsungs* (trombone) combined with the *Spring* (strings), *Norns* (bass trumpet), the *Heroism of the Wälsungs* (1st and 2d trumpet), the *Sword* (3d trumpet), the *Treaty*, and the *Renunciation of Love*.

Siegmund the Wälsung shows the sword as a bride-gift to his love. Let her follow him afar to the house of the *Spring* and be guarded by Nothung! She responds in a passionate embrace as the curtain falls to a musical web of *Love*, *Spring*, *Flight*, and *Bondage*.

Act II. — A variant of the *Sword* on the trumpets opens the prelude. It is followed by *Flight* (violins), which leads into the *Shout of the Walkyries* (flutes, oboes, clarinets,

violins), *Delight*, and finally the *Ride of the Walkyries* on full orchestra.

The curtain rises on a rocky region. From a ravine behind, the rock rises to a ridge and then slopes down again to the foreground. Wotan, armed for war, carrying his spear, orders Brünnhilde, the Walkyrie, who is also fully armed, to assist the Wälsung in his fight against Hunding. She springs up the rock, uttering her stirring *Shout of the Walkyries*. At the ridge, she halts and calls back to Wotan to look out for himself, Fricka is coming. Just see how she swings her golden whip, and listen to the bleating of her pair of rams! She is evidently in a rage; and Brünnhilde wishes Wotan joy of the coming interview, as she disappears repeating her *Shout*.

To the *motiv* of *Bondage*, Fricka alights from her chariot and leaves the rams on the ridge. She stalks down to her husband. Where has he been hiding himself? She wants his support. Hunding has called to her, the guardian of marriage ties, for vengeance, and he shall have it! Hunding's *motiv* and *Love*, both on the strings, accompany her demand. Wotan says that the fault of Siegmund and Sieglinde was done by the spell of the *Spring*, which the 'cello tenderly recalls. He holds the marriage vow unholy when not sanctified by love. But Fricka's indignation burns. Shall a brother and sister mate? Shall godhead be shamed for a couple of twins, the fruit of Wotan's own falsehood? His infidelities are always outraging Fricka. It was bad enough when he brought the Walkyries for her to rear, though she put up with that. He vainly tries to explain that a hero is needed for work the gods cannot do. (*Treaty*, strings; and *Treaty with the Giants*, bassoons and strings.) She insists that he recall the *Sword* (trumpet) he gave. He refuses. Siegmund won it for himself! Yes, but whose craft warned him where it was? Wotan is furious. His *Rage* breaks forth on the bassoon and bass-clarinet. Fricka insists on her rights over Siegmund's fate, and Wotan gloomily promises not to shelter him.

The Walkyrie must not interfere, either! He says the Walkyrie is a free agent. · No, no! She is Wotan's will, and must be bound! Wotan vainly struggles. Brünnhilde's *Shout*, bringing back the *Ride*, is heard on the ridge as the oath is wrung from his unwilling lips. The *Treaty* is solemnly sealed by the trombone. The strings are eloquent with the wife's exultation. As Brünnhilde sees Fricka, she ceases, and quietly leads her horse to a cave. Fricka tells her as she passes triumphantly to her chariot that her father has some orders for her.

Wotan is sitting in deep dejection on a rocky seat. The *Curse of the Ring* on the trombone, and the muttering of *Wotan's Rage* on the bassoon, bass-clarinet, and 'cellos, reveal his thoughts. Brünnhilde approaches him sympathetically, surmising Fricka's victory. To her affectionate question, he breaks into despairing complaints. She falls on her knees, and caresses and tries to comfort him. She reminds him that she is Wotan's will; let him confide in her! He begins to tell her everything; the 'cellos utter *Love*, when he speaks of his strayings; and the memory of Loge's deceit makes them mutter with his *Rage*. The bassoon with the *Ring*, the trombone with *Walhalla*, and the violas with the *Treaty with the Giants*, aid him with various points in his story. *Love's Regret*, the *Power of the Ring*, and the *Norns* also appear. Wotan, among other things, tells her of her own origin. After Erda had warned him, he sought her again for knowledge. He laid the Wala under the spell of *Love*, and she bore him Brünnhilde and her eight sisters. He reared them to aid him in escaping what Erda unfolded. There was fear of the fate of Walhalla. The Walkyries' task was to bring thither all heroes who fell in battle, for its garrison. But there is another dread. The 'cellos sound the *Nibelung's Work of Destruction* while Wotan explains that his heroes will keep him safe against the dark elves so long as Alberich does not gain the *Ring*, which still is in the possession of Fafner, for the *Treaty* (trombones and tubas) holds back Wotan's hand.

(The strings express the *Distress of the Gods.*) What was needed was a hero free from bargains and runes, — a free agent. Siegmund was the intended saviour, and now Fricka's will must prevail! Now he knows what Erda meant when she said, "When the dark foe of love sows for a son the end of the Gods will begin." Here the 'cello explains the prophecy with the "*Nibelung's Work of Destruction*," even if Wotan did not go on to state that Alberich had lately bought a woman with gold and the inheritor of hatred would soon be born. That son Wotan now curses with the gift of his own shadowy godhead: let him have it for his hunger and hate!

But what is Brünnhilde to do? She is to do Fricka's will! Brünnhilde is rebellious and pleads for Siegmund whom Wotan loves; but he threatens her with his wrath if she disobeys. Her work is to slay Siegmund! And he departs in tempestuous anger, while she sadly gathers up her arms. She never saw Wotan so upset! Her *Ride*, on the bass trumpets, calls her to work, but her heart is heavy and so are her weapons. The *Race of the Wälsungs* wails on the 'cellos and double basses. Must she desert them? *Wotan's Rage* answers her on the strings, and then the *Distress of the Gods* sighs on the bass strings muted as she turns and sees Siegmund and Sieglinde coming up from the ravine. She goes into the cave where her horse is stabled.

Siegmund is trying to restrain Sieglinde's hasty *Flight* (strings) from the pursuing Hunding. She is wild with fear. He speaks of his *Love* and *Delight*. She is calmed for a moment, but soon starts from his embrace. She was a wife without loving and can only be a shame and a reproach. The *Heroism of the Wälsungs* on bass trumpet and trombones, and repeated on the horns, oboes, and bassoons, tells of his determination to wash out that shame in blood. The bass trumpet encourages his trust in Nothung, his *Sword*. But, *Pursuit* (on the horns and 'cellos, at her words, "*Rings her tont wuthend Getos*"), and Hunding's menacing rhythm on the drum immedi-

ately answer. His horn is heard, and his hounds in full cry (strings).

Sieglinde starts up and listens. Hark! they are coming! She loses all control of herself, and finally sinks fainting into Siegmund's arms. (The *cor anglais* and bassoon sound *Love* and *Flight*.) He sits down and lays her head on his lap as she lies on the ground.

Brünnhilde issues from the cave. She stands with spear and shield in one hand and leans with the other on her horse's neck, as she contemplates Siegmund, who tenderly kisses Sieglinde's brow. *Fate* utters its decree on the tubas, and *Death* calls on trumpets and trombones as she pauses. Then she announces her mission; in her he beholds *Death!* She will take him to Wal-father in *Walhalla*. (The brass here is indescribably rich, soft, and solemn.) Who else is there? The fallen heroes, who will welcome him. Is Wälse there? He is! Will a woman be there also? Many maidens; and Wotan's daughter will pour the mead for him! (Soft suggestions of the *Ride* on wood and brass, and of *Spring* on harps.) That 's all well enough, but will Sieglinde be there? She will not!

He tenderly kisses Sieglinde's brow and tells Brünnhilde to greet Walhalla (trombones), and Wotan, and the heroes, and the maidens for him. He will not go!

Go he must! He has gazed on the Walkyrie; by Hunding he shall fall! Not so! he who sent him his *Sword* (trumpet) protects him.

However, he learns that its spell has been broken by the giver, and bows in grief over Sieglinde. They are deserted. Well then, better Hella than Walhalla! Brünnhilde tries to shake his resolution, but he reproaches her for her unwomanly hardness. She offers to care for Sieglinde; but he will slay her rather than leave her to another's tender mercies. He then learns that Sieglinde bears two lives within her. Well, Nothung shall take both mother and child, and the trumpets are loud with the *Sword*.

Besides the *motive* already mentioned in this dialogue, we have *Freïa*, *Love*, *Flight*, *Wotan's Rage* and *Love's Regret*; and now, as Siegmund raises the sword to slay the swooning woman, we hear a suggestion of *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword* on the bassoons.

Brünnhilde is moved at such fortitude, and stays his hand. *Death* is changed from the minor to the major and combined with *Flight*. She cries, "*Siegmund lebe mit ihr.*" She will help him! But hark to the horns! *Pursuit* ('cellos and basses) is at hand. She will be at his side in the fight! Then the *Ride* hurries her away.

The scene grows dark and storm-clouds wrap the ridge in heavy folds. *Fate*, *Wotan's Rage*, and *Love* make their presence known. Then Siegmund bends over the still unconscious Sieglinde and takes a tender farewell. Hunding's *motiv* and the cry of his hounds (double bass), and his horn (an ox-horn in C behind the scenes), now sound in the distance. He lays her gently down and goes up the ridge to meet the challenge of the ox-horn, trusting in his *Sword* (trumpets and trombone). He is lost to sight in the storm cloud.

Sieglinde begins to wander in her dreams. She is in the burning hut with her mother and calls to her father and brother for help. *Love* and *Freïa* on the muted violas, *pianissimo*, weave into her dream, which is disturbed by *Fate* (bassoon), savage *Hunding* (horns), and *Pursuit* ('cellos).

Suddenly a flash of lightning with thunder awakes her. The ox-horn sounds quite close on the obscured ridge, and Hunding is heard calling fiercely to Wehwalt to stand and fight; where is he hiding? Fricka will destroy him!

Sieglinde is frantic with fear. Siegmund cries that he and his *Sword* (bass trumpet) are here, and a flash of lightning shows the two fighting on the ridge. The *Ride* tells who is coming. Sieglinde calls to them to slay her instead of one another, and is rushing towards them when she is halted and turned aside, dazed by a brilliant light in the

midst of which Brünnhilde is seen floating in the air above Siegmund, encouraging him and covering him with her shield. Then a red light breaks out opposite, and Wotan appears over Hunding. At his command, the *Sword* (*fortissimo* on all the trumpets) shivers into splinters against his outstretched spear, while all the tubas deafeningly proclaim the *Treaty* as Hunding plunges his weapon into Siegmund's breast. Sieglinde totters and falls with a shriek. Thick darkness returns. *Bondage* wails, the horns and bassoons recall the *Heroism of the Wälsungs*, the tubas mournfully murmur *Fate*, and the violas tremble with *Wotan's Rage*. Brünnhilde has hastened to Sieglinde and lifted her on the saddle before her. The wild *Ride* carries her away, and *Fate* is repeated again and again by the trombones, while the clouds part and show Hunding withdrawing his sword from Siegmund's breast. Wotan cries, "Hence, fellow, kneel before Fricka, tell her that Wotan's spear has wreaked her vengeance. Hence! hence!" The bass strings bring back the *Treaty* as he waves his arm contemptuously and Hunding falls dead. His fall is heard along the bass strings, which then tremble again with *Wotan's Rage*. Woe to Brünnhilde! Fearful shall be her punishment if Wotan's horse does not fail him! In thunder and lightning he disappears. The *Distress of the Gods* is eloquently told by the orchestra, and the curtain falls.

Act III. — The prelude is merely a fully-developed tone-picture of the wild *Ride of the Walkyries*.

The curtain rises upon a rocky eminence. On the right is the edge of a fir wood. On the left is the entrance to a cave that forms a natural hall; above it the rock attains its highest point. The prospect is open at the back, where the rocks fall precipitously. Clouds sweep across the scene. Four of the Walkyries, Gerhilde, Ortlinde, Waltraute, and Schwertleite, in full armour, are on the look-out above the cavern. They welcome their sisters, Helmwige, Siegrune, Grimgerde, and Rossweisse, who suc-

cessively arrive with slain warriors at their saddle-bows. Their savage *Shout* and the *Ride* compose the orchestral web. They stable their chargers in the wood and wonder at Brünnhilde's absence. "Is it not time to go to *Walhall?*" asks Rossweisse (to horns and trombones). At last she is seen approaching at breathless speed on the staggering *Grane*, bringing a woman instead of a man. To the wood she steers, and the *Distress of the Gods* comes with her on the bass strings. The *Ride* ends, and she enters supporting Sieglinde.

To her sisters' astonished questions, she explains that War-father is hot at her heels. *Pursuit* nears on the bass strings. She asks them to keep watch for him, and, as Ortlinde and Waltraute spring up the rock and report that a tempest is swiftly approaching from the north, the bassoons are added to the strings in *Pursuit*. She tells them what she has done, and they reprove their daring sister, who claims their help for Sieglinde. To the renewed *Distress of the Gods* (bass strings), Waltraute warns them of Wotan's approach. *Grane* is exhausted, so Brünnhilde begs for the loan of a horse; but they dare not oppose their father. Sieglinde now rouses herself, and begs Brünnhilde not to run into danger for her. Would that she had died with Siegmund! She prays the Walkyrie to slay her. However, when she learns that she has a child to save, she begs them all to shelter her. The storm is coming nearer and nearer, and they must hasten. But whither? Siegrune then suggests that to the east is a wood with a den in which Fafner guards the Nibelung's hoard. (The *Dragon* roars for a dozen bars in subdued tones on the horns, bass-clarinets, and bassoons.) Thither Wotan never strays! The tempestuous approach of the latter is now distinctly noticeable, and decides them to select that dismal region as a refuge. Brünnhilde points out the way, and encourages Sieglinde to endure all trials, for she shall bear "the noblest hero of the world." The horns join her in prophecying, "*Siegfried Guardian of the Sword.*" She hands to Sieglinde

the fragments of the shattered *Sword* (*cor anglais*, bassoon, and horns) and tells her to guard them well. He who shall again wield it she now names "Siegfried."

Sieglinde cries, "*O hehrstes Wunder, herrliche Maid*," the notes of which, with flutes, oboes, and clarinets, form the *Redemption by Love*. She takes a grateful farewell, and hastens away as the black clouds settle over the height, the *Tempest* and *Bondage* increase, the thunder and lightning roar and flash, and Wotan's voice cries, "Stay, Brünnhilde!" She is terrified and hides among her sisters, who try to conceal her from Wotan's view as he strides out of the wood. Where is she? Do they dare to shield her? They plead for her, and *Wotan's Rage* menaces them also. She who knew him better than anyone, who was the working of his will, has failed him! Does she hear? Is she a coward that she does not answer his summons?

Then she leaves her sisters and approaches him submissively. She is here for her fate! He says she has brought it on herself. She was his will, his wish-maid, his lot-chooser, and his hero-prompter. Now her Walkyrie ways are ended!

Brünnhilde is overwhelmed. Will he thrust her from him?

No more will she be sent on hero-quests, nor serve the mead, nor come for his kiss! She is banished from his sight; their bond is broken! And the deep brass impresses the solemnity of the *Treaty*, and the Walkyries wail with compassion.

Will he not leave her anything? No! She shall lie alone in shelterless sleep on the height till she falls to the share of a man! (The *Treaty* is repeated on the bassoons and horns, and *Wotan's Rage* blazes up afresh on the strings at this sentence.)

Her sisters plead for her. They share in such shame! But Wotan is inflexible. She shall sit and spin at the hearth of a man! The *Treaty* on bassoons and bass strings

notes her doom, while *Wotan's Rage* burns hotly all through the orchestra. He warns the Walkyries to beware lest he include them also; and with terror-stricken cries they depart to the wood, and are soon seen in wild flight on their horses, to the *Ride*. Then the storm abates, twilight falls, and night follows gradually.

Brünnhilde is on her knees at Wotan's feet. At length she raises her head and begins to plead for herself. Will he have no pity on his chosen child? It is true that she disobeyed his command, but she obeyed his original will! She knew of his love for the Wälsung, and when she saw the latter, her heart was touched at his fortitude. It was her father's own love that rose in her heart and moved her to help, instead of slay him! (Her words, "*Liebe mir ins Herz gelegt*," bring in the *Announcement of a New Life* on flutes, horns, and bassoons, *dolce*.) Will Wotan shame himself in shaming his will, Brünnhilde?

Yes! he is implacable. She followed the prompting of love, now she shall follow the man whom love she must; — and her prayers are useless. Their dialogue is illustrated by *Love's Regret*, the *Curse of the Ring*, *Fate*, the *Treaty*, *Love*, *Heroism of the Wälsungs*, and *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*. She reminds him that Sieglinde lives, and has the *Sword* (trumpet), but he puts her words aside. She asks what she must suffer. He will seal her in deep sleep and he who wakes her shall have her for wife! His "*In festen Schlaf*," brings *Eternal Sleep* on flute, *cor anglais*, bassoon, clarinet, and bass-clarinet. Her protest introduces *Brünnhilde's Sleep* on the violins. Then she begs that she may be fenced about with terror so that none but a hero may gain her. Let him ring the rock with fire! The *Treaty* and *Brünnhilde's Sleep* bring in the *Flames' Spell*. Wotan is greatly moved. He takes her in his arms, and "*Leb wohl, du kuhnes, herrliches Kind!*" (strings, horns, and bassoons) commence *Wotan's Song of Farewell*. *Fate* and *Renunciation of Love* are heard. With a kiss he deprives her of her godhead. She sinks into his arms to *Eternal Sleep*,

and he carries her to the rock and lays her down, covering her with her helmet and shield, while the orchestra repeats his *Farewell* with soft interweavings of the spell of *Sleep*.

Then he turns and points his spear at a mass of rock, while the trombones solemnly and loudly announce the *Treaty*. He summons *Loge*, whose chromatic figures on the strings respond. Loge must appear in flame as Wotan first found him, and ring the rock! The trombones repeat the *Treaty*, and the *Flames' Spell* leaps on the strings. As the flames leap up, harps and *Glockenspiel* add their tones to the harmonies of the supernatural. The two fire *motive* serve as the web upon which all others are embroidered henceforward till the close. *Eternal Sleep* next appears in arpeggios and is followed by *Brünnhilde's Sleep*.

With his spear, Wotan traces the circle for Loge to maintain. His last words, "Whoso dreads my spear will never pierce the flames!" prophetically reproduce *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*. It is repeated by the instruments that lead to a repetition of *Wotan's Farewell*. He then turns to gaze for the last time at Brünnhilde, who is wrapped in *Sleep* and *Flames*, and the bass-trumpets, tubas, and trombones faintly recall *Fate* like distant thunder. He turns to depart, and the instruments are dying away in perfect calm as the curtain falls.

Siegfried

If we regard the Tetralogy in its entirety as a kind of immense symphony conceived in gigantic proportions, one movement of which answers to each day, *Siegfried* appears as its Scherzo, its impetuous Intermezzo. Everything in it is gay, agile, and alert, like the youthful hero himself; even the comic element has its place, and frequently appears in the rôle of Mime. The majority of the new *motive* present rhythms which are vigorous and gay, or are stamped with a youthful ardour which is very contagious — ALBERT LAVIGNAC

THE prelude opens with a soft tremolo on the drums and *Reflection* on the bassoons. Muted 'cellos bring in *Wotan's Rage*, and the violas recall the *Amassing of the Treasure*. Then for a few bars, the violas and 'cellos change parts with these two *motive*, while the *cor anglais* and bassoons give forth *Bondage*. Then come the *Forge*, on drums and cellos, the *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*, the *Ring* (clarinets, and repeated variously on *cor anglais*, horns, and clarinets, and oboes and bassoons). Next the *Dragon* with changed rhythm appears on the 'cellos, and immediately afterwards the presence of the *Sword* is softly announced on the bass trumpet. *Wotan's Rage* at once returns on the muted strings in company with the *Forge*, and the curtain rises.

We are in the forest smithy of Mime, formed out of a natural cave. It has two entrances into the forest, right and back. The forge stands against the wall at the back. Mime is at the anvil, hammering at a blade. At length, in extreme annoyance, he stops his work. It is useless, he can make swords fit for giants, but the boy smashes them like toys! He could not serve Nothung so (*Sword*, on horn), but Mime cannot weld the fragments. If he only could, Siegfried should slay Fafner (*Dragon* on tubas) and regain the Nibelung's hoard for Mime! And he returns to his song and his fruitless toil in vexation.

The *Call of the Son of the Woods*, on violins and 'cellos, introduces Siegfried, in forest garb and with a silver horn on a chain at his girdle. He comes boisterously in, bring-

ANDREAS DIPPEL AS "SIEGFRIED."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

ing a roped bear which he sets at the terrified Mime, who runs behind the forge and is chased all over the place by Siegfried and the bear. The double bass growls with the brute, as Siegfried tells Bruin to hunt for the sword, and, when Mime produces it, turns him out into the forest again, — holding his own sides with laughter. He explains that he got tired of Mime and brought home a chance bear (growl again on the 'cellos) for company, and to hasten Mime's forging. Mime says no keener one than this could be desired. *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword* (bass trumpet and horn, repeated a fourth higher three bars later) tries it, and shatters it on the anvil.

His disgust and upbraidings introduce the *Love of Life* (strings, oboes, bassoons, clarinets, and horns). Mime is always prating of giants and battles and daring deeds, and yet he can't make a decent sword! Siegfried would put the old knave out of the way, only he is n't worth the trouble; and he throws himself down on a stone seat in a temper.

Mime whines at the ingratitude he receives, but his charge turns his back on him and lies facing the wall. Then Mime tries to tempt him with food, which he knocks out of the dwarf's hand. Let him eat his own messes! Mime pretends to be hurt, and recites all he has done for Siegfried by rearing him from infancy and slaving for him.

Siegfried turns and scrutinizes his face. Why is it he loathes the very sight of Mime? When he goes into the forest, he is delighted with the birds, beasts, and fishes (here there is a suggestion of the *Rhine* on the strings). Why does he prefer them to Mime?

Before the latter can answer, the 'cellos (four parts) anticipate him with *Filial Love*, some notion of which he tries to explain and instil. Very well, but Siegfried has noticed that the animal world exists in couples. Where is Mime's mate? This makes the dwarf peevish, but his tormentor insists on knowing how he created him. The perplexed Mime insists that he was both father and mother.

He lies! Siegfried has noticed that animals resemble their parents. In brooks (*Rhine*, clarinet) he has seen his face, and it is no more like Mime's than a fish is like a toad! (The hopping of the toad and the gliding of the fish are illustrated on the viola.)

Suddenly Siegfried springs up and takes his loving nurse by the throat. He shall tell who his parents really are! *Filial Love* in earnest accompanies his demand on the oboe, and is taken up by the clarinets, *cor anglais*, and horn. The strangling Mime motions compliance, and, as soon as he can speak, he says the ungrateful youth need not call him kin. As he pauses before telling the story, the bass clarinet prompts him with the *Race of the Wälsungs*, and the bassoons in three parts follow with the *Compassion* that first drew them together.

Mime once heard a woman in woe in the wood (again the *Race of the Wälsungs*) and *Compassion* led him to shelter her. (The bass clarinet again softly moans with the *Race of the Wälsungs*.) She died. The horns burst forth with *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*. Siegfried is touched. So his mother died at his birth! Mime goes on to say that she entrusted her babe to him, and then he drops into his "complaint" as he does with every speech. She called the boy Siegfried (*Guardian of the Sword*, horn). To further questions, Siegfried learns his mother's name, but Mime does not know his father's (*Race of the Wälsungs*, *cor anglais*, etc.). Mime is such a liar that Siegfried wants some proof of the tale, so the former brings out the shattered *Sword* (horn) and tells its history. Siegfried orders him to make it whole before dark or he will break his neck. (The *Sword* appears many times on oboes, horns, and clarinets.) What does he want with it? Having no kin nor home, he wants to get away from Mime and wander free; and he darts away into the wood, while Mime vainly tries to call him back. (His *Desire to Travel*, on oboes, clarinets, horns, bassoons, and strings, is first heard at his words, "*Flieg ich von hier, fluthe davon.*")

Mime is in despair! Who will now go to Fafner's den if Siegfried departs; and how can he weld the sword? Nibelung craft is powerless; and he sinks in distress upon a stool behind the anvil. His perplexities are accompanied by the *Ring*, *Forge*, *Reflection*, *Dragon*, and *Love's Regret*.

The horns and trumpets announce *Wotan the Wanderer* as an old man, in a blue cloak and a big-brimmed hat that covers one of his eyes, enters. For a staff he carries a spear. He asks the startled dwarf for hospitality, and receives a churlish refusal. However, he insists; "he is a wanderer and knows all secrets," and presently he sits down by the hearth, saying he will wager his head against any question Mime may ask. The trombones twice confirm the *Treaty*, and the oboes, *cor anglais*, horns, and bassoons repeat it, when, to get rid of him, Mime, after *Reflection*, on bassoons and tubas, decides to ask three questions. (*Forge*, strings; *Treaty*, bass clarinets; and *Ring*, wood-wind. These *motive* precede each question.)

"Who dwell in the depths of the earth?" That is easily answered, and the *Forge*, *Ring*, *Alberich's Power*, *Adoration of the Gold*, *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*, and *Amassing of the Treasure* accompany his reply.

He is evidently well acquainted with Niebelheim; but "Who dwell upon the face of the earth?" As the Wanderer tells of Riesenheim, the orchestra supports him with the *Giants*, *Power of the Ring*, and *Dragon*.

Mime meditates awhile and then asks, "Who dwell among the cloudy peaks?" The deep brass softly tells of the splendour of *Walhalla*, the Wanderer recites the power of Wotan and his runes (*Treaty*, brass) and spear. At his words, "*Mit seiner Spitze sperrt Wotan die Welt*," the trombones and tubas reveal *Divine Power*. The Wanderer involuntarily strikes the earth with his spear as he ends, and distant thunder mutters and the trombones and trumpets roar with the *Treaty*. Mime is terrified as he recognizes *Wotan the Wanderer* (brass), and tries to get rid of him. But he has to submit to three questions also, and

now his own head is at stake. The *Forge* and *Bondage* support his excuses, and his cringing appears on *Grovelling Mime* on the bassoons, violas, and strings.

What is the name of the race that Wotan loves and persecutes?

Mime knows that; and his answer reproduces the *Race* and the *Heroism of the Wälsungs* (horns and bassoons), as well as their present representative, *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword* (violas).

So far so good! Now, Mime is rearing Siegfried to kill Fafner; what sword will do the deed?

Thereupon, Whining Mime, who now is deeply interested, sketches the career of Nothung, which alone shall slay the dragon. The *Forge* (violas) and the *Sword* (trumpets) are employed.

The Wanderer compliments his wisdom. The last question he puts is, "Who will weld the shattered halves of Nothung?"

If Mime were as wise as the strings, which persistently mock him with the *Love of Life*, he might name the successful smith. He starts up in extreme agitation; is not that the question that is always tormenting him? Who shall succeed where so consummate a craftsmen as he fails?

Wotan the Wanderer rises. He answered three questions, not one of which touched what the wily smith wanted most to know, and now his head is forfeit! The *Treaty* (trombones, bassoons, bass trumpets) loudly proclaims it. Now the valiant destroyer of the *Dragon* (bass tubas) learns that the *Sword* (trumpets) shall be made whole only by him who has never known fear, and to whom also Mime's head shall fall. The horns and bassoon, strengthened by bass trumpet and trombones, state that hero to be *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword.*

With mocking laughter the Wanderer departs, leaving Mime quite stunned. The hissing scorn of *Loge* was audible on the strings under the final words, and now the

flames increase and seem to fill the forest with their roar. To Mime's disordered fancy, they take the form of a fiery *Dragon* approaching with open jaws; and, shrieking with terror, he falls behind the anvil, while the trumpet mocks him with the *Sword*.

Desire to Travel (oboes) and *Love of Life* (strings) return with Siegfried, who is calling for his sword. When he finds Mime, who is muttering "Only he who never feared!" and meditating on the Wanderer's words, he asks what he is doing there. Mime gradually collects himself. He is looking for fear! It is a precious quality that Siegfried lacks and must learn! Siegfried is curious to be instructed. Mime asks whether he has ever trembled at the mysterious noises of the forest; and the music tries to shake his nerves with daunting suggestions of brooding horror. No! he would like to; can Mime help him? Mime knows of a terrible *Dragon*. Fafner in his den will teach Siegfried! He dwells in Neidhole, quite near! Siegfried wants to go at once. Where is the sword? Mime confesses his impotence. Siegfried is disgusted. He will try to forge it himself, in spite of Mime's discouragements.

He heaps up the fire and blows it, and begins to file the fragments into dust. He will begin from the beginning! (The strings imitate and accompany the filing.) Mime is dumbfounded. He foresees success, and understands the Wanderer's words now. He realizes his own danger. His head falls to *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword* (bassoon and bass clarinet), unless the latter learns fear from Fafner (*Dragon*, bassoon and bass-clarinet). None else can gain for Mime the *Ring* (*cor anglais* and clarinets).

Siegfried wants to know the name of the *Sword* (trumpet). On learning it, he breaks out into a song to Nothung as he works, while various instruments reproduce the filing, the crackling flames, and the sparks he speaks of; and the violins and violas blow the bellows.

Mime mutters, "He forges the sword and Fafner will fall!" Craft is needed. When weary with the fight,

Mime will refresh him with a drugged drink that shall plunge him into *Eternal Sleep* (bassoon and bass clarinet), and his precious *Sword* (bass trumpet) with him, — leaving *Ring* and *Gold* to the dwarf! Aha! clever Wanderer, Mime is not such a fool after all! And he springs up to prepare the brew.

Siegfried has melted the sword-dust and now pours it into a mould, which he plunges into the water, when it loudly hisses on the high violins and other strings. He takes up his song again, Nothung must stiffen, and bathe again (*Rhine*, horns, *cor anglais*, clarinets, etc.), after being heated; and he puts it back into the fire. The violins and violas again blow the bellows.

Siegfried now for the first time notices Mime, who is setting his pot on the edge of the fire, and asks what he is doing. His question, "*Was schafft der Topel dort mit dem Topf?*" forms the *Casting of the Steel* (clarinets and strings). He explains that, being shamed as a smith, he must take to cooking. Mime makes such bad swords that Siegfried means to avoid his cookery also! He lays the glowing metal on the anvil, and hammers it to the "Song of the Forge," while Mime finishes and pours his concoction into a flask. The force of the blows of the hammer is regulated by the needs of the rhythm. Then he plunges the blade into the water again, and laughs at its loud hissing, again imitated on strings and bassoons. Then, while the hilt is being fitted, Mime promises himself the *Ring* and gloats over the power it will bring him. The *motive* recalled by his words are curiously distorted to suit his form and nature, — especially the *Sword*, on piccolo and flute. He exults, "Mime, the hero, is King!" and he can't hear how the whole orchestra is mocking him!

Siegfried is completing his task. He sings on to Nothung, who failed the father and is restored by the son. Nothung shall work havoc with evil-doers! Look, Mime! Look, smith! This is how Siegfried's sword cuts! And, to Mime's stupefaction, while the horns, bassoons, and strings

VAN ROOY AS "WOTAN."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

triumphantly utter the *Call of the Son of the Woods*, and the entire orchestra is jubilant, Siegfried cleaves the anvil with a mighty stroke, and the curtain falls.

Act II. — The prelude tells us what to expect. It opens with the roaring of *Fafner* (contrabass-tuba, violas, 'cellos, double basses, and drums). Then comes the *Ring* (bassoons, horns, clarinets), the *Curse of the Ring* (strings), the *Nibelung's Work of Destruction* (strings), the *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*, and the *Treaty* (violins). The *Nibelung's Work of Destruction* is still active on the bass strings as the curtain rises. It is night; to the left a rocky wall shows through the forest. The ground rises to a small platform in the centre of the scene and then sinks again. This ridge half obscures the mouth of a cave in the background. Alberich is leaning against the wall, keeping watch over Neidhole. A storm-wind suddenly rises, and the *Ride* is heard on wood, brass, and strings. What light flashes through the wood like a wild horse? Is Fafner's slayer coming at last? The bassoon moans with the *Distress of the Gods*. The light fades and the gust dies away.

The Wanderer enters and is hailed by *Walhalla* on horns and bassoons. He halts opposite Alberich, and a moonbeam breaks through the cloud and illuminates his face. Alberich immediately flames up with *Revenge* (bass wood and strings). He reviles the Wanderer, who explains that he is here to heed, not to act; who would bar *Wotan the Wanderer* (softly on strings, trombones, trumpets, bassoons, clarinets, and horns)? Alberich threatens him, and goes over the old ground, while we hear *Wotan's Rage*, *Treaty with the Giants* (bassoons and horns), *Loge*, the *Curse of the Ring* and the *Nibelung's Work of Destruction*.

Alberich taunts Wotan with rearing heroes to do work he cannot do himself, and is warned that Mime is more to be feared, for he is making a tool of Siegfried. Then will not Wotan interfere? No! Let him have the ring who wins it! Why not warn Fafner of his approaching death

and induce him to ransom himself with the hoard? Thereupon Wotan calls to Fafner to awake, while Alberich wonders whether Wotan will really be so mad as to let him have the ring.

Fafner sleepily answers. Who calls? Alberich tells him that a hero is about to attack him. Fafner says the hero shall satisfy his appetite! But it is a mighty youth! (*Sword*, on the horn.) Alberich wants Fafner to relinquish the *Ring* (clarinets and strings) and save himself. The latter yawns, "I lie and guard it; let me sleep!"

Wotan laughs at the dwarf's discomfiture. "What will happen, will happen," he says, while the bass strings thrice repeat the *Norns*. He will leave him a clear field —"Beware of Mime!" He disappears into the wood, while the bassoon repeats the *Norns*, and a storm-wind and the *Ride* and a reminiscence of *Wotan's Song of Farewell* carry him away, while Alberich pursues him with malevolent threats. The *Curse of the Ring*, the *Work of Destruction*, and *Fafner* conclude the scene.

The dawn has been gradually breaking, and Alberich hides in a cleft of the rock as Siegfried and Mime enter. It grows lighter till only Neidhole is in the shadow. *Love of Life*, reminiscences of the song of the bellows, *Brünnhilde's Sleep*, and the *Forge* enter with them.

Siegfried sits down under a great lime-tree. If he can't learn the lesson of fear here, he will leave Mime anyway!

Mime sits down opposite him, keeping an uneasy eye on the cave, and, to some instrumental figures of *Loge* and the roaring of *Fafner*, tries to terrify him with a description of the latter. His jaws and tail and venom will not frighten Siegfried; he will plunge Nothung into his heart! If that 's all Mime can teach him of fear, he had better get out! He impatiently gets rid of the hateful smith.

The forest that awoke with the dawn has gradually become audible with the voices of nature in the orchestra. *The Murmurs of the Forest*, softly moving on the 'cellos and double basses, delight him as he casts himself down

again and says how happy he is that the hideous dwarf is not his father. He wonders what his parents were like. (The *Race of the Wälsungs*, *Filial Love*, and *Freia*.) The thought of his mother, who died at his birth, saddens him. Suddenly, amid the other forest noises, he hears the songs of birds (oboes, flutes, and clarinets). One especially delights him (The *Bird*). He once heard that their language might be understood! What is this bird saying to him? He cuts a reed with his sword and makes a pipe, with which he fruitlessly tries to imitate the song. (The *cor anglais* on the stage plays his notes.) He laughingly acknowledges his failure, as the *Bird* (clarinet) begins again to the *Murmurs* on the muted strings. But he can produce another sound that befits the forest! He throws away the reed and sounds repetitions of his *Call of the Son of the Woods* and *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, pausing between the two and looking inquiringly at the bird. Before he has ended, there is a response from an entirely different quarter. The tubas respond with the *Dragon*, and *Fafner* issues from the cave, yawning deeply. He is surprised to see the youth who saucily accosts the beast who can talk when the bird cannot. Fafner was going for water and has found meat! Siegfried defies him, and they go into action. The *Sword* (horns and trombones) is grasped, and in spite of the venom Fafner spouts, and his various manœuvres, it sounds triumphantly on trumpets and trombones; and, after several swift lunges on the strings, it finds his heart.

Amid the groaning of the bassoons and bass strings, Fafner asks who prompted the murderous deed. Siegfried scarcely knows who he is (*Guardian of the Sword*, trumpet): Fafner brought it on himself! Then the dying *Dragon* tells of the departed power of the *Giants* (bass strings) and how they gained it. The *Work of Destruction*, *Ring*, its *Curse* and the *Son of the Woods* are heard during his tale. He warns his victor of the danger attending the possession of the hoard. Finally, as the horn proclaims *Siegfried Guar-*

dian of the Sword, Fafner learns his name, utters it with his last breath, and dies. He sinks on the bass strings, and his *motiv* fails through four bars on the tubas and drums, and expires with him.

Siegfried says the dead cannot reveal anything: now his *Sword* (brilliant flourish on trumpet and trombone) must enlighten him. Through the returning *Murmurs of the Forest* that the fight had stilled, the *Bird* trills again on the flute, as he raises to his lips his hand that burns like fire with a drop of Fafner's blood. Thoughtfully he stands for a moment and then he starts, for the dragon's blood has turned the warbling into speech. In the linden branches above, the bird is chanting (supported by harmonics on the violas and 'cellos and by the muted violins), "Siegfried now owns the Nibelung's hoard. It lies in the cave. The Tarnhelm will lead to great deeds and the Ring will rule the world for him." He thanks the bird for the counsel, and enters Neidhole.

Mime slinks in with caution as to Fafner, and Alberich leaves his cleft and watches his brother, who, seeing the dead dragon and no Siegfried, is about to enter the cave. Alberich interposes, and they quarrel over the booty, each claiming it. "Who was it that robbed the Rhine and gave the spell to the *Ring?*" "Yes! but who forged the *Tarnhelm?*" Mime presently proposes to share with Alberich and take the helm, but the latter is too wary. A nice sleep his would be! Mime expects Siegfried to take the gold only, but the latter now approaches, thoughtfully contemplating both *Ring* and *Tarnhelm*, and they both retire to their hiding-places. (The *Ring*, *Gold*, and its *Adoration* come with him.) He halts under the tree: he will wear the treasures as mementos of his victory! The *Murmurs* return, and the bird sings (as before) that Siegfried should beware of Mime. The burn of the blood will help him to discern his treachery! The clarinet softly breathes the *Race of the Wälsungs* above the continuing *Murmurs*.

Mime now approaches, wondering whether the Wanderer can have informed Siegfried of the virtues of the treasure. He asks if the latter has yet found fear. No! "But the dragon is dead!" Yes, but worse wretches remain: Siegfried hates him who prompted the deed!

Mime employs his deceitful *Complaint* to cajole Siegfried, but to no purpose. At last he offers him a refreshing draught, and will hold his sword and helm while he drinks it! Siegfried would like to know its ingredients! Finally, Mime importunately thrusts the horn under his very nose and chuckles. The indignant trumpet is loud with the *Sword*, and Siegfried furiously strikes the dwarf dead with a blow, while the mocking laughter of Alberich is heard, and *Reflection* (wood-wind) and the *Forge* (strings) fill the pause.

Mime can now have the hoard and guard it for himself! Siegfried drags his corpse into the cave (*Forge*), and then rolls *Fafner's* body and stops up the mouth. They may hold it together! (*Ring.*)

Now he is hot and weary, and again sits under the tree (the *Bird*, *Filial Love*, and the *Forge*) while the *Murmurs* return. He calls to the bird and tells of his lonely lot; cannot the bird help him to a companion?

The *Bird* answers that on a fire-beset height (*Flames' Spell*) sleeps Brünnhilde (*Brünnhilde's Sleep*), whom he may win for a wife. He leaps up eagerly; can he awaken her? (*Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, oboes, *cor anglais*, etc.) Brünnhilde can only be awakened by him to whom fear is unknown. Well, Fafner could not teach it; perhaps Brünnhilde can! Who will lead?

The *Bird* flutters above him, and he hastens exultingly after it.

Act III. — The prelude begins with the *Ride* on violins and violas, and the *Norns* on bassoons, bass clarinets, bass tubas, and bass strings. The *Distress of the Gods* is almost indistinguishable from the *Norns* here, clearly telling

of Wotan's plight and Erda's presence. The bass instruments take up the *Rhine* at the 11th bar, and presently *Wotan's Rage* (strings), the *Fall of the Gods* (oboes and clarinets), and *Alberich's Power* are heard. As the curtain rises, the thunder-machine behind the scenes roars, and lightning flashes. It is night, and we are at the foot of a steep rocky slope in which there is a kind of crypt. The fury of the elements somewhat abates, and *Eternal Sleep* appears, *Fate* sounds, and the Wanderer enters. The trombones proclaim the *Treaty*, and then, with the trumpets, the *Announcement of a New Life*. *Wotan the Wanderer* joins the above solemn *motive* in awaking Erda from her stony slumber. At his call, a blue haze illumines the cavern, and Erda rises from the depths. Her hair and robes glimmer mysteriously: she looks as if covered with frost. Who calls her, and what does he want? He wants knowledge, and she alone knows! Why not go to the watchful *Norns?* (violins). Why not make use of Brünnhilde? Then he tells her of the latter's fault and fate. (The *Ring*, *Love's Regret*, *Walhalla*, the *Nibelung's Work of Destruction*, *Wotan's Farewell*, etc.) Erda is reproachful. She cannot help him! Let him reap as he has sown! Let her sleep again and be eased of his sight!

Before freeing her from the spell, she shall know his will! The end of the gods no longer grieves him; indeed, he will help it forward. Then flutes, oboes, clarinets, horns, bassoons, and bass strings join in proclaiming the *Heritage of the World*, which the Wanderer once devoted to the Nibelung, but now to the Wälsung who has gained the *Ring* and will wed Erda's daughter to the downfall of the gods. (*Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, the *Sword*, *Walhalla*, *Power of the Ring*, *Flight*, and *Love*.) Erda may sink therefore to her *Eternal Sleep* (soft wood-wind and brass); Siegfried is approaching even now! The light fades as she disappears, and, while pale moonlight illumines the scene, the storm entirely subsides. The *Bird* flies in, the 'cello imitating its flight. Suddenly it is terrified, and the in-

struments illustrate its wild flutterings till it disappears. Then Siegfried enters; where has it gone? The Wanderer accosts him. Who calls? Perhaps some one who can direct him! Their colloquy, in which Siegfried tells all about himself and his quest, includes the *Bird*, *Fafner*, the *Forge*, *Race of the Wälsungs*, and *Love of Life*. Siegfried in turn questions his impertinent questioner, and consequently we have *Wotan the Wanderer*, his *Rage*, *Walhalla*, and the *Treaty*. Meanwhile Siegfried's words bring in his *Guardian of the Sword*, the *Bird*, and the *Race of the Wälsungs*. Siegfried threatens the Wanderer for barring the way the bird was following when it disappeared. It suddenly grows dark again, and *Wotan's Rage* breaks out. The bird fled before the Lord of the Ravens! Woe to him they hunt! Siegfried shall not proceed! Indeed! and who forbids? (*Treaty*, trombones.) He who guards the rock and laid the sleeper there! The *Ride*, *Loge*, all the *motive* of fire, and *Eternal Sleep* appear. He raises his spear and points to the crest of the rock where the flames are leaping.

Siegfried is determined to advance: the fire has no terrors for him. Then the Wanderer's outstretched spear must stay him! (*Treaty*, trombone.) Siegfried's sword was once shattered against it, and shall be again!

So Siegfried has found his father's foe! He cleaves the spear with a mighty stroke, while the trombones again sound the *Treaty* in a shattered rhythm that halts and sinks from *fortissimo* to *pianissimo*. Lightning flashes and thunder roars, the flames on the distant rock spring up more brightly, while the Wanderer disappears, confessing his impotence to hold Siegfried. The *Fall of the Gods* and *Love's Regret* wail, the flames leap and roar on the violins and violas, and the *Bird* jubilantly warbles. A sea of flame comes rolling down the slope, and Siegfried exults at the near prospect of a bride. He sets his horn to his lips and blows his *Call of the Son of the Woods* as he plunges forward and disappears. Here occurs some mar-

vellous instrumentation. On the same page, we find interwoven *Adoration of the Gold*, *Call of the Son of the Woods*, *Flames' Spell*, *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, *Bird*, and *Loge*, closely followed by *Eternal Sleep* and *Brünnhilde's Sleep*. Harps, triangle, and *glockenspiel* join in. The horn gradually sounds more distant as the scene changes, and then approaches again till, as the flames clear away, we see under a bright blue sky Brünnhilde's rock as left by Wotan at the close of *Die Walküre*.

The harp softly throbs with the magic of the surroundings, the bass clarinet gently breathes with *Brünnhilde's Sleep*, one respiration of which passes to the double bass, and the trombone faintly murmurs with *Fate*, and repeats it to a striking solo passage on the first violin, full of the allurements of *Freïa*. Then comes *Fate* again, the *Adoration of the Gold*, and the *Bird*.

Siegfried halts on the height and gazes about him in wonder. (*Love's Fascination*, clarinets, etc.) He sees the horse in his rocky stall. Is it the fire that still dazzles his eyes yonder? He approaches. No! it is the glint of armour! He raises the shield and sees, as he thinks, the face of a man, though the orchestra has brought back the *Ride* and *Wotan's Farewell*. The helmet must be heavy, he thinks, so he takes it off; and long flowing locks escape, to his amazement. He listens to her laboured breathing, and tries to loosen her cuirass, but cannot. "Come, my *Sword!*" (horn), also *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword* (clarinet). He cuts the rings down the side, and a form in woman's robes is revealed. "That is no man!" *Love's Fascination* is deepening. He is terrified; his senses totter; he calls on his mother. The *Race of the Wälsungs* mingles with *Brünnhilde's Sleep*, *Freïa*, and *Fate*. He bows his head on her breast in long silence. How awaken her? Her lips tempt a kiss. "Awake, holy maid!" and he presses his lips to hers.

Her eyes open, and they gaze long at one another. She sits up, and harps solemnly sound as she gazes about her.

Then her voice rises in *Hail to the World!* She salutes the sunlight after the darkness of sleep and dreams, to notes that flash and fall like dew-drops from the strings. Then, with the very *motiv* of *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, she asks who has awakened her. He tells his name, and explains how he came there, while the horns thrice repeat the same *motiv*. She repeats her salutation to the world and the gods, accompanied by lovely arpeggios. Siegfried responds, "Hail to the mother who made me a man," and their voices mingle in a rapturous duet (*Hail to Love*, oboes, clarinets, violas, and 'cellos) of praise to the powers that have brought them together. The 'cellos and double basses then recall the *Race of the Wälsungs*, and, during a pause of six bars, the full orchestra announces the *Enthusiasm of Love*. Then she tells him how long she has loved him, guarding him while yet unborn. So his mother was only sleeping for a little! She smiles at his simplicity: he will see his mother no more! Brünnhilde is himself as soon as he confesses his love; and her knowledge is his! She has always loved him.

He wants to embrace her, but she gently keeps him off. She notices Grane quietly browsing; Siegfried awoke him also! Her shield that sheltered heroes and her helm also lie at her feet. They protect her no more! Her shorn mail leaves her stripped of her strength! She is sad, and Siegfried grows even more passionate. She recalls her holy estate in *Walhall* (seven horns). She bewails her lost wisdom and knowledge, and is greatly troubled as she covers her eyes with her hands. He gently draws them away: darkness no longer befits her! (The dialogue is supported by the *Heritage of the World*, the *Enthusiasm of Love*, *Hail to Love*, the *Announcement of a New Life*, *Wotan's Rage*, the *Ride*, the *Curse of the Ring*, and *Bondage*.)

As she tells him she was immortal, though always loving him, and prays him to leave her and lay not waste her rest, we hear *Peace* softly on the strings. Her appeal, "*Siegfried, herrlicher Hort der Welt*," also given entirely to

the strings, forms the *motiv* of *Siegfried Treasure of the World.*

He is not to be denied. Brünnhilde must awake and be his! He embraces her, and she yields and confesses her responsive passion. *Fate*, *Brünnhilde's Sleep*, the *Dragon*, the *Ride*, *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, the *Bird*, the *Shout of the Walkyries* and the *Enthusiasm of Love* appear, and finally Brünnhilde casts away all hesitation in a finale of the two voices. The *Decision to Love*, given to horns and strings, falls on her words, "*zu Grunde gehn.*" Away with *Walhall* and its towers; farewell, gods and greatness! *Norns*, unravel the rope of fate! Hasten, dusk of the gods with their annihilation! Siegfried is Brünnhilde's star now and ever! He joins her in words of burning enthusiasm; and *Hail to Love*, the *Guardian of the Sword*, and the *Enthusiasm of Love* add fire to their rapture.

Die Götterdämmerung

It has passed like a breath, this race of the gods; the treasure of my sacred knowledge I leave to the world: it is no longer goods, gold, or sacred pomp, houses, courts, lordly magnificence, nor the deceitful ties of dark treaties, nor the harsh law of hypocritical manners, but only one single thing which in good as in evil days makes us happy: Love! — RICHARD WAGNER

PRELUDE. —*Hail to the World* appears in the opening bar and two bars later the bassoon, clarinet, and bass-clarinet introduce *The Rhine*. This prelude is very short: the curtain rises at the eighteenth bar. It is night on the Walkyrie rock. A glow illumines the background. The eldest Norn lies under the fir-tree; the second, on a bank of stone before the entrance to the cavern; the third sits on a rock at the edge of the height. After a gloomy silence of eight bars, the first Norn asks what is that light, while the bass-clarinet moans with the *Distress of the Gods*. It is only Loge (*Flames' Spell*). Then, since it is still night, they will sing and spin the rope! The first Norn rises and fastens one end to a branch of the fir. She sings of the World-Ash to which she once tied it. The well of wisdom was at its foot, and thither came Wotan to drink, leaving an eye in payment. He broke off a bough for the staff of a spear, and the wound extended in the tree till it withered and the well dried up.

She throws the rope to the second Norn, who winds it around a rock at the entrance of the cavern, and sings in turn.

Wotan cut runes in the shaft (*Treaty*, bass strings) and thereby ruled the world till a hero shattered it. Then Wotan sent the heroes of *Walhalla* (oboes and *cor anglais*) to cut down the World-Ash.

She throws the rope to the third Norn, who catches it and throws the end behind her as she sings and weaves.

Wotan sits in his hall with the wood of the World-Ash piled high around the walls; *The Fall of the Gods* is near: they shall perish in the flames.

She throws the rope to the second Norn to continue; but she hands it on to the first, who sings on.

The Flames in the background give deceptive daylight. Have they heard what happened to Loge? She throws the rope back to the second Norn, who winds it again around the rock and replies. Wotan held his aid with the spear, until he struggled for freedom — then Wotan set him to burn about Brünnhilde's rock. (The third Norn takes up the tale.) Wotan now pierces him to the heart with the splinters of his spear. Fire flows from the wound, and is aimed at the pile. (*Treaty*, bassoons and bass strings.) When will it burn? The rope is thrown from one to the other, but they cannot find the threads for reply. The rope is ravelled. The rock's tooth has frayed it. *The Curse of the Ring* works in the threads. What will result? The third Norn catches the rope and pulls hard at it. It parts in the middle with a rending on the bass strings. They start up in terror and bind themselves together with the pieces, while *The Fall of the Gods* sounds on flutes, oboes, and clarinets. Their knowledge is departed: they must join their mother below!

The *motive*, accompanying their words, in addition to those already noted, are *Hail to Walhalla*, *Death*, *Fate*, *Loge*, *Eternal Sleep*, *Ring*, *Love's Regret*, *Adoration of the Gold*, *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*, *Sword*, and *Call of the Son of the Woods*.

As they disappear, *Fate* sounds on the *cor anglais* and is repeated on the trombone.

Day begins to dawn, paling Loge's glow. The *Call of the Son of the Woods* in a heroic form is given by the horns that lead it into a new *motiv*, *Brünnhilde*. While the sun is rising, the orchestral web is largely woven with these two *motive*.

The lovers enter from the cave to the *Ride*, while horns and trumpets give the *Call of the Son of the Woods*. Siegfried is in full armour, and Brünnhilde is leading Grane. She will not withhold him from fresh deeds of heroism.

EDOUARD DE RESZKE AS "HAGEN."

From a photograph. Copyright, 1899, by Aimé Dupont.

Her words "*Wenig mein Werth gewann*" introduce the new *motiv*, *Heroic Love*, on clarinets, horns, oboes, and strings. In this leave-taking, besides the above *motive* frequently occuring, we have *Hail to Love*, *Loge*, *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, *Fate*, *Heritage of the World*, *Ring*, *Ride*, *Gold*, and its *Adoration*, *Ride*, *Love*, *Desire to Travel*, and the *Sword* in succession.

Brünnhilde says she has had nothing to give Siegfried but her knowledge of the runes. He replies that he is a poor learner, but the only knoweldge he needs is that she is his. She begs him not to forget her and their mutual love. Before departing, he gives her in return for her runes a ring whose sole value is as a memento of his victory over the dragon. She has no use for Grane now, and so she gives him to Siegfried. Then they take a passionate farewell of one another, and Siegfried leads Grane down the rock. Brünnhilde gazes after him while her *motiv* is several times repeated on the wood-wind and higher brass, till at last the *Call of the Son of the Woods* dies away in the distance, and the curtain quickly falls.

Then comes a long *entr'acte* of one hundred and seventy-five bars, into which, among other *motive*, are woven the *Decision to Love*, *Love's Regret*, *Gold* and its *Adoration*, *Rhine*, *Power of the Ring*, and, shortly before the curtain rises, the *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*.

Act I. — The Gibichung's Hall. It is open at the back and shows a stretch of the shore of the Rhine.

Gunther and Gutrune are sitting in the seat of honour before a table on which are drinking vessels and at which Hagen is also sitting. At the sixth bar, the trumpets and trombones announce the *motiv* of the *Gibichungs*, which is related to the Rhine.

Gunther is asking his wise half-brother Hagen whether he does well to stay quietly here by the *Rhine* (trombone). He values Hagen's counsel. The latter suggests they are both unwed! Yes! but whom should Gunther woo?

(*Freïa.*) Hagen excites his interest with Brünnhilde (*Ride, Flames' Spell*, and *Bird*), but Gunther doubts his own daring. Hagen says they need the help of Siegfried the hero; and he describes his paternity and his deeds (*Heroism of the Wälsungs*, violas) at Neidhole. The horns give a curious composite version of the *Sword* and *Call of the Son of the Woods* and *Fafner* appears on bassoon and bass strings; the *Ring*, *Power of the Ring*, *Love's Regret*, *Gold*, and *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph* also annotate his story.

Gunther grows peevish; what payment would induce the hero to undertake the task? Hagen suggests that Gutrune's charms might be usefully employed. She scorns the idea; the loveliest women in the world must all be hanging on his nod! Her words, "*Wie sollt ich Siegfried binden*," introduce *Hagen's Perfidious Friendship* on clarinets, violas, and 'cellos.

Gunther grows more attentive as Hagen suggests a love-philtre, every other woman would then be forgotten! The violas, *pianissimo*, give *Treachery by Magic* at his "*Vergessen musst er dess' ganz.*" It is immediately followed by the *Power of the Helm*. Then come the *Sword*, *Freïa*, and *Curse of the Ring*, while the insidious counsel works. They are wishing that Siegfried might come their way, when the *Call of the Son of the Woods* sounds in the distance. The *Adoration of the Gold* and the *Ring* soon follow. Hagen goes to the bank of the Rhine and calls back that a boat is approaching with a horse and hero. From the might of his arm at the oar, it can only be the dragon's slayer! (The 'cellos and violins reproduce the sweep of the oar.) Hagen hails the rower, who replies that he is seeking the Gibichung. He is invited ashore and lands to the *Curse of the Ring*. Gutrune keeps her seat, gazing in admiration at the stranger, while her brother advances to welcome *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword* (horns). He has heard of Gunther's fame from afar and comes to fight or make friends. Where shall he stable Grane? (the *Ride*, horns, and *Brünnhilde*, clarinet). Gutrune leaves the hall, at a sign from

Hagen, who takes the horse away. Gunther makes the visitor welcome to his father's house. Siegfried never owned aught but a *Sword* (trumpet) that he forged for himself (*Bellows*, on the strings). Hagen returns. As Siegfried tells about himself, we hear the *Forge*, *Heroism of the Wälsungs*, *Hagen's Perfidious Friendship*, *Dragon*, and *Bondage*. Hagen tells Siegfried the *Power of the Helm* that he wears. As for the *Ring*, for which he inquires, it is on a woman's hand. Hagen goes to the door and brings in Gutrune with a drinking horn, with which she approaches Siegfried. Her "*Willkom, mein Gast, in Gibich's Haus*," to harp, flute, oboes, clarinets, and horn, forms *Gutrune's Welcome*.

Siegfried courteously takes it from her. While the clarinets, oboes, and violins give us his tender memories with *Hail to Love* and the *Heritage of the World*, he says he drinks to Brünnhilde, whom he will never cease to love. Then, as he drinks, the horns and violins fruitlessly warn him against *Treachery by Magic*, for the flutes, oboes, and clarinets immediately overpower it with *Gutrune's Welcome*. She is confused and casts down her eyes before his, that immediately burn with passion for her. His mental derangement is shown by the fragmentary character of the *Enthusiasm of Love*, *Flames' Spell*, and *Bird* that hover about the instruments.

He is now in their power; he will do anything for love of Gutrune. The terms are imposed and accepted: he will pass through the flames to win Brünnhilde for Gunther, assuming the latter's image by means of the Tarnhelm. (*Treachery*, *Loge*, *Ride*, *Sword*, *Curse of the Ring*, and *Treaty*.)

Hagen fills a horn with wine; they prick their arms with their swords and let the blood drip into it. Then they drink blood-brotherhood to the *Treaty* on the trombones. May the drops be turned to floods from the offender's side if either fails! Hagen then smashes the horn with his sword. Gunther's "*Bricht ein Bruder den Bund*" introduces a new *motiv*, the *Justice of Expiation*, in the duet be-

tween the two, in which *Desire to Travel* and the *Treaty* are also prominent.

Siegfried is in haste to be gone. Come! here is the boat! Gunther leaves Hagen in charge, while Gutrune wonders at their haste. Hagen explains that Siegfried burns to return to her, and seats himself in front of the hall with spear and shield, while the others embark. Gutrune retires to her chamber greatly moved. (The chief *motive* are the *Treaty*, *Ring*, *Gutrune's Welcome*, *Ring*, *Golden Apples*, *Forge*, *Love's Regret*, and the *Ride* and *Loge* in combination.)

Then Hagen exults that the two who have just left are his tools and will bring him the *Ring*. They serve the obscure Nibelung's son! His schemes are revealed in the orchestra by the *Cry of Triumph* and *Work of Destruction* of the Nibelung, *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, *Ride*, *Love's Regret*, *Gold*, *Ring*, *Call of the Son of the Woods*, and *Bondage*.

A curtain is drawn across the front of the hall, and the music continues the action. The *Treaty* on trombones and tubas twice repeated recalls the bond of brotherhood; and, twenty-four bars later, we hear *Brünnhilde* softly breathed on the clarinet and immediately repeated on the bass clarinet. Several repetitions of the same *motiv* occur, as well as her *Hail to the World* in combination with the *Curse of the Ring*. The *Work of Destruction* and the *Ring* also assist. Then the flutes, oboes, and *cor anglais* recall *Treachery by Magic* as the curtain is withdrawn and Brunnhilde is seen seated at the entrance to the cave on her rocky height, silently contemplating the *Ring* of *Siegfried Treasure of the World* (bassoons and clarinets). The horns immediately announce the advent of one of the race of Wotan with the *Ride*. Distant thunder also attracts her attention for a moment, but she returns to the *Ring* (strings) and the *Treasure of the World* as before. But the *Ride* becomes more insistent and the *Shout* is heard; and she rises to watch the approach of a dark storm-cloud. Whose horse is coming? Waltraute's hail excites her.

The former ties up her steed as of old, and enters from the wood. Brünnhilde runs to welcome her. Does she come with tidings of joy?

Waltraute shamefacedly says that only affection brings her; and is welcomed with great joy. Has Wotan relented? Her sorrow has been turned into bliss: sweet is her lot in the love of a hero! Has her luck lured her sister from Walhalla? No, Waltraute is not such a fool! Then, does she flee from *Wotan's Rage*? No! would that her father inspired fear now! (Their dialogue is annotated by the *Announcement of a New Life*, *Hail to the World*, *Hail to Love*, and *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*.)

The *Distress of the Gods* makes itself known, to Brünnhilde's terror. Waltraute tells her what has happened, while we hear *Walhalla* (crumbling into fragments even in its notes), *Treaty*, and *Divine Power*. Wotan sits in stony despair (*Fate*). No more he eats the *Golden Apples*. Neither the heroes nor the Walkyries can comfort him. He only smiles when his ravens return with good news. Waltraute at length heard him mutter that the weight of the *Curse* would pass if only to the Rhine-maidens (*Adoration of the Gold*) the *Ring* were restored. (*Bondage* wails, and *Wotan's Song of Farewell* and *Love's Regret* show of whom he was thinking. The *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph* also announces the coming success of the latter.)

Brünnhilde scarcely comprehends her sister's words. Her old life is like a dream. What is wanted of her?

Waltraute awkwardly suggests that she shall restore the *Ring* (strings) to the Rhine-daughters. What? Siegfried's seal of love! Never! Waltraute may tell the gods that *Walhalla* shall be dust-driven before the wind first. Brünnhilde is deaf to her reproaches: the *Ring* she shall not have! The music recalls all the *motive* of Brünnhilde's love; and her sister, with cries of despair, storms away in the *Ride*.

The rock is now again encircled with the *Flames' Spell* and glows as the night falls. Siegfried's distant horn is heard.

At the *Call of the Son of the Woods*, Brünnhilde starts up in ecstasy to meet her hero, but the *Power of the Helm* has transformed him into the semblance of Gunther, whose *motiv* is given by trumpets and trombones. He calls upon her to follow him. *Treachery by Magic* tries to excuse his conduct. Then comes *Fate* that wills it.

"Who is this man?" cries the terrified woman. He is Gunther; and the *Work of Destruction* on the 'cellos tells who instigated the quest. Brünnhilde then reviles Wotan whose *Rage* she thinks she now feels. As her captor approaches her, she tries to ward him off with the *Ring*. He says she shall be wedded with it; and wrests it from her after a struggle, by virtue of the *Curse of the Ring* She is helpless in the arms of *Siegfried Treasure of the World*, though none but the orchestra knows it. The *Power of the Helm* (clarinets) is immediately succeeded by the fainting notes of *Brünnhilde*, and the 'cellos mutter with the *Work of Destruction*.

He drives her before him into the cave, and seizes his *Sword*, which is given by the bass trumpet simultaneously with the *Treaty* on horns and trombones. Nothung is to be witness that he has faithfully carried out the compact! *Gutrune's Welcome* on oboes and clarinets haunts him. The *Sword* shall sunder him from the bride he has won for Gunther! He follows his captive into the cave. *Treachery by Magic* and the *Power of the Helm* sound triumphantly, and flutes, piccolos, oboes, clarinets, and *cor anglais* are loud with the distracted *Brünnhilde*. Finally, the *Power of the Helm* is repeated and the curtain falls.

Act II. — The prelude is constructed principally with the *Work of Destruction* and *Cry of Triumph* of the Nibelung, together with the *Ring*.

The curtain rises on the banks of the Rhine again, with a side view of the Hall of the Gibichungs on the right, the entrance of which is open. Towards the right background, mountain paths lead up a rocky slope. On one is

an altar-stone to Fricka, and a larger one higher up to Wotan, while another to Donner stands to one side. It is night. Hagen with spear and shield sits in a trance against the hall. Suddenly the moon illuminates him, and Alberich appears in front of him, leaning his arms upon Hagen's knees and asking if he hears. Hagen says he does: what must his slumber learn? Alberich asks if he still remembers his breeding. Yes, he hates what is happy!

He is then informed that Wotan's mastery has passed to the Wälsung; the end of the gods is near. The ring must be wrested from its holder, and the world shall belong to Alberich and Hagen. But the curse of the ring cannot affect him who slew Fafner, for he does not value the treasure. (The *motive* of the *Nibelungs*, the *Ring* and its *Power*.) His words, "*Ich und du, wir erben die Welt*" introduce the *motiv* of *Murder* (bassoons, clarinets, and strings). Their energies must be directed to undoing the hero! They will be ruined if the Rhine-daughters once get back the *Ring*. Hagen swears to regain it: the work is already under way! (The *motive* principally used are the *Power of the Ring*, *Call of the Son of the Woods*, *Announcement of a New Life*, *Wahalla*, *Murder*, *Curse of the Ring*, and *Bondage*.)

Day is dawning, and Alberich's form and voice gradually fade away, leaving Hagen still gazing blankly before him. The sun rises and reddens the river. The *Call of the Son of the Woods* (horn) and the *Power of the Helm* (horns) accompany the entrance of Siegfried, who hails the sleeper. To *Loge*, *Gutrune's Welcome*, and *Treachery by Magic*, he tells him and Gutrune, whom he summons, how he has fared. He has won Brünnhilde for Gunther, but to Gutrune's jealous questions he vows she was as far from him as East is from West. The *Sword* is recalled on trumpets and horns. In the morning he took her down into the vale and delivered her to the waiting Gunther; and, by the *Power of the Helm*, preceded them hither!

Hagen sees their approaching sail, and Gutrune goes into the hall, followed by Siegfried, to call her women together for the bridal. Hagen mounts a rock and sounds a great ox-horn to call the vassals together. His "Hoiho!" reproduces the notes of *Bondage* and "*Waffen, Waffen!*" brings the *Call to the Marriage* on horns, bassoons, and strings. Distant ox-horns respond, and presently armed warriors hurry in. Their alarm is soon allayed. Hagen orders them to sacrifice oxen to Wotan, a boar to Froh, a goat to Donner, and sheep to Fricka, the protectress of marriage. The men join in a jovial chorus, and welcome Gunther and Brünnhilde, who now land. The *Ride* accompanies the latter, and is followed by the *Call to the Marriage* (flutes, oboes, clarinets, and strings), when, on the appearance of Siegfried and Gutrune, Gunther greets his sister and rejoices at the coming double marriage, though the *Sword* (trumpet) ominously concludes his words.

Then Brünnhilde raises her eyes, and is overwhelmed at the sight of Siegfried vowed to another and oblivious of herself. The *Call of the Son of the Woods*, *Revenge*, *Fate*, *Power of the Helm*, *Treachery by Magic*, *Call to the Marriage*, *Brünnhilde*, *Ring*, *Curse of the Ring*, *Work of Destruction*, *Gold*, *Dragon*, *Adoration of the Gold*, *Fafner*, *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, and *Bondage* speak her thoughts and explain the situation. She staggers; and Siegfried supports her while he points to Gunther as her husband. She sees the ring on his finger. How did he come by it when it was Gunther that wrested it from her? The latter is too much confused to account for it. Siegfried, lost in contemplation of the ring, only remembers that he won it at Neidhole. Hagen interposes. He tells Brünnhilde that if she gave it to Gunther, then Siegfried must have got it by guile and must suffer. "Yes," she cries, "by wrong beyond the reach of vengeance!" She calls upon the gods for vengeance, while *Walhalla* thunders on the full orchestra and is followed by *Revenge* and the *Work of Destruction*. Gunther tries to calm her, but she waves him off and pro-

claims that not he but Siegfried is her spouse. The latter denies it: he was true to his oath! She insists that he was not. (*Love's Regret*, *Heroic Love*, *Justice of Expiation.*)

The vassals are furious, and Gunther and Gutrune appeal to him to clear himself. A ring is formed, and on Hagen's spear Siegfried makes oath, may the Spear strike him dead if he failed in his faith! *Murder* is heard to mutter beneath his words. Brünnhilde then strides into the ring and seizes the spear-head in turn, calling it to witness that he lies. Then the vassals call upon Donner to strike; but Siegfried tells Gunther to look to his wife who is lying away his fame. Woman's anger soon passes, and some day she will thank him for the trick by which she was won! (*Bondage*, *Loge*, the *Power of the Helm*, and the *Ring* appear.) He turns to the men and women and calls them to the festivities. Let all be merry! The flute and clarinet sound the *Call to the Marriage*, and he throws his arm around Gutrune and draws her into the hall, while the people follow.

Brünnhilde bewails her lost knowledge. Who will bring her a sword to cut her bonds? Her memories and musings are attended by appropriate *motive.*

Hagen perfidiously sympathizes with her and offers his help. She jeers at the thought of his puny arm. But Siegfried's oath will assist the spear, he says. No! Brünnhilde is sure that open fight would be futile. Hagen wants underhand means; does she know of any? Alas! she rendered him invulnerable with her spells, — all except the back, which of course he would never turn on a foe! (The *Nibelung's Work of Destruction.*)

Hagen turns to the silent and shamed Gunther, whom Brünnhilde's taunts drive to fury, and says the shame can be wiped out by the death of the betrayer. (*Revenge* and *Work of Destruction.*) The bond of blood-brotherhood is broken by Siegfried's conduct; besides, Gunther shall gain the *Ring!* Gunther hesitates for the sake of Gutrune (*Gutrune's Welcome* and *Freia*); whereat Brünnhilde

curses her. Hagen suggests she need not know: Siegfried can be killed by a boar in a hunt to-morrow!

In a murderous trio, they then decree his death, and Hagen exults at the prospect of success. Rejoice, Alberich!

Siegfried and Gutrune have appeared at the head of the joyous wedding procession. The *Call to the Marriage* is sounded on horns by Siegfried and his attendants on the stage, and *Gutrune's Welcome* is heard. Gutrune invites Brünnhilde to join them, and Hagen and Gunther force her to do so, notwithstanding her opposition. They proceed to the altars of sacrifice as the curtain falls to the notes of *Revenge* and *Bondage*.

Act III. — Four horns open the prelude with the *Call of the Sons of the Woods*. After a pause of a bar, it is echoed by distant horns, and answered by *Gunther's Hunting* behind the scenes, where Hagen's ox-horn is also heard at the eighth bar. Then the *Rhine* flows consecutively through all eight horns. The *Gold* and its *Adoration* join in, and then the distant calls of the hunt are repeated on the horns. *Bondage* mutters twice and then the waves of the *Rhine* murmur with regrets for the *Gold*.

The curtain rises, and the Rhine-daughters are swimming in circles, bewailing their loss and praying the sun to send them the hero from whom they may regain the Rhine *Gold*. His horn is heard above, and they dive down to take counsel.

Siegfried appears, fully armed. Where is his lost quarry? The Nixies appear, and ask, "Was it the work of a water-maiden?" He wants his bear! It 's a fit mate for them, he supposes! What will he give, — his *Ring?* (also *Adoration of the Gold*). No! is a bear worth the *Dragon* (bassoons and bass strings) it cost? Aha! Is he so calculating? They mock him and disappear. He is piqued, and when they rise again to the surface, they may have it. But now they are serious, and tell him to guard it well till he knows its evil. Then let him be glad if they will

accept it! They tell him of the *Curse* (the *Ring*, its *Power*, and *Love's Regret*): unless he restores it now, he will be slain here to-day!

Where fair words could not avail, threats certainly shall not! (*Treaty*, *Ring*, *Fafner*, and *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph*.) He is obstinate, and they swim away in sorrow that he scorns their warning. To-day a proud woman will be his heir, and she will lend a more willing ear!

Gunther's Hunting is heard in the distance, and gradually approaches with the *Curse of the Ring* and *Bondage*. The *Call of the Son of the Woods* responds; and they hail each other, and the party enters. They pile up the game, while Siegfried tells how he went astray and what has happened. Gunther is uneasy when he repeats the prophecy of the Nixies, but Hagen laughs it off. Siegfried is thirsty, so horns are filled and they drink together. Hagen has heard that Siegfried understands the songs of birds! (*Hagen's Perfidious Friendship*, *Bondage*, *Revenge*, and now the *Bird* aid in the musical construction.) Gunther is moody, so Siegfried will cheer him with tales of his youth! They gather around him; and, while the orchestra contributes the appropriate *motive*, he relates his life and adventures down to the slaying of Mime. The *Forge* ceases then, and *Hagen's Perfidious Friendship* is heard on the strings as the latter squeezes the juice of an herb into a drinking-horn and offers it to Siegfried, who drains it to the *Power of the Helm*, *Treachery by Love*, *Heroic Love*, and *Brünnhilde*, showing how his memory is being restored. He is thus enabled to conclude his story, accompanied by all the *motive* of love. Gunther is amazed as he hears, "My kiss awakened the maid: how I burned with the beautiful Brünnhilde's arms above me!" But at that moment two ravens rise from the thicket and circle above Siegfried, and Hagen asks, "Can you read ravens' riddles as well?"

Siegfried starts up and gazes after Wotan's birds. The *Curse of the Ring* mutters, and Hagen adds, "They counsel me to vengeance!" and drives the spear between

Siegfried's shoulders. The bass trumpet and bass strings thunder with the *Rhine*, and the *Guardian of the Sword* cries aloud, as Gunther and the men spring towards Hagen. Siegfried raises his shield to crush him, but his strength fails, and he falls. *Fate* and the *Justice of Expiation* are heard; and Hagen cries, "I avenge my oath!" and then turns away and leaves them.

Gunther bends in anguish over the dying Siegfried; and the men stand sadly around in the deepening twilight. Siegfried opens his eyes and calls upon Brünnhilde, as memories of their first rapturous meeting come back with the harps. He dwells on the delight of her love, while *Hail to the World*, *Fate*, *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword*, *Hail to Love*, and the *Enthusiasm of Love* sound in our ears as in his memory. The trombone softly wails with *Fate* on his last words, and he dies.

The men lift the body and place it on a shield. Gunther walks beside it as the solemn train ascends the slope and the moon breaks forth. Mists arise and shroud the Rhine, as the funeral march is played. It begins softly and expressively with the *Race of the Wälsungs* on horns and tubas, and repeated on bassoons and clarinets; then the tubas recall the *Heroism of the Wälsungs*, in which the horns also join. A few bars later the *cor anglais* breathes *Compassion*, which is repeated variously by the clarinets, oboes, and horns, and leads into *Love* on the oboes. In a full development of the *Race of the Wälsungs*, the *Sword* is highly elaborated. *Siegfried Guardian of the Sword* and the *Call of the Son of the Woods* appear in full splendour and bring back a memory of *Brünnhilde*. The march closes darkly with *Bondage*, and the mists clear away revealing the interior of the Gibichungs' Hall.

It is night and the Rhine glitters beneath the moon. The *Curse of the Ring* is heard in combination with *Gutrune's Welcome*. The latter enters. The horn gives a broken *Call of the Son of the Woods*. Was that his horn? She has been disturbed by bad dreams. She thought she heard

Grane (the *Ride*), and finally Brünnhilde's laughter awoke her!

She calls at the latter's door, and finally opens it and finds the bed empty (*Brünnhilde*, bass clarinet). It must have been she that went down to the Rhine!

The distant horn sounds anew a broken *Call*, but *Fate* and the *Nibelung's Cry of Triumph* mock her. Suddenly the bassoons and bass strings are loud with *Revenge* in Hagen's savage voice calling for torches to the notes of *Bondage*. He enters with "Awake, Gutrune, and welcome Siegfried." The disordered mob that throngs in with the bier terrifies her. What is it? A boar has slain him!

Gutrune screams and casts herself on the bier, while Gunther tries to comfort her. She repulses him; she is sure he had a hand in the tragedy! Gunther shifts the blame to Hagen, who finally ferociously exults in the deed. He has earned the *Ring!* Gunther defends Gutrune's inheritance, and is slain by Hagen while *Fate* darkly mutters. Hagen advances to seize the *Ring*, but the trumpet warns him with the *Sword*, and the hand of the corpse rises threateningly. Then, while flutes, clarinets, and strings wail with the *Fall of the Gods*, and then announce the *Norns*, Brünnhilde enters and bids the tumult cease. *Fate* and *Death* conclude her words. Gutrune reproaches her: this is her work! Brünnhilde loftily silences her (*Gutrune's Welcome*): she was Siegfried's wife (*Heritage of the World*) before Gutrune! The latter breaks out into imprecations upon the perfidious Hagen (*Treachery by Magic*), and then bows herself upon Gunther's body and remains motionless till the end.

Hagen stands sullenly but watchfully apart, while Brünnhilde sadly contemplates Siegfried's face. At her command, a pyre is built and dressed with hangings and flowers, and Grane (*Ride*) is sent for. She recalls the hero's deeds and proclaims his justification. Fit *motive* act as commentary. Then she cries to the gods who doomed him to betray even her. Everything is clear to her now! "Rest, rest, thou God!"

She takes the ring from Siegfried's finger and signs to the men to place the corpse on the pyre. The *motive* connected with the *Rhine* and the *Ring* re-appear as she calls to the Rhine-daughters that they can have the ring from her ashes after fire has purified it of the *Curse*. Then she turns and seizes a fire-brand. The trumpets sound the *Treaty*, and she calls two ravens that rise from the bank to go to Walhall and whisper what they have heard. On the way they must stop at her rock and tell *Loge* to accompany them, for the *Fall of the Gods* is at hand. Thus she sets the torch to the walls of Walhall!

She flings the brand into the pyre, which immediately blazes up and the ravens disappear. Grane is brought in to a furious *Ride*. She tells him he must carry her to Siegfried, for whom she is wild with longing. The *Redemption by Love* joins the *Guardian of the Sword* and the leaping *Flames*. With the *Shout of the Walkyries* she mounts, and horse and rider plunge into the fire, which seems to invade the whole hall and overflow the orchestra with its *motive*. *Eternal Sleep* begins to breathe softly, and the *Rhine* encroaches on the scene, bringing the Nixies in its waves. Their appearance alarms Hagen. The *Curse of the Ring* sounds, and he dashes into the waves to seize the ring that the Rhine-daughters have already regained from the smouldering pyre. Woglinde and Wellgunde wind their arms around his neck and drag him down with them, as they swim away, while Flosshilde exultingly holds up the ring as she leads the way. At the same time, a glow flushes the sky and grows broader and more vivid. The spectators watch it in speechless awe, and the curtain falls.

The final music is of marvellous instrumentation. *Walhalla*, the *Rhine*, its *Daughters*, *Redemption by Love*, *Divine Power*, and the *Guardian of the Sword* are intermingled and woven with skill and effect that are little short of miraculous.

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